

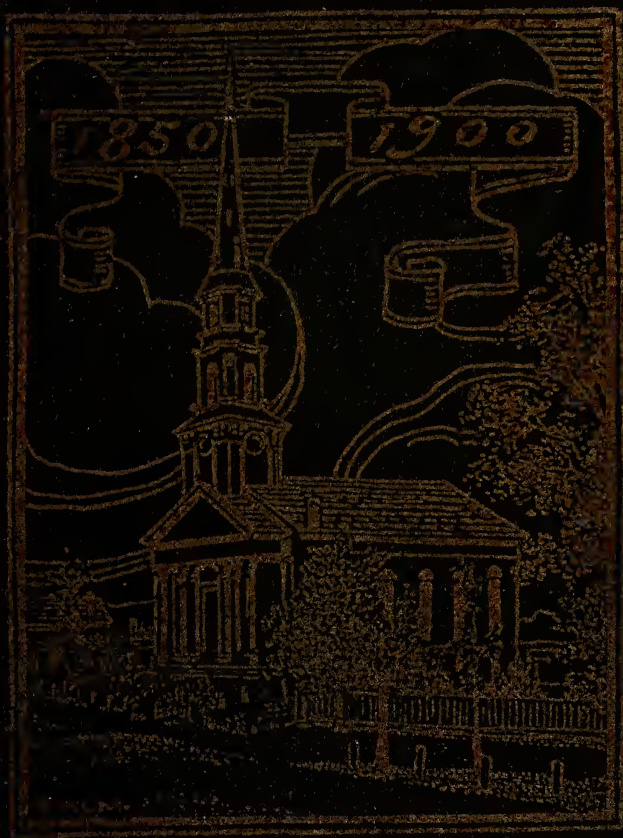


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Jubilee of the South Congregational Church



Pittsfield, Massachusetts.



GIFT

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JUBILEE

OF THE

South Congregational Church

* * * * *

November the Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and
Sixteenth,

NINETEEN HUNDRED

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Pittsfield, Massachusetts

PRESS OF THE PITTSFIELD JOURNAL COMPANY

1900

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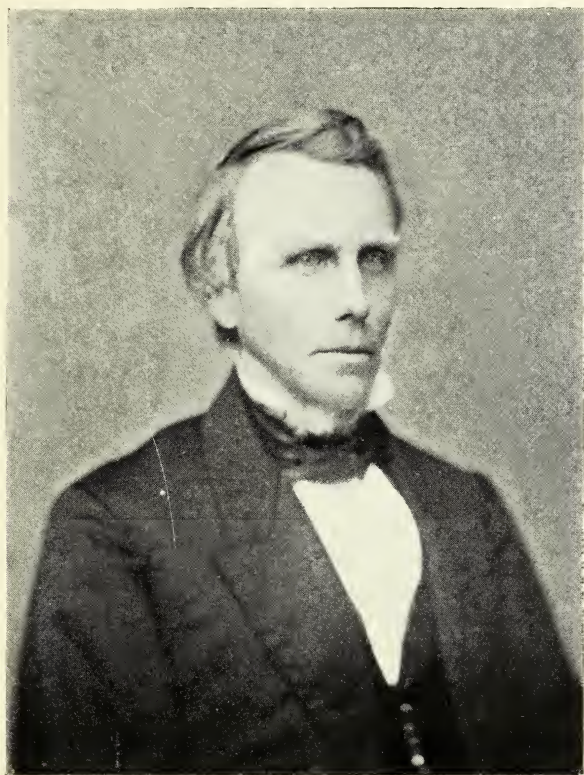
ERRATA

Page 8—Mr. I. C. Smart should be Mrs. I. C. Smart.

Pages 40, 55—William M. Ward should be William W. Ward.

Page 76—Oroomish should be Oroomiah.

Page 156—Avery Carey died in 1864 not 1834.



SAMUEL HARRIS, D. D., L.L. D.,
1814-1819



THE STORY OF THE JUBILEE.

The South Congregational Church in Pittsfield at its annual meeting held on the evening of December the twenty-second, 1898, voted, on motion of Mr. Frank E. Peirson, to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in November, 1900. At the same meeting the following persons were chosen to prepare for the celebration: The Rev. I. C. Smart, Deacon George Shipton, Mr. Frank E. Peirson, Mrs. Henry H. Richardson, Miss F. Isabel Dunham, Miss Mary E. Porter.

At the annual meeting of the church held on the evening of December the twenty-ninth, 1899, the same committee was continued and given power to act. The committee met, made plans and divided the work. A calendar of the celebration was mailed a few days in advance of the meetings to members of the congregation residing in Pittsfield, to former members and absent members residing elsewhere, to the clergy of the city and county and others. The Congregational ministers of Berkshire county and their wives were invited to attend the anniversary service on Monday evening and be our guests over night. Those who came were the Rev. and Mrs. Henry M. Bowden of Middlefield, the Rev. L. D. Bliss and Mrs. Bliss of Gt. Barrington, the Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Curtis of West Stockbridge, the Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Langford of New Lebanon, N. Y., the Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Luce of Richmond, the Rev. J. H. Laird of Hinsdale, the Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Lynch of Lenox, the Rev. A. B. Penniman of Adams, the Rev. and Mrs. Charles S. Rich of Stockbridge, the Rev. A. F. Sherrill of Lee, the Rev.

J. C. Seagraves of Hinsdale, the Rev. and Mrs. George Sterling of Windsor, the Rev. W. L. Tenney of North Adams.

The first service of the Jubilee was held on Sunday morning, November the eleventh at 10.30 o'clock. The lessons from the Holy Scriptures, which were read by the Rev. William Carruthers, were Genesis 28: 10-22, and Acts 2: 1-36. Psalm 84 was read responsively. The music was as follows:

Prelude	The Priests' March from Athalie,	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Te Deum in B minor, . . .	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
	Bread of the World . . .	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
	Response, . . .	<i>W. H. Way</i>
Postlude	Prayer from Rienzi, . . .	<i>Wagner</i>
Hymns	"From all that dwell below the skies,"	<i>Isaac Watts</i>
	closing with the doxology by Bishop Ken.	
	Tune "Old Hundredth," . . .	<i>L. Bourgeois</i>
	"Oh where are kings and empires now,"	<i>Coxe</i>
	Tune "St. Anne," . . .	<i>W. Croft</i>
	"For all the saints who from their labors rest,"	
		<i>W. W. How</i>
	Tune "Sarum," . . .	<i>J. Barnby</i>

A sermon for the occasion was preached by the minister of the church, Isaac Chipman Smart. The following persons were received into the church: By letter from sister churches, from the Congregational church in Adams, Mrs J. D. Ainslee, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hoag; from the Asbury First Methodist Episcopal church in Springfield, Mr. Walter M. Fernald; from the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Charles N. Warner; on confession of faith, Mrs. Flora Knowlton Fernald, Samuel Chipman Smart, Mr. Alfred White. The service closed with the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The Rev. William Carruthers officiated at the distribution of the bread.

The second service was held on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. The lessons from the Holy Scriptures were Ezekiel 47: 1-12 and The Revelation 4. Psalm 65 was read responsively. The Rev. Lewis P. Atwood offered prayer. Mr. Edward Tolman and the Rev. William Carruthers spoke in the service and Mr. Frank E. Peirson read a history of the church. The music was as follows:

Prelude	Cujus Animam from the Stabat Mater,	<i>Rossini</i>
	Jubilate Deo,	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
	The Heavens are Telling,	<i>Haydn</i>
	Response,	<i>J. C. Warren</i>
Postlude	Hallelujah,	<i>Handel</i>
Hymns	"Before Jehovah's awful throne,"	<i>Isaac Watts</i>
	Tune "Park Street,"	<i>F. M. A. Venua</i>
	"O Jesus King most wonderful,"	
	<i>Bernard of Clairvaux</i>	
	Tune "St. Agnes,"	<i>J. B. Dykes</i>
	"I love thy kingdom Lord,"	<i>Timothy Dwight</i>
	Tune "State Street,"	<i>J. C. Woodman</i>
	"The church's one foundation,"	<i>S. J. Stone</i>
	Tune "Aurelia,"	<i>S. S. Wesley</i>
	"Forward be our watchword,"	<i>Henry Alford</i>
	Tune "Watchword,"	<i>Henry Smart</i>

The First church courteously gave up its evening service and the Rev. W. V. W. Davis D. D., made the closing prayer and pronounced the benediction.

The third service was a Women's meeting held in the chapel at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon November the twelfth. Mrs. Henry C. Clark, president of the Ladies' Benevolent society, presided. Miss Emma White sang "Good bye Summer." Mrs. Clark said a few words about the object of the meeting and called upon Mrs. J. F. Hemming to read a paper on the history

of the "Ladies' Benevolent Society." The other exercises were as follows: Remarks by Mrs. Mary J. Brewster, a paper by Mrs. Harriet Peirson Ritchie read by Mrs. W. B. Foote, a paper by Mrs. H. H. Richardson read because of the writer's absence through illness by Mrs. Charles W. Dewey, remarks by Miss F. Isabel Dunham on the early missionary interests of the church and the missionaries who have gone from it, letter from Mrs. Kitty Howard Bartlett read by Miss A. E. Walker, history of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society by Mrs. W. R. Edgerton, remarks by Mr. I. C. Smart about the Ladies' Fortnightly club, a few words in appreciation of the Dorcas society by Mrs. Clark, address by Miss Anna L. Dawes on "Our Heritage of Liberty." soprano solo, "The Lullaby of Life" by Mrs. George W. Edwards. At the close of the formal exercises Mrs. Clark spoke a pleasant word of appreciation and thanked Miss Dawes and the others who had helped to make the meeting interesting. Tea was served by the ladies of the Fortnightly club.

The fourth service was the Anniversary service held on Monday evening November the twelfth at 8 o'clock. The prayer of invocation was offered by the Rev. Raymond Calkins minister of the Pilgrim Memorial church. The Old Testament lesson, Isaiah 61: 1-3, 62, was read by the Rev. W. V. W. Davis D. D. minister of the First church. The New Testament lesson, Ephesians 1: 15-23, 3: 14-4: 16, was read by the Rev. J. W. Thompson, D. D., minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Charles H. Hamlin of Easthampton. Psalm 132 was read responsively. The Rev. George Harris D. D., LL. D., president of Amherst college and nephew of Samuel Harris D. D., the first minister of this church, gave the anniversary address. The Rev. J. H. Laird of Hinsdale, offered prayer and pronounced the benediction. The music was as follows;

Prelude	Marche Pontificale,	<i>Gounod</i>
	Sanctus,	<i>Waldo S. Pratt</i>
	Festival Te Deum,	<i>Dudley Buck</i>
	"The Heavens are Telling,"	<i>Haydn</i>
	Benedictus,	<i>N. B. Sprague</i>
	Response, "Heavenly Father,"	<i>Beethoven</i>
Postlude	Gloria from the twelfth mass,	<i>Mozart</i>
Hymns	"O God we praise Thee and Confess,"	
	<i>Latin, fifth century</i>	
	Tune "Dundee,"	<i>Scotch Psalter</i>
	"A mighty fortress is our God,"	
	words and tune by	<i>Martin Luther</i>
	"O Lord beneath thy guiding hand,"	
	<i>Leonard Bacon</i>	
	Tune "Duke Street,"	<i>J. Hatton</i>

The fifth service was held on Tuesday evening, November the thirteenth at 7.30 o'clock. Mr. Joseph E. Peirson presided. Deacon George Shipton offered prayer, and the following gentlemen spoke: Deacon William Robinson, John Bascom D. D., LL. D., Mr. Robert W. Adam, Deacon William B. Rice, the Rev. C. H. Hamlin. The chairman read letters from the Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D., Mrs. Helen Dunham Little, and extracts from a letter of Prof. A. M. Fletcher. Mr. Smart read an extract from a letter written by the Rev. R. A. Robinson of Onancock, Virginia. At the close of the speaking Mr. A. A. Fobes of the committee to raise subscriptions for the debt made a brief report. Col. Henry H. Richardson, chairman of the Prudential committee of the Parish, then set fire to the mortgage deed, which was burned in a brazier kindly loaned for the purpose by Mrs. Jennie A. Maxim. The congregation rose and sang the doxology while the paper was burning. Midway in the speaking the choir sang "Adore and be still" by Gounod. The remainder of the evening

was spent socially in the chapel, where the Ladies' society served tea.

The following persons were appointed to act as a reception committee: The Deacons and their wives and Mrs. Henry C. Clark, Mrs. A. W. Crossman, Mrs. Daniel J. Dodge, Mrs. F. E. Peirson, Mrs. H. H. Richardson, Mrs. R. B. Richmond, Miss Minnie A. Wolfe, Mr. Henry C. Clark, Mr. James S. Mattoon, Mr. Henry R. Peirson, Mr. Frank Walker.

The closing service was a prayer meeting held on Friday evening, November the sixteenth. The First church and the Pilgrim Memorial church united with us in this service. The following letters explain themselves:

Pittsfield, Oct. 20, 1900.

"To the First Church of Christ in Pittsfield.

Brethren:—The South church will celebrate its Jubilee during the week beginning Sunday, November the eleventh. At a meeting of the church held October the nineteenth, it was unanimously voted to invite the First church to join with us in a union prayer meeting to be held in our chapel on Friday evening, November the sixteenth. In view of the fact that through so many years our history was your history, and in view of our common traditions and loyalties, as well as to express a cordial good will and a real unity of spirit, we count ourselves happy to be charged with the pleasant office of transmitting to you this invitation from the South church.

F. E. PEIRSON, Church Clerk.

Pittsfield, Oct. 24, 1900.

To the South Church.

Brethren:—Your kind invitation to the First church to join with you in a union prayer meeting on Friday evening, November the sixteenth, was read at the midweek service of the church

this evening, and it was unanimously voted that it be accepted.

Yours truly,

HENRY A. BREWSTER, Church Clerk.

The topic of the meeting was "Inheritance and Duty." The Holy Scriptures read were I. Kings 8 : 54—62, Luke 12 : 35—48. The following persons participated in the meeting: The Reverend W. V. W. Davis, D. D., Mr. William G. Harding, Mr. William L. Adam, the Reverend S. P. Cook, the Reverend Raymond Calkins, Deacon George Shipton, Deacon William Robinson, Mr. Harry W. Myers, Deacon H. W. Partridge, the Reverend William Carruthers.

No account of our Jubilee would be complete which did not include a grateful acknowledgment of the labors of the committee appointed to raise money to pay our debt. The whole sum brought together was about \$4,900. When the committee had collected what it could by private appeals, a special meeting of the congregation was held on Monday evening, October the first, to raise the sum needed to complete the fund and provide for the expenses of the Jubilee. Mr. Henry R. Peirson, moderator of the parish, presided at that meeting and Mr. F. E. Peirson acted as clerk. A statement from the committee prepared by its chairman Miss F. Isabel Dunham was read, and in a few minutes \$940 was subscribed.

The committee was constituted as follows: Miss F. Isabel Dunham, Miss Mary E. Porter, Mrs. James Denny, Jr., Mr. A. A. Fobes, Mr. H. W. Myers.

Two bequests, one of five hundred dollars from Mrs. Barbara Haustein and one of five hundred dollars from Mrs. Lydia A. Stone of Worthington, formerly Mrs. Jason Parsons of Pittsfield, together with generous gifts from former members and friends of the church, counted heavily in making up the whole

sum. A bequest of \$500 received from Mr. Joseph W. Foote several years ago was used to reduce the mortgage on the church and therefore should be brought to mind at this time with fresh gratitude.

The decorations of the church were the special care of Miss Mary E. Porter. They were beautiful in themselves and beautiful in their simplicity and fitness and harmony. The wood-work about the organ was covered with laurel. Across the organ pipes, on a background of dark green were the gilded figures 1850—1900. Pine trees stood in the spaces on either side of the pulpit. The pulpit and baptismal font were decorated with white chrysanthemums. Copies of famous religious pictures loaned for the occasion by several persons adorned the walls of the Sunday School room. In the Ladies' parlor from portrait and photograph, faces of former ministers and others well known in the history of the church brought back to many the very "form and pressure" of other days. These pictures collected by Mrs. H. H. Richardson included a photograph of Dr. Harris kindly sent from New Haven by Mrs. Harris, a portrait of Dr. Humphrey loaned by the First church, a portrait of Calvin Martin loaned by Mrs. Edwin Clapp, portraits of Deacon and Mrs. Fenn loaned by the House of Mercy, and photographs loaned by their respective families, of Mr. Henry B. Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Clark, Mrs. Sarah M. Booth, Deacon Daniel Day, Mr. Daniel J. Dodge, Deacon Albert Tolman, Mr. William M. Walker, Mr. Solomon Wilson, Dr. N. J. Wilson. Besides those named above were the photographs which hang permanently on our walls of the Rev. Thomas Crowther, the Rev. Edward Strong, D. D., and Deacon Henry M. Peirson. A fine photograph of Deacon James Harris Dunham the gift of his daughters is to remain in the room where for seventeen years from the organiza-



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH DECORATED FOR THE JUBILEE

tion of the church he served as superintendent of the Sunday School.

The following persons assisted Miss Porter in the work of decoration: Miss F. I. Dunham, Miss Leila Frost, Miss Carrie Gamwell, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Mattoon, Miss Catherine Mattoon, Mrs. F. E. Peirson, Mrs. E. S. Osteyee, Jr., Mrs. W. K. Rice, the Misses Rice, Miss Helen Rickheit, Mr. Charles Reinhardt, Miss Ada Thickens, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Maude Wheeler.

The Ushers during the celebration were Mr. James S. Mattoon, Chairman, Mr. Charles Acly, Mr. Selden D. Andrews, Mr. Henry Denny, Mr. Ralph Elmer, Mr. Arthur Feeley, Mr. A. G. Kingman, Mr. Charles H. Mattoon, Mr. Frank Mattoon, Mr. Harry W. Myers, Mr. William Reinhardt, Mr. John C. Thickens.

Coats and hats were cared for on Tuesday evening by Miss Catherine C. Mattoon, Miss Ida Reinhardt, Miss Virginia Sayles, Mr. Henry Denny, Mr. Arthur Feeley, Mr. Myron Sayles.

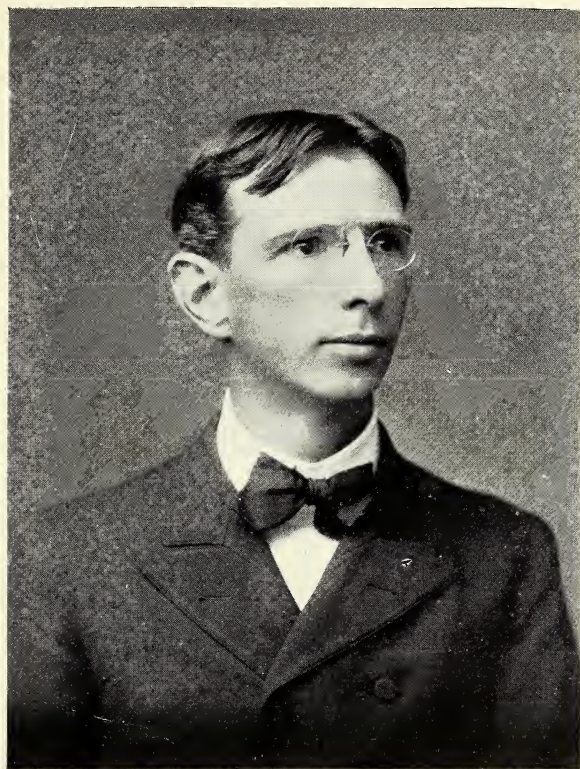
The music of the celebration which was worshipful and inspiring throughout the services, was rendered by the church quartette, Mr. L. K. Willis, tenor and leader; Miss Emma White, soprano; Miss Minnie A. Shaw, alto; Mr. Fred T. Francis, bass, and Mrs. F. A. Cooley, organist, assisted by Miss Stella Chapin, Miss Jessie A. Clapp, Miss Sadie Johnson, Mrs. N. J. Lawton, Mrs. Marshall S. Wellington, Miss May Wolfe, Miss Grace Wood, Mr. J. P. Fryer, Mr. T. L. Jones, Mr. N. J. Lawton, Mr. W. M. Prince and the Kingman string quintette composed as follows: Mr. Carl Franz Escher, violin; Mr. W. A. Kingman, violoncello; Mr. R. D. Kingman, second violin; Mr. W. H. Adams, viola; Mr. Theodore Kilian, bass viol.

The story of the Jubilee cannot be told with justice and chivalry without inscribing upon these pages in large letters the

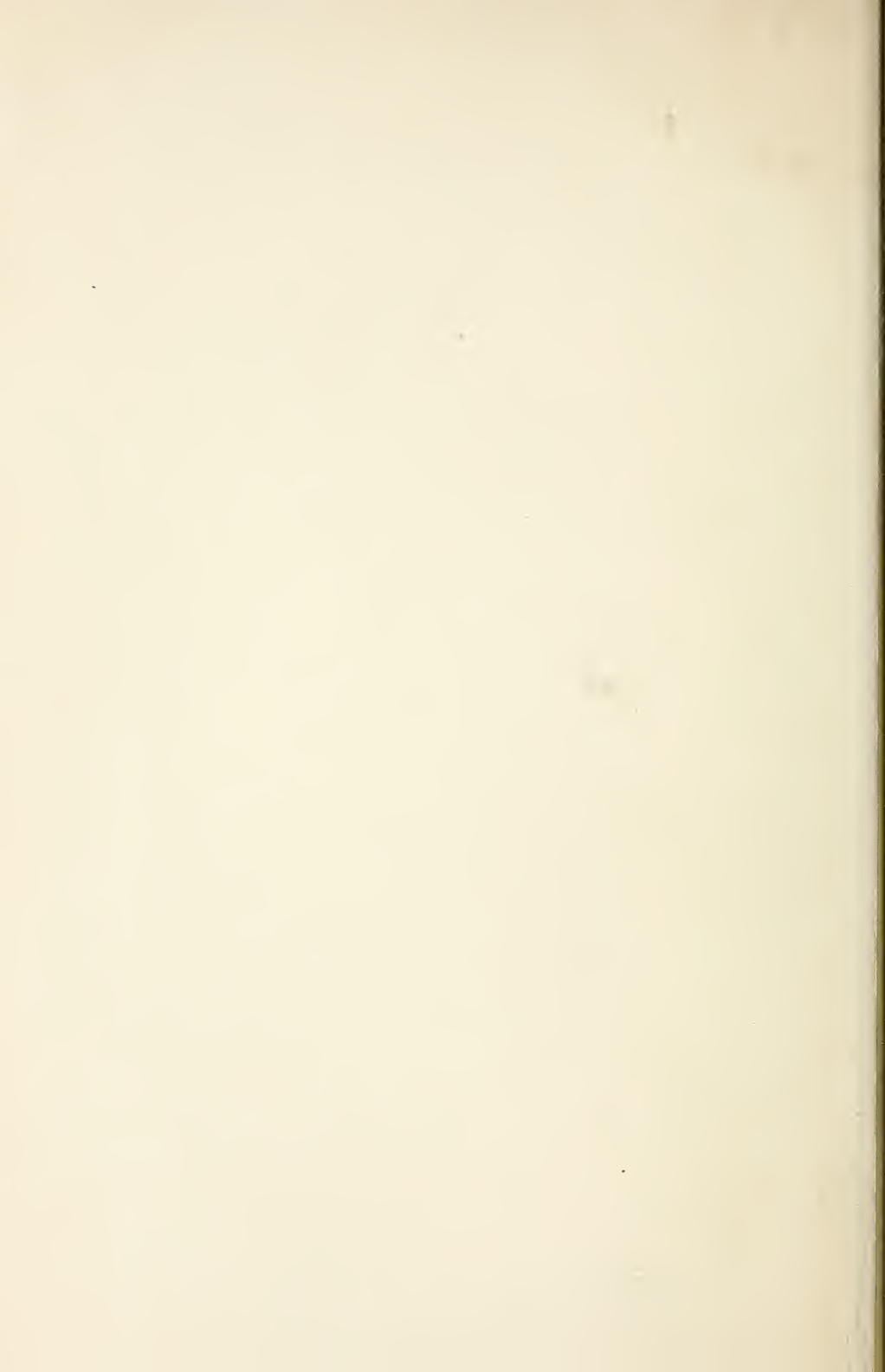
names of two women who both in the collection of money to pay the debt, and in the preparations for the celebration have given constantly and heartily and without stint of their time and strength and tact and taste and skill to make this anniversary the triumph it has been.

FRANCES ISABEL DUNHAM.

MARY ELECTA PORTER.



ISAAC CHIPMAN SMART.



SERMON

PREACHED BY ISAAC CHIPMAN SMART, MINISTER
OF THE CHURCH,

ON SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH.

Reading one day in the first book of Kings, I came upon these words. I stopped and read them again. I looked up and thought a moment. The words began to glow. They illumined my mind. They lighted me the way that I shall take this morning. They are in the 8th chapter at the 16th verse. "Since the day that I brought forth my people Israel out of Egypt I chose no city out of all the tribes of Israel to build a house that my name might be there, but I chose David to be over my people Israel." You see they had been fighting—these Israelites had—all of them together. They had dropped their differences and jealousies. They were marching as one man behind David. And a splendid time of it they had had, winning battles and conquering territory. For once they were a nation and proud enough of the new unity and glory. But what will happen, some of them said, when David is gone, when this fire of patriotism dies down and common doings and piping times of peace, heaped upon the embers, make a suffocating smudge. Unless we take care anarchy will return with the Philistines on his back. Let us build a temple, build it in our new capitol, Jerusalem, which we all helped to wrest from the Jebusite, build it for a symbol, for

a fountain, for a rallying point of national feeling. Let us make a tug of the heart towards Jerusalem to keep us together when sectional and tribal quarrels threaten to disrupt the kingdom. It was a statesmanlike project, a shrewd device to forestall human nature, a way to get around it, a substitute for enthusiasm a storage battery to save the electricity of David's army for the charging of future generations, an honorable effort to leave behind some sacrament in which a world which had forgotten the heroes might still commune with their spirit. But now comes in a long-headed Puritan. His feet are on the rock. His eyes are full of light. His voice rings like an oracle of God. Gentlemen, you cannot find a substitute for character. Institutions did not save the nation. David saved the nation. If you would keep it safe, you must breed men like David for your kings, you must breed men like his soldiers for your citizens. Institutions are well, but they cannot be worked to advantage without men. Men in their supreme moments outstrip institutions. The apostles outstripped the synagogue. The reformers outstripped the Church. Institutions have glamour. One looks and is blinded. "We have Abraham to our father. We have the oracles of God. We have the temple. Our institutions are fed from mysterious springs of life within them." So the blind boast their security. But Titus burns Jerusalem. But Rome the eternal is sacked. But conservative England breeds a Cromwell as thunder clouds breed lightning. Men make nothing so great, so interesting, so important as themselves. At least our men made nothing, did nothing to compare with themselves. The charm of our history is not in events and measures. It is not in outward successes. The building burned. The spires fell. The institution rocked on its base. But men have been a wall unto us. Men have been our pillars of fire and cloud. Men have been a canopy over our

Zion, our hiding place from the wind, our covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Some of those men I knew. Some I know. Some I see as stars in the night, when you who are left say with affection and reverence, this one and that one shining as the stars forever, were ours. A few men stand in a focus of light, and do sightly, striking things which in some measure represent them. Their lives make a good story. Others never do anything which wakes the echoes, never anything which seems above the commonplace when you tell it. The facts hardly justify the emphasis which you give them, because you knew the men. Their biography has to be chiefly a study of character. Our men have been of that kind. They have made nothing, they have done nothing, so great, so interesting, so important as themselves. They have not been idle. They have not held aloof. But they have distributed tokens of their spirit through so many inconspicuous services and fidelities, they have fetched so much wood and water, they have brushed by us in so many touch and go contacts that when a stranger asks the reason of our hero worship, we can tell no story which does not seem like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. We have to say, as we do so often of the deep things in our minds, "if you do not ask me I know." Ah, but we did have splendid men here. I loosen the cords of the tenses. We have had, we have still splendid men, men of force, of grasp, of insight, some of them hard to beat in an intellectual bout, some of them enriched with the wealth of a wholesome culture, some of them endowed with genius for religion, men of truth, men of honor, men of Christ. They stand out in our vision to-day like some mountain crag; mosses and flowers may soften its face, sunbeams and breezes may play in the sweetness and waft a pleasant perfume on the air, but underneath the ten-

der beauty, underneath the kindly mirth and gentility, lies the solid rock steadfast forever. A sermon about this church must be first of all a sermon about men.

The time when this church was getting under way, had in it many forces which went to the making of strong men. The report of the Selectmen of Pittsfield dated April 1st, 1847, is ornamented on its first page by a rude cut of Aurora. The goddess is standing in her car and driving her unbridled steeds over a mass of black clouds. A horn of plenty under her arm pours out a stream of things which look like coins. At the bottom of the page is this note which discloses the reason of the picture and the politics of the selectmen. "Memorandum, April 1, 1847. Weather cool but pleasant, snow abundant, thermometer 6 degrees above zero at sunrise. It is thought the springs and streams will be late rising, also the General Court, but General Taylor *is riz*" The allusion, of course, is to General Taylor's recent victory at Buena Vista in the Mexican war. Taylor was the popular hero. The Whigs fastened to him like a tail to a kite. He was nominated to the Presidency, as some one said, by "spontaneous combustion." That rude picture on the old town report symbolizes the spirit of the time. It speaks of hope, of energy, of new ventures, of idealism spurning the ground and riding among the stars. The horn of plenty stands for material growth and prosperity. The black clouds underneath are the black clouds of slavery. There you have three conditions favorable for the making of strong men, an atmosphere of hope, a rising tide of prosperity, and the discipline of a great moral question—a question which kept mind and conscience on the rack and often thrust them into a burning, fiery furnace. An atmosphere of hope renews the face of the world, puts the freshness of the morning into life, and calls forth human powers with trumpet tones. Prosperity brings confidence and leads to large-

ness and boldness of thought and action. A great moral question gives life a turn towards the things of the spirit. It requires men who are building new barns for overflowing goods to set apart a space in them for conscience.

Progress marched with sure and rapid step through the decade from 1840 to 1850. Wealth sprang up in its path. It travelled all over the North. It made excursions into the West. Forty-niners took it to California. The population of Pittsfield increased from 3747 in 1840 to 6052 in 1850. The old church was crowded. Dr. Todd wrote in 1847, "There are not less than fifty families and one hundred and fifty young men who have found it literally impossible to get into my church." Eighteen hundred and forty-four, the year of the Jubilee, was a year of unusual prosperity. A list of the manufactures of Pittsfield in 1845 includes cotton, woolen and other machinery, musical instruments, hats, caps, saddles, harnesses, trunks, railroad cars and other carriages, soap, candles, chairs, tin and cabinet wares, combs, leather, boots, shoes, blocks, pumps, mechanics' tools, bricks, building stone, marble, lime, wooden ware, corn and other brooms and rifles. Wagons in those days were hitched to stars to make them light and to an iron horse to make them go. A railroad was opened between West Stockbridge and Hudson in 1838. We were connected with Albany in 1842, with North Adams in 1846, with Stockbridge and Bridgeport in 1850. It was a time when there was courage for new enterprises, a time of expansion, some of it in gassy balloons. Dr. Todd alluded to this energetic temper of the times in his address at the laying of the corner stone of this church, on Christmas day, 1848. "I did not know," he said, "to be sure, but your energies would first rebuild a house of worship on the old homestead worthy of you, of the town, and of the age, but that they must and would find an outlet somewhere I have been

sure from the first day I went into your pulpit as your minister." Dr. Todd himself was an imperial man, both in his personality and his gifts. He flung off inspiration and compulsion in every direction as the sun in his revolving flings off heat and light and swings the stars around him.

But a horror of darkness was creeping over the bright light of those days as the moon's shadow creeps over the sun and darkens him at noonday. The Mexican war and the questions arising out of it made the volcano of slavery rumble as if the Devil himself with his trident had gone down into the crater and maddened the fires. In January, 1850, Clay introduced his "Omnibus Bill." The nub of it was that in return for free California the North should give the fugitive slave law. The debate which followed was one of the most exciting and dramatic in our history. Clay, a feeble old man of 73, racked by a cough, so weak that he had to lean on the arm of a companion as he mounted the steps of the capitol, stood again in the Senate Chamber to plead for compromise and union. As he rose to speak all feebleness fell from him, like the folds of the cloak which he flung from his shoulders. The fire of youth kindled again in his eyes, and his voice rang with the moving eloquence of his best years. When he had finished, women kissed his cheeks. Calhoun, swathed in flannels, already marked for death, listened to the reading of his speech by Senator Mason. The speech was virtually a demand for unconditional surrender to slavery on penalty of secession. Then came the 7th of March and Webster, giving his voice for the compromise. The effect in New England was as if the archangel Michael, captain of the hosts of God, had knocked at the gates of hell and offered his sword of renown to the Prince of Darkness. In the same debate Seward spoke of a higher law than the constitution. The fugitive slave law which already had received the approval of the Senate passed the House Sep-

tember 12th, 1850. Indignation meetings were held throughout the North. Charles Sumner addressed a notable assembly in Faneuil Hall, November 6th, less than a week before the organization of this church, and yet Dr. Hopkins' sermon at the dedication reads as if tranquil peace brooded over the country, and not a breath of danger fidgeted in the fringe of the smallest feather of the eagle's wings. One of the poems read at the Berkshire jubilee in 1844 contained a rather savage stanza against the South and slavery. A note in the printed volume says "This stanza was omitted in the reading, as it was thought not to be in strict harmony with the occasion." Sober men in those days put their hands upon their mouths until they might know what to say, not because they were awed by the threats of men like Calhoun, but that they might do nothing to widen the breach of feeling which portended disunion. The silence, however, was like the silence in heaven before the judgment books were opened. In such a time the walls of this church were reared. In the fierce heat of such a perplexed moral and political question the hearts and minds of her men were tempered. According to the best light I can get, this church was not in the beginning purposely an anti-slavery organization. The motive for forming it was that stated in the resolutions drawn up by Dr. Todd and passed by unanimous vote of the First Church when the letters of dismission were granted, namely: "A single desire to afford more ample accommodations for the enlargement of Zion." When separation had been determined, those whose views on the slavery question were more radical than Dr. Todd's naturally took their chances with the new church. But men were prominent in it at the beginning who never would have joined an extreme anti-slavery body, and its first minister, Mr. Harris, had nothing of the agitator in his make-up. He was

against slavery, but he rarely if ever discussed the matter in the pulpit. Like Mr. Lincoln, like hosts of good men, he was clear that the institution was wrong, but he was not forward to say how the nation should get rid of it. In 1852, the fourth of July fell on Sunday. Mr. Harris preached a patriotic sermon. The sermon was printed. Both parties had made their nominations for the Presidency. Both had approved the Compromise of 1850, including the fugitive slave law. The Free Soil party was getting ready for its convention in August. Defiance of the fugitive slave law was still hot and resolute, but that discourse contains no remotest allusion to passing events and no reference to slavery except in the harmless reflection that free peoples often have held slaves. And yet the preacher's earnest contention that justice rather than liberty is the touchstone of national greatness shows that the controversy of the hour had kindled the passion of a prophet in his soul. In an article written while he was minister of this church, and published in the *New Englander* for May, 1854, he says: "We make a broad distinction between preaching politics and preaching the Gospel in its application to politics. No minister has a right to preach politics. Every minister is bound to preach the Gospel in its application to politics." That his attitude was taken in sobriety and reason and not from cowardice or vacillation is plain from what he said in a sermon preached at the ordination of Oliver M. Sears in Dalton Sept. 29, 1847: "There are exciting subjects as to which the minister may not be silent. He cannot always do this without standing in the way of some Diotrephes who loveth to have prominence, some Demetrius who makes silver shrines, some powerful self-willed Ahab."

When Mr. Harris went away, much to the regret of all the people, a very different man came to take his place. Judging from the men who were most active in calling him, one suspects that

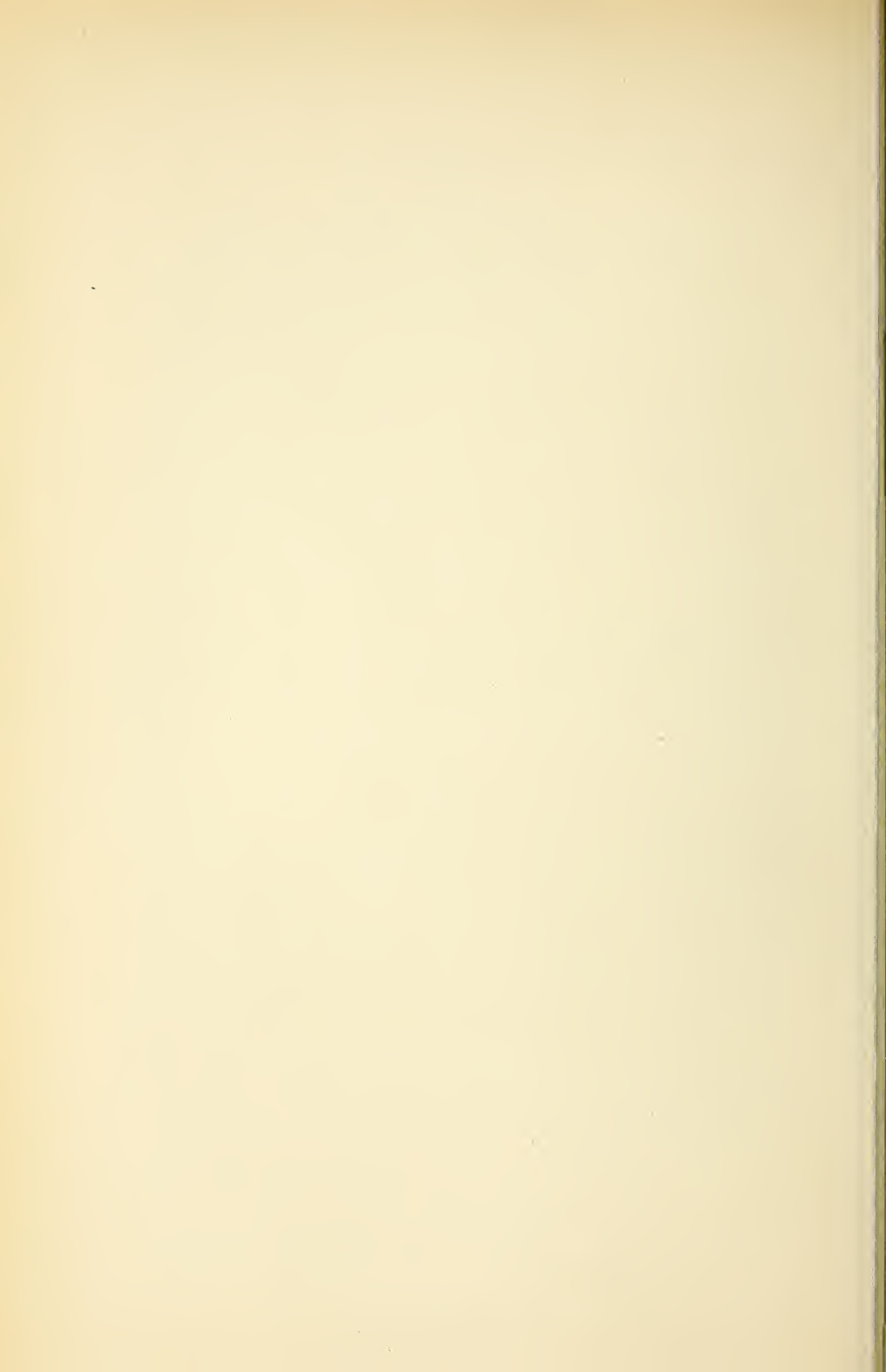
the difference was intended. Mr. Boynton was not an unknown man. His church in Cincinnati was a station of the underground railroad. He had made a trip through Kansas, and written a pamphlet about the territory. In that pamphlet, he said, "Instead of mourning that the North has been opened to slavery, let us rejoice that all restrictions upon the progress of liberty are taken away, and that there is not a foot of soil now on our continent where she may not set up her banners and plant her institutions. If Northern freemen were fully awake and prepared for the performance of their whole duty this would be the appropriate feeling and instead of aggression upon Northern territory by slavery we should hear of the march of free institutions toward the Gulf." That was very advanced doctrine for those days. It was abolitionism pure and simple, and few men were ready for such a venture. Dr. Humphrey, who was very active in organizing this church, addressed several public meetings against slavery, but was at pains distinctly to disavow association with the abolitionists. When Mr. Boynton came he lost no time in prodding the old serpent of slavery to make him "swinge the scaly horror of his folded tail." Prominent men in Pittsfield, not members of this parish, used to come to hear him preach and go away muttering and shaking their heads and mad as if a hornet's nest had been thrust into their heads, but they were back again the next Sunday night, to get another nest. How Mr. Purches, who was sexton then, used to rub his hands as he told the story. I imagine that the eloquent, ardent, young abolitionist, fresh from the freer atmosphere of the West, fresh from the bitterness of the Kansas struggle, may have enjoyed rasping the conservatism of this old town and calling a spade a spade to their horrified faces. Pittsfield is still a very conservative community, as we all know. It is as hard to move as the hills around it. If the spies had come here with their immense

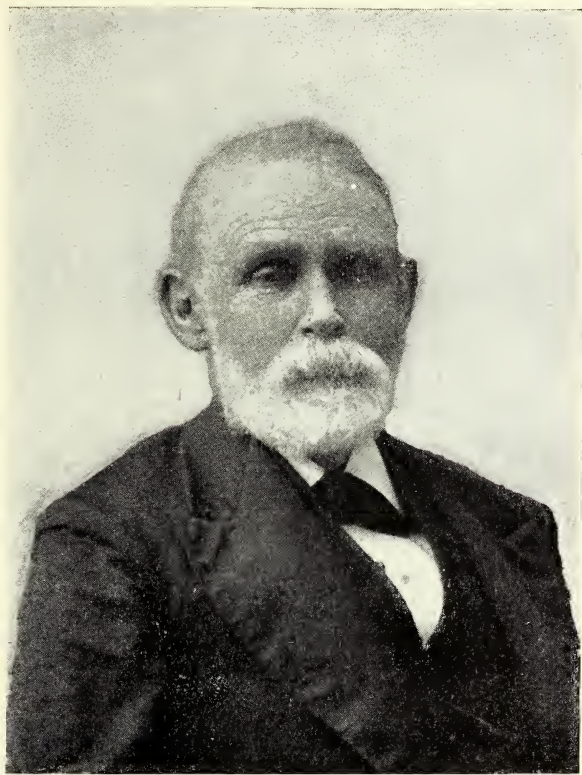
clusters of grapes from the Promised Land, our instinct would have been to suspect that this was only a variation of the salted mine and gold brick deceptions. We are protected by a thick cuticle of conservatism. For one I do not altogether regret it. I am by turns amused by it and impatient at it and glad of it. The common report, therefore, that we were in the beginning an anti-slavery church dates, I think, from the first ministry of Mr. Boynton.

Men in those days had their faces towards the morning. They had the confidence and courage of prosperity. They had the discipline of a great moral question. They had one thing more, a high type of personal religion. The years from 1840 to 1845 were years when men in these parts felt their personal responsibility to God with special power. The preaching of the Gospel, it is true, was accompanied by an arbitrary and tyrannical requirement of belief and experience. Under its sharp distinctions, men were branded as goats who were sheep of the true fold. When I think of those days, therefore, I am grateful for the parish, which has been a sort of outpost of the church where men of faith and honor and integrity have stood guard over the interests of Zion. Men who have been, as genial Mr. Dodge—blessings on his name—used to call himself—"Brothers-in-law" of the church. But that old-fashioned preaching did mightily stir the souls of men. They hearted and minded religion every man for himself. They trembled in the presence of God as this church trembles when the bell in the tower swings out its call to worship. Doctrine aside, narrowness aside, that strenuous religious life, helped to make self-reliant, strongly-marked, deep-rooted men. I do honor them. I love them. They are exhilarating. They stand. They wear. They are towers of strength. And yet I believe that the modern habit of bearing down heavily upon the ethical and social manifestations of the

Christian spirit will bring us into vital and personal relations to God such as the piety of the church never has known before. We shall need first, clearly and practically to take in the truth that the new emphasis is really the pressure of God upon us. But when we have been convinced, an apostolic company will come forth from a new Pentecost who can say of the men whom we honor today, "They without us are not made perfect."

I come back, therefore, to the place where I started. The glory of this church is her men. What would we not give if we might see them coming down the aisles this morning, shining with the light of God, Humphrey and Harris walking ahead, and a sanctified company in their train filling the church with an apparition of glory, to stand by this Lord's table and take a pledge of us that we will put our hands with greater singleness and zeal to the splendid Christian business of making men.





DEACON ALBERT TOLMAN

1824—1891



REMARKS

BY EDWARD TOLMAN.

SUNDAY EVENING NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH.

Pastor and Friends:

I was asked to talk to you to-night and it is my part to tell you of the work of the Sunday School. I looked up the records, which have been somewhat lost, and have the names of the superintendents since its formation and I would like to read them to you.

1850 to 1868,	Deacon J. H. Dunham
1868 and 1869,	Deacon William Robinson
1870 and 1871,	Deacon William B. Rice
1872 and 1873,	Deacon Albert Tolman
1874 and 1875,	Deacon William B. Rice
1876 to 1881,	T. P. Tobey.

Mr. Tobey died in office May, 1881, Assistant Superintendent George Shipton filling out the term.

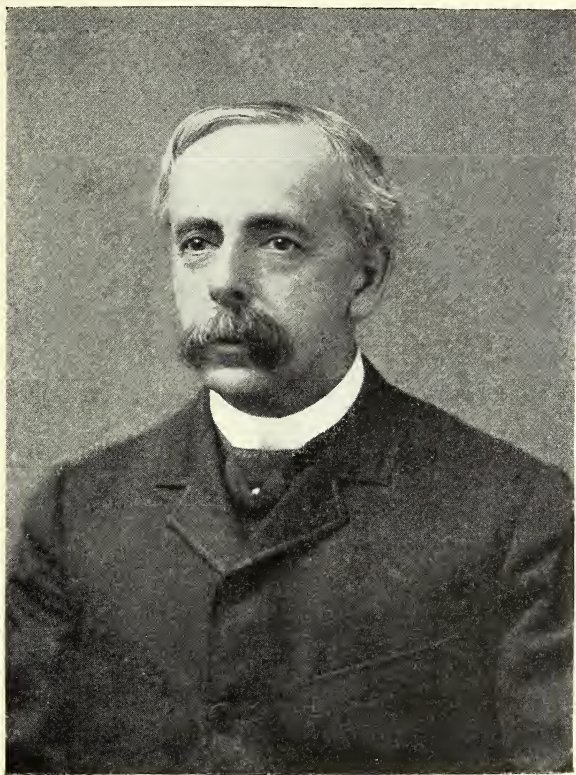
1882 and 1883,	Deacon George Shipton
1884,	P. F. Cooley
1885,	William Tolman
1886,	James D. Shipton
1887 to 1889,	Deacon George Shipton
1890 and 1891,	S. D. Andrews
1892 to 1894,	F. G. Ferry
1895,	C. H. Mattoon
1896 and 1897,	Deacon J. P. Sayles
1898 to 1900,	Edward Tolman.

The first Sunday School was formed December 15, 1850 with an attendance of 84. In the same year, the 29th of December, they commenced taking collections in behalf of foreign missions. November 16, 1851 it was voted by the school to appropriate the amount of collections up to this time (\$54.63) toward constituting William Robinson an honorary member of the American Board.

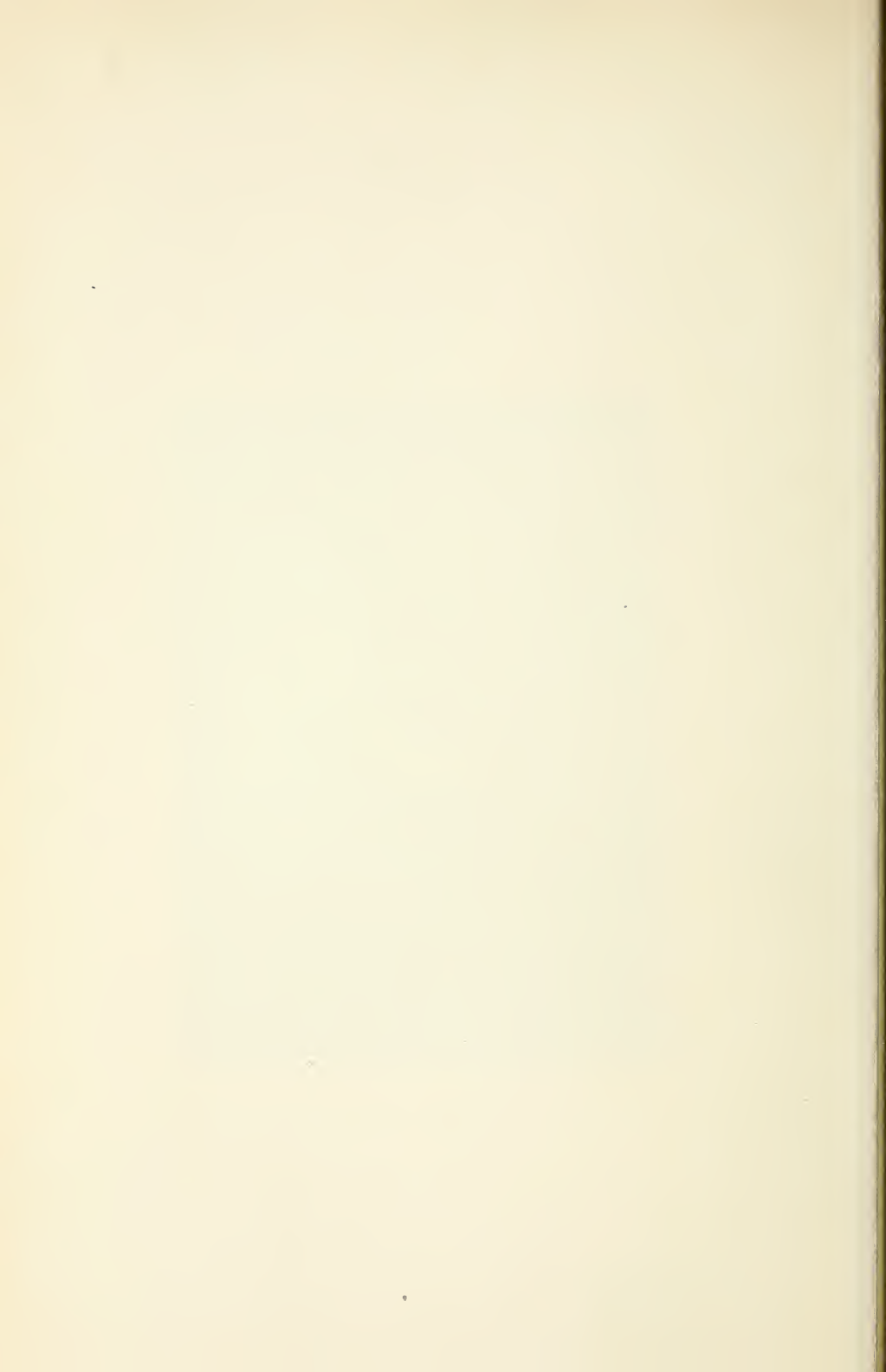
The first infant class was formed in 1850 by Helen D. Little with a membership of 45. The average attendance in 1850 was 120. It has been all the way from 145 to 200 since. In looking over the records of the primary department I found the names of people who are now, many of them, active members and active workers in this church and it is very interesting to me to see the familiar names as little children in the primary department. Some of the teachers of that time were Dr. Stephen Reed, Daniel Day, H. M. Peirson, P. F. Cooley, Albert Tolman, William Robinson, and many, many lady teachers, although not prominent as officers, were then, as now, the great working force of our Sunday School. In looking at the past of the Sunday School there is nothing particularly interesting to relate. The history is made up of active, honest, industrious work for Christ and His Church. Since its formation there have been continuous sessions of the school with the exception of a rest of a month or two in the summer, during the first twenty years. With that exception there have been continuous sessions of our Sabbath School for fifty years, working Sunday after Sunday to help themselves and to help others to Christ. When we had afternoon services, instead of evening services, every month the first Sunday was devoted to a missionary concert or a Sunday School prayer meeting, and this was carried on for a long time. In looking back to my childhood and to the people who to me were the fathers of this church, I cannot help surrounding them

with a sort of halo of goodness and uprightness. I remember well running along with my father (this goes half way back, to 1875) to attend our church prayer meeting which was held in the lower room in the ladies' parlor; the appointed leader in the center at the central table and the pastor on the opposite side who always made a few remarks at the close of the meeting; good Deacon Dunham to lead the singing, and although I remember hearing serious talks about finance, they seemed to get along pretty well without a piano or an organ, but I know they had what they wanted, and if an organ had been necessary, they would have had it. They seemed to like this way of having one lead the singing, or pitch the tune, I believe is what it was called, and then all join in. It made fine singing, to my younger feelings any way. It was there I first heard "Sweet Hour of Prayer" and I can never forget the impression that that song made on me. We had talks and prayers and the men who took part were Daniel Day, Dr. Stephen Reed, Deacon Taylor, Deacon Dunham, Deacon Peirson, Deacon Robinson, P. F. Cooley, and, among the younger men, T. P. Tobey and Vinet Walker, men who thought of Christian things, who thought of the prayer meeting, who came prepared to help in that meeting, and as I hear the older men talk about the "good old days," I think of the prayer meeting of those days and those good men. As I look at them, they surely had their virtues, and I suppose they had some faults, the same as the rest of us, but they had an honest desire and an honest purpose to serve God and upbuild His Church. I cannot help thinking, many times, of our heritage. When I have gone into other states it has always seemed to me that there was somewhat of a different moral tone in the communities of New England and I have laid it to our Pilgrim Fathers who, by law and by conscience, strove in every way to serve God and honor His

Name. When we go back to this community, before the time of railroads, before they had communication with the outer world, all wove itself around the parish, around the church. How they kept Thanksgiving; how they sought in every way to honor God and upbuild His Kingdom. It seems to me that we, as young men, ought to think of this, and in taking this heritage, try to bring it forward; do as they did; give of our best understanding; they did it; give of our time and our money as they did; honor and worship God as they did, and at all times strive to help others and to upbuild His Kingdom in this world. We have a great history for this church for fifty years; we have a greater history of New England which it is our part to honor and to carry on to a great and glorious future.



THE REVEREND WILLIAM CARRUTHERS



REMINISCENCES

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM CARRUTHERS,

ON SUNDAY EVENING NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH.

There is more gladness in my heart than I can tell of in finding myself with you in this time of your rejoicing. Pittsfield has been a Mecca to me this many a year. The charm of it has not lessened. From the time of my first coming and my first entering into one of her homes to this evening I have felt her fascination. I am not skilled enough in the use of language to tell you the fullness of my thought concerning Pittsfield, and even were there the skill, there is not the time. I can only in very simple phrase tell you a little something of what is in my heart as I stand once again in your presence. Ever since your invitation to this festival of joy reached me, my memory has been busy in bringing out that which it had stored up. For part of what it has cherished it goes back to the year 1857, when the first pastor of this church was theological professor in the Bangor seminary, and I hardly more than a boy, came into personal acquaintance with him, and found my mind enriched by his scholarly unfolding of the treasures to be found in the Holy Scriptures. What a teacher he was! How he stimulated the boy to study! How his spiritual insight into truth was to me the opening of a world of thought of which I had never dreamed. Sitting at the feet of Dr. Harris as a learner was to me as if I were sitting at the feet of another Gamaliel.

Another day which has preciousness to me is that which found

me entering the pastorate of this church. I can see now the revered and beloved Buckingham as he presided over the installing council. What a gracious dignity his was! What a royal heart he had! The expression of his face seemed to me like that which must have marked the countenance of the disciple whom Jesus loved. How kindly considerate he was in his questioning. No wonder my remembrance of him has in it the elements of reverence and affection. No wonder I counted the being inducted into the pastoral office by such a man as an honor to be spoken of with thankfulness.

My memory has grouped together the men who then were leaders in this church but are now doing service in some other part of God's realm.

Deacon Peirson, who was so given to hospitality; towards whose house the feet of a minister moved as by very instinct—the minister confident of an open door and a generous welcome; sure of finding in that home another Bethany into which he could enter for the rest and refreshing his heart needed.

Deacon Dunham, a man whose convictions were sacred to him—too sacred to be trifled with, too well-grounded to be up-rooted; a man always loyal to his own conceptions of truth and duty; a man who continuously and in most practical ways made manifest his love for this church. Even now when I enter his home or sit in the room below the air seems vibrant with the voice which in home and lecture-room was so often heard leading in the service of song.

Then there was Deacon Tolman who embodied in himself qualities which made his companionship a pleasure and his friendship something to be very greatly prized. How large a debt of gratitude Pittsfield owes to the memory of the man who was for so long the leading educator of her youth. And surely an equal debt is due his memory from this church, for his fealty to it was

most pronounced, and the service he rendered it was manifold and always marked by a delightful spontaneity.

In speaking the name of Deacon Day I call to remembrance a man whose Christian character was of that type which makes the word, "Christian," stand for something very real, something luminous with brightest significance. You who knew him cannot fail to recall his devotion to this church, his loyalty to the principles for which this church stood then, and for which it stands to-day. How could I help enshrining his memory in my heart. He gave me his confidence without stint—his affection in most generous measure. Cultured, broadly intelligent, most kindly in disposition, his courtesy genuine, the fine product of a noble heart, a heart incapable of other than generous impulses, how could I help loving Deacon Day.

I could never forgive myself if I kept silence concerning Dr. Stephen H. Reed, a man of large natural gifts, and who to these gifts added powers which were the product of what we call a "liberal education." I wish I had time to draw his portrait for you. Were I to do that you would see the face of a *man*—a man of God—one of those of whom Mr. Smart spoke this morning: a stalwart man; a man of positive views, with never a thought of concealment; never playing the traitor to his convictions; a man who could stand at the post of duty immovable as old Greylock, and yet, withal, a man of most genial temper, of kindest disposition, and always breathing the spirit of the Master.

And there was dear, good Henry Purches—good, not in any merely negative way, but having a goodness as positive as the flowers of the summer; positive as the stars which make the night beautiful; positive as the rains which bring refreshing in the days of summer heat to garden, and lawn and meadow. What fervor of spirit he brought to the service of this church. Asked to serve, his response was instant and cheerful. Some of you

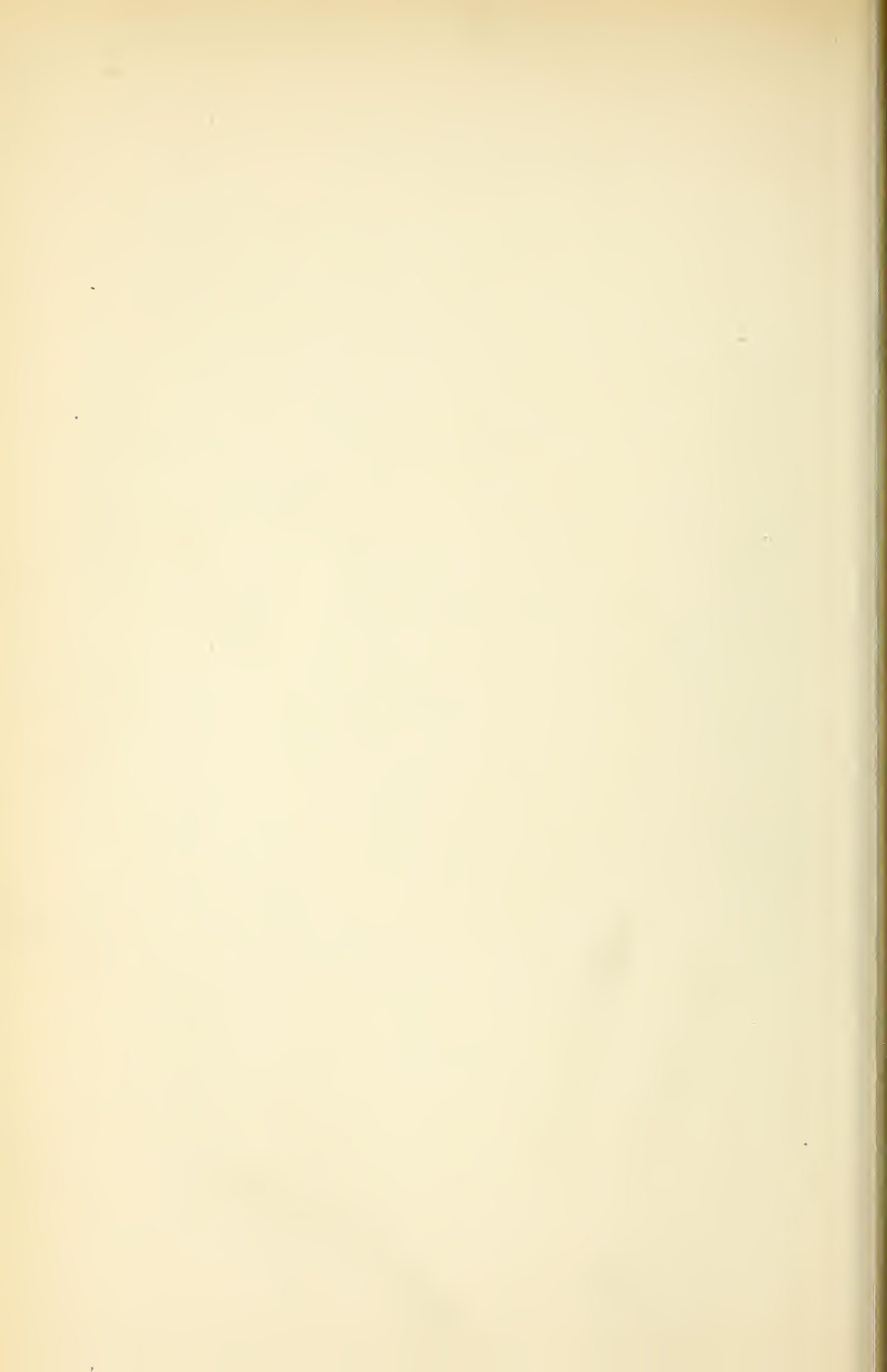
well remember the distance he would walk in order to be present at the devotional meeting of Friday evening. I can recall the richness and mellowness of his voice which made it a delight to hear him read and speak. Deacon Day used to say that he had never heard any one read the Scriptures as did Mr. Purches—bringing out by his very reading some of the deeper beauties of the text. Blessed indeed is the memory of such a man as he. What a greeting we'll give him when we meet within the gates of the New Jerusalem.

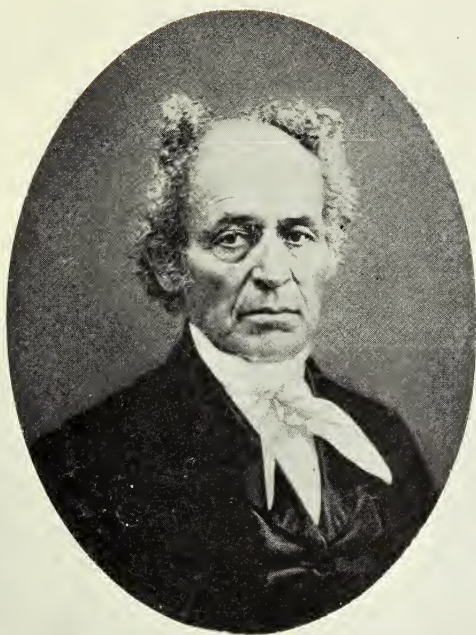
Those of whom I have spoken have gone beyond the reach of my voice, but I cannot refrain from giving them my salutation, for I feel the glory of their spiritual presence in these days of your rejoicing. There is living with you a man who long ago won my heart. Such men as he are rare. He is of a type which needs to be greatly multiplied in our churches. To be in his presence is to find yourself compassed with an atmosphere radiant with sunshine. Love swells in his soul and makes his life as full of benedictions as mountains make the streams in spring. Hope to him is the sun by day and the moon by night. My thought lingers lovingly over the name of Deacon Robinson, and my heart speaks its blessing upon the man whose house is on "the hill-top of cheerfulness—so high that no shadows rest upon it; where the morning comes so early and the evening tarries so late that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men." Would that even now, whilst still in visible presence, he might renew his youth, and so for many years more continue to let the cheerfulness of his spirit brighten the life of a church which has been and still is dearer to him than any other treasure. There is another man whose name my lips are urgent to speak, and if he who bears it were not within hearing distance of me the lips would break their silence. It is the name of one whose service of the South church

covers many years, and who has brought to that service a ripe judgment, a mind enriched by extensive reading, rational interpretations of the Scriptures, and an equally rational conception of personal religion and of the mission of the church. I rejoice in having long ago been allowed entrance into the sanctuary of his friendship.

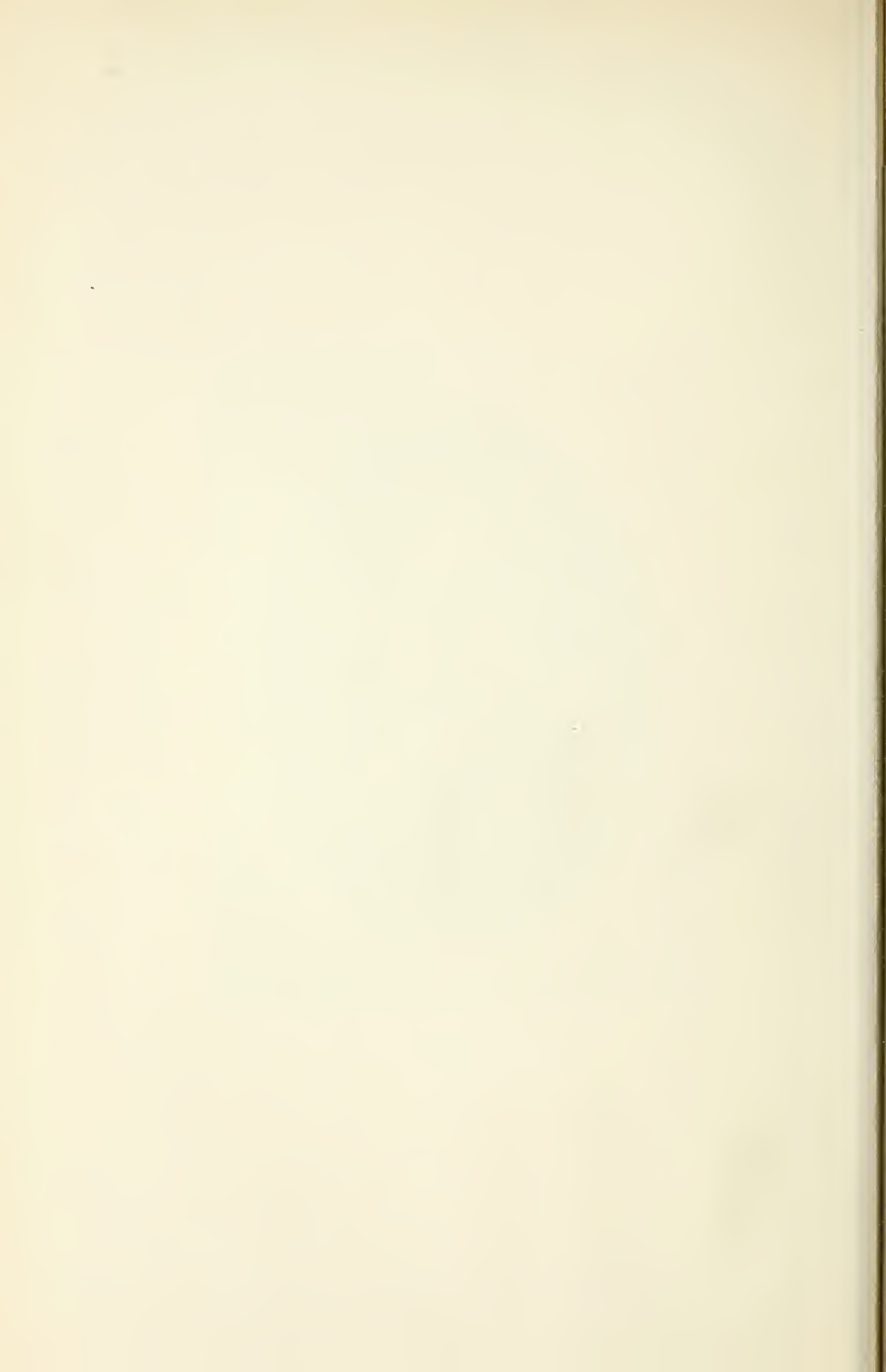
There are names to-day upon your roll of membership which may well be taken as sure prophecies of this church's prosperity in the days that are coming—names of men and women who are ready for any service, even for the service which involves sacrifice.

I look into your future with a great hopefulness, with confident expectation that with the passage of the years will come great increase of strength; that the Jubilee with which the church shall celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its birth shall find it full of vigorous life. May this church become more and more a radiant center, striking light into darkness. May it never be wanting in men like Peirson, Dunham, Tolman, Day, Reed, Purches and Robinson. May it never lack women who shall be the peers of those whose names are engraven on my memory. Some of them have passed into the heavens; others still live and work; women zealous, ambitious, having a passion for serving. May he who shall be historian of the church fifty years from now be able to tell of its growth into a power which shall be so abundant and beneficent that human hearts shall greet the church with a joyous acclaim, and human lives shall give it salutation as an inspirer of purity, righteousness and love.





HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.,
1779—1861



HISTORY OF THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SINCE ITS ORGANIZA- TION IN 1850.

BY FRANK E. PEIRSON, CLERK OF THE CHURCH.

READ SUNDAY EVENING NOVEMBER THE ELEVENTH.

The history of a church can never be fully written. So much of its life is intangible—the secret prayer, the unconscious influence, the thoughtful solicitude for its welfare; in short, the spiritual forces which so largely affect its material growth—these elude the pen of the historian. All that he can do is to gather up the threads of the outer church life, and between his lines will be read, by the initiated, many a story of self-sacrifice and devotion which, if they could be fully brought to light, would put to shame his formal words.

We begin our story of the past fifty years with the church edifice, but to make clear why its present location was chosen it is necessary to go back to an earlier period and to briefly recall something of ancient history. The church building stands on a part of the original Settling Lot Number 15 South. Through various hands the church site came, in 1788, to Ashbel Strong, son of Rev. Thomas Strong of New Marlborough, a prominent Pittsfield lawyer, who built and lived in the house now standing just north of the church. He was active in a controversy in the First church about 1807, which in 1809 led to the incorporation of what was known as Union Parish—a dis-

tinet church organization. A full account of this controversy is given in the History of Pittsfield, and need not here be restated. Suffice it to say, that in order to provide the new church with a suitable place of worship, Thomas Barnard Strong, a nephew of Ashbel, to whom the ownership of the land had come after his uncle's death, conveyed to John Chandler Williams, a leading member of Union Parish, by deed dated April 4, 1811, a piece of land 49 feet on South street and extending westwardly 88 feet, with the proviso, "that as the said land is granted for a site for a "Meeting House," no building should be placed upon it within 16 feet of the highway, the probable object of this restriction being to prevent its possible use for business purposes. Upon this site, in 1811, the Union Parish Meeting House was built. At the reuniting of the Union parish with the First, in 1817, the new church was abandoned, and apparently in accordance with the spirit of this union the property was conveyed by John C. Williams to Lemuel Pomeroy, the deed of conveyance, dated February 18, 1819, containing this condition: "That this deed is to be utterly void if the said Lemuel, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, shall at any time hereafter suffer the said estate conveyed by this deed to be used or occupied as a place of public worship without the consent of the Congregational Society of the Town of Pittsfield, it being understood by the contracting parties that the accommodations for religious worship in the center of said town are already sufficiently commodious."

This was undoubtedly true in 1819, and to preserve the integrity of Pittsfield Congregationalism it was perhaps well that this condition was inserted in the deed. But 10 years later a religious society occupied the building, and within 30 years a new Congregational church organized from the First parish and with its free consent and approbation, occupied the site.

After the reunion of the parishes, the old Union Meeting House, a plain structure with a modest spire, was remodeled, made into a two-story building, the lower floor used for a time by the Pittsfield Female Academy and subsequently for school purposes and the upper floor devoted to various uses, religious and secular. In 1830 it was the first place of worship of the newly organized Episcopal church. In 1834 it was the meeting place of a number of First church people, who, disapproving of the attitude of the then pastor regarding revival measures, held separate services, though without any formal church organization. For a number of years it served as a lecture room for the First parish, and the First church records tell of its being struck by lightning during a Sunday evening meeting in 1835. And all along, side by side with these religious uses, it served the community as a public entertainment hall.

In 1849 it was removed a short distance north from its original site to make room for the erection of the first South church.

On September 15 of that year, Saturday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock it was set on fire, probably by design, and, with the nearly completed church adjoining, was entirely destroyed.

Congregationalism in Pittsfield had grown and flourished with the growth of the town, and the church accommodations for which, in 1819, one church building had been deemed "sufficiently commodious" were found to be too small in 1847. Indeed for several years before, the need of a new church was obvious. It was but natural that the old First church should seek to postpone the separation as long as possible, and equally to be expected was the difficulty of deciding who should sever their church relations and become pioneers in the new field. In 1847 a meeting of the First parish was held, and it was voted: That it was necessary and expedient that another church should be built, and that those who were willing to engage in the en-

terprise should have the sympathy and aid of their brethren. As the result of this meeting and vote, subscriptions were solicited, and a sum considered sufficient for the erection of a house of worship was secured. The largest contributor towards the new church was William M. Ward, who gave \$1,000. Wellington H. Tyler, the principal of Maplewood Institute gave \$500, and for the accommodation of his pupils was set apart the entire gallery at the east end of the church, with the exception of four seats in the center which the choir occupied.

On the 8th of May, 1848, the society was formally organized as the South Congregational Parish, under a warrant from Calvin Martin, Justice of the Peace, at a meeting held in the First church Lecture Room—not the old Lecture Room on South street which the First church had abandoned several years before, but the then new Lecture Room which stood at the northeast corner of the church.

The parish had an original membership of sixteen, as follows: William M. Ward, Curtis T. Fenn, Charles Hulbert, Welcome S. Howard, Ebenezer Dunham, Henry G. Davis, Charles Montague, Oliver S. Root, Theodore Hinsdale, Avery Carey, William M. Walker, Lewis Stoddard, Wellington H. Tyler, William S. Wells, Merrick Ross and James H. Dunham.

These sixteen were the legal members of the new parish, but others in the First church were interested in the colonizing movement, gave it their active aid and co-operation, and when the new church edifice was ready for use in 1850 joined the parish. Prominent among these was Dr. Heman Humphrey, whose influence and wise counsels had much to do with establishing the organization upon a firm basis. His associates were William L. Peck, Jason Parsons, Josiah Carter, Avery Williams, Bernice Granger, Aaron Clough, Edward Goodrich, Calvin Martin, Amos Barnes, James Dunham, Nelson J. Wilson, Noah Pix-

ley, William Hubbard, Thomas Taylor, Nelson Tracy, Solomon Wilson, Bradford B. Page, Phineas L. Page, A. K. Parsons, Charles B. Golden, Titus M. Roberts, William Robinson, William Coleman, Anselm C. Burt, Alanson Stevens, Henry B. Brewster, James A. Bell, Henry P. Barnes and Edward Tyler.

The officers chosen at the first parish meeting were:—Theodore Hinsdale, moderator; Oliver S. Root, clerk; Merrick Ross, James H. Dunham and Welcome S. Howard, prudential committee; Curtis T. Fenn, treasurer; Theodore Hinsdale, collector.

The parish having been formally organized with funds in hand for the erection of a church building, preparations were actively begun. At a parish meeting, held May 10, 1848, W. H. Tyler, O. S. Root, Avery Carey, James H. Dunham and William M. Walker, were chosen a committee to procure a plan for a church edifice, and W. H. Tyler, Avery Carey, Ebenezer Dunham, Charles Hulbert and Lewis Stoddard, were chosen a Building Committee.

On the 22nd of May, Charles Hulbert was excused from serving on this Committee and Amos Barnes and Calvin Martin were added. On the 12th of June the committee previously appointed reported a plan for the proposed church, the design of Richard Bond, a Boston architect, which plan was adopted and placed in the hands of the Building Committee, who were authorized to advertise for proposals.

There was no question about the site of the new church. The Union Parish had established that years before. The formal conveyance from Lemuel Pomeroy to "The Members of the South Congregational Society" is dated June 19, 1848, and covers not only the original Union Parish lot but an addition on the west of 51 by 42 feet. This deed included also the old "Lecture Room." The consideration named in the deed is \$2150, a large portion of which is understood to have been a contribution from

Mr. Pomeroy. The Parish records contain no reference to this purchase, and it was presumably made out of the general subscription, with which the Parish as such, seems to have had nothing to do. In connection with this purchase, was the gift from the trustees of the Congregational Ministerial Fund, authorized by a vote of the First Congregational Society, passed April 10, 1848, of a strip of land 30 feet wide south of the lot obtained from Mr. Pomeroy. On the 26th of June the parish appointed a committee to see if land near the church could be purchased for the erection of horse sheds, but nothing appears to have been done about it.

A proposition to enlarge and repair the Lecture Room building—the old Union Parish meeting house—for the use of the new society met with little favor. This was not what the subscribers to the new church wished. They wanted a building that would be an ornament to the town, as well as a fitting place of worship for the new parish. The plan adopted was indeed a little too elaborate for the funds in hand, and on the 9th of July the Building Committee reported that the proposals received for the building exceeded the means of the society by from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and so Dr. Humphrey, Theodore Hinsdale, W. H. Tyler, O. S. Root, C. T. Fenn and J. H. Dunham, were appointed a committee to solicit further subscriptions. This committee reported on the 16th of July that \$375 additional had been secured. On the 7th of August the Building Committee was instructed to make a sale of the old Lecture Room.

From this period until the spring of 1850 there is a blank in the official parish record, which can only be filled by information derived from outside sources. The work went forward. A contract for the erection of a new church building, in accordance with the plan that had been adopted, was made with Richmond B. Stewart, the contract price being \$8,500. The foun-

dation was put in during the fall of 1848, and on the 25th of December of that year the corner-stone was laid, with an address by Rev. Dr. Todd.

It was the second week in September, 1849. The American Board was, for the first time, holding its meetings in Pittsfield, and the town was filled with strangers of note. It was but natural that among the attractions of the village their attention should have been called to the new and handsome church, then receiving its finishing touches, and doubtless many were the congratulations extended to the projectors of the new enterprise on what seemed to be the successful ending of their arduous work. But life has many disappointments. Early on the morning of the last day of the week, the church was entirely destroyed by fire. We quote from a contemporary newspaper account: "The fire, which was doubtless the work of an incendiary, originated in the old Lecture Room, which building had been occupied as a shop for the carpenters of the new church. There was much combustible material in it, and the flame soon communicated to the new edifice, and bade defiance to the utmost exertions of the firemen. The airy, graceful spire,

—"a pencil on the sky,"

which had been the cynosure of all eyes for a few days previous, sparkled and shone, and sunk at last, a stream of lurid light."

It is possible that this picturesque sight may have suggested to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then living in Pittsfield, this couplet in his vivid description of spring:

"The oriole drifting like a flake of fire

Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire."

Among the incidents of this fire, it is recalled that Deacon Dunham, eager and active to save the church that lay so near his heart, himself led the efforts of the firemen who had hesitated through fear that the spire, which towered to a height of

206 feet from the ground, would fall upon them. But all effort was in vain. The church was consumed, and nothing remained above the foundations. The foundation walls even were so affected as to require rebuilding, with the exception of the southwest corner which now stands, as originally laid. The six columns in front of the present church had been made ready for the first edifice, but had not been placed in position and so were saved. The contractor held a "builders risk" on the church, but because of stories charging him with setting the fire the insurance was withheld until thorough investigation had been made, which investigation fully exonerated him.

The burning of the new church was regarded as a loss not only to the society directly interested, but to the town as well, and on the Monday evening following the fire a largely-attended public meeting was held at Burbank's hall, to express the public sympathy and to devise means of relief. At this meeting Gov. Briggs presided and made an address. Other speakers were Julius Rockwell, Rev. Dr. Dewey, Rev. Dr. Humphrey, Calvin Martin, Levi Goodrich, Rev. W. H. Tyler, Rev. Bradley Miner and Thomas B. Strong. A financial statement was presented, from which it appears that the amount available for rebuilding was \$8850; but that, as the original contract did not provide for the completion of the Lecture Room, nor for a bell nor for any furnishing of the building, an additional sum of \$3500 was needed. It was also asked that some \$500 or \$600, in addition, be raised for the relief of Mr. Stewart, the contractor, who had been a loser by the fire.

The spirit of the meeting is shown by the following resolutions:

Resolved: That while we feel unbounded confidence in the wisdom of an over-ruling Providence, and humbly bow to His will, we deeply mourn and sympathize in the loss and disappoint-

ment occasioned by the burning of the beautiful church edifice in South street, so nearly completed, and which promised to be an ornament and a blessing to our village, as well as a most inviting house of worship.

Resolved: That we earnestly recommend to our friends, who were engaged in erecting this building for the accommodation of the increasing population of this growing and prosperous town, that, so far from abandoning the enterprise, they take immediate measures to rebuild on the same foundations, and without any material alteration in the plans.

A committee, consisting of Julius Rockwell, Moses H. Baldwin, O. S. Root, Amos Barnes and James H. Dunham, was appointed to solicit subscriptions from the citizens of the town. On the 25th of October following, this committee, having delayed until the amount required could be ascertained with certainty, issued an appeal to the citizens, stating that the Building Committee of the new parish had arranged for a new contract with Mr. Stewart, including the completion of the Lecture Room, the building of a bank wall, etc., for \$11,000, and that consequently about \$3000 additional was required. The committee say:

We are quite aware that the chief reliance for the raising of these funds must be upon those who are connected with the Congregational denomination, but the generous sympathies and true Christian feeling manifested by our fellow-citizens of other denominations, convince us that it will be proper to make our applications open to all, in accordance with the friendly feelings which so happily exist between all our religious societies and their members.

If the requisite funds can be obtained the enterprise will now go forward. The question now is, shall it be carried out, or shall the idea of providing additional means of religious wor-

ship and instruction, which are now, by the general consent, required by the prosperity and increased population of the town, be advanced or delayed, when more than two-thirds of the means are provided? We think it is the general wish of our citizens that this additional fountain of religious instruction should be opened without unnecessary delay.

We shall deem it our duty to apply particularly to those whose means have not been burdened with other enterprises of the like kind.

The statement in the last paragraph of this appeal has reference to the fact that, at this time, the Baptist and Methodist societies were rebuilding their churches, and that St. Stephen's church had lately been remodeled. It was not to be expected therefore that the friendly feeling of these societies could afford much material aid. That their members contributed something is doubtless true, but the great bulk of the subscriptions must have come from the Congregationalists of the town.

The total amount subscribed was \$4050. This enabled the Building Committee to somewhat enlarge their contract with Mr. Stewart, \$11,500 being the contract price as finally fixed. The subscriptions took the form of notes payable to the parish in three annual instalments, with interest payable annually. The payments must have been promptly met, and the shrinkage wonderfully small, for at the end of the three years the prudential committee was enabled to report that the church was paid for and that a balance of \$40 remained in the treasury.

In writing of this period, the late Welcome S. Howard, on whom as a member of the Prudential Committee, had devolved much of the work of collecting these subscription notes, said: "We had now reached a stage in our enterprise where success seemed assured, and we could look over the way in which the Lord had brought us, through much tribulation, toil and disas-

ter, to a place where we could enjoy a season of rest from the toil, care and trouble which had marked our progress in the past."

The church was dedicated on the 13th of November, 1850, the sermon being preached by Rev. Mark Hopkins, President of Williams college, from I. Corinthians, 3 : 17, last clause—"For the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

In accordance with Congregational usages, the house of worship had been built by the Parish. For its proper ecclesiastical use a church organization was necessary. The South Congregational church was organized on the 12th of November, 1850, with a membership of 130—48 men and 82 women. Of the original members only four are now living in this city—William Robinson and William H. Kendall of the men, and Miss Maria R. Frost and Mrs. Caroline Tolman of the women.

These 130 original members had all been members of the First church, and were regularly dismissed for the purpose of organizing the new body. The following is from the record made by Dr. Todd, the First church pastor:

November 10, 1850. The new church edifice in South street having been completed and ready for occupancy, members of the church, who had come to the conclusion that it was their duty to become a church to occupy said building, presented the following request: "We whose names are inscribed as members of the First Congregational church in Pittsfield, desirous of enlarging the borders of Zion by a new organization upon the same doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis, in this place, hereby request letters of dismission and recommendation to a Council for the purpose of being formed into a separate Congregational church, to worship in the new edifice just completed on South street. (Then follows the list of 130 names.)

At a regular meeting of the First Congregational church in

Pittsfield, held November 10, 1850, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed, viz.:

Whereas, a large number of the church, whose names are above prefixed, have this day requested of us Letters of Dismission and Recommendation to an Ecclesiastical Council, to be organized into a new Congregational church on the same basis and platform of doctrine as our own.

Therefore, Resolved,

1. That this church would devoutly render thanks to God for the peace, harmony and prosperity which we have so long been permitted to enjoy; for the Revivals of Religion which the great Head of the church has been pleased to grant us; and for the hope which we indulge that in our worship and fellowship and our charities our Lord hath accepted us.

Resolved, 2. That we rejoice in the abundant assurance which our Brethren and Sisters have given us that they separate from us out of no disputes, faction or ill will, or any interruption of Christian love and fellowship, or any motive but the single desire to afford more ample accommodation for the enlargement of Zion.

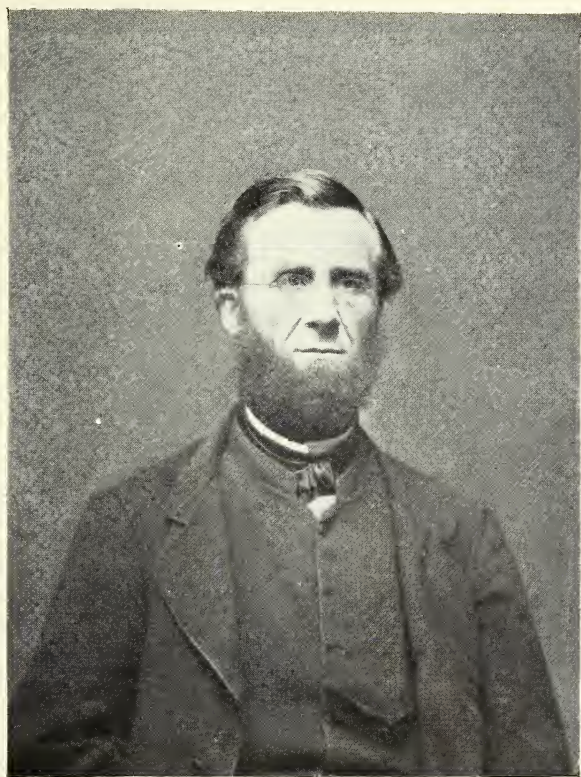
Resolved, 3. That we cordially dismiss them and recommend them to the Council about to be convened, as members in good and regular standing, and that when organized into a church their relations to our particular church shall cease, and that our prayer for them shall ever be that they may grow and abundantly prosper, and accomplish the great and good end for which they go out from us.

By unanimous vote of the church.,

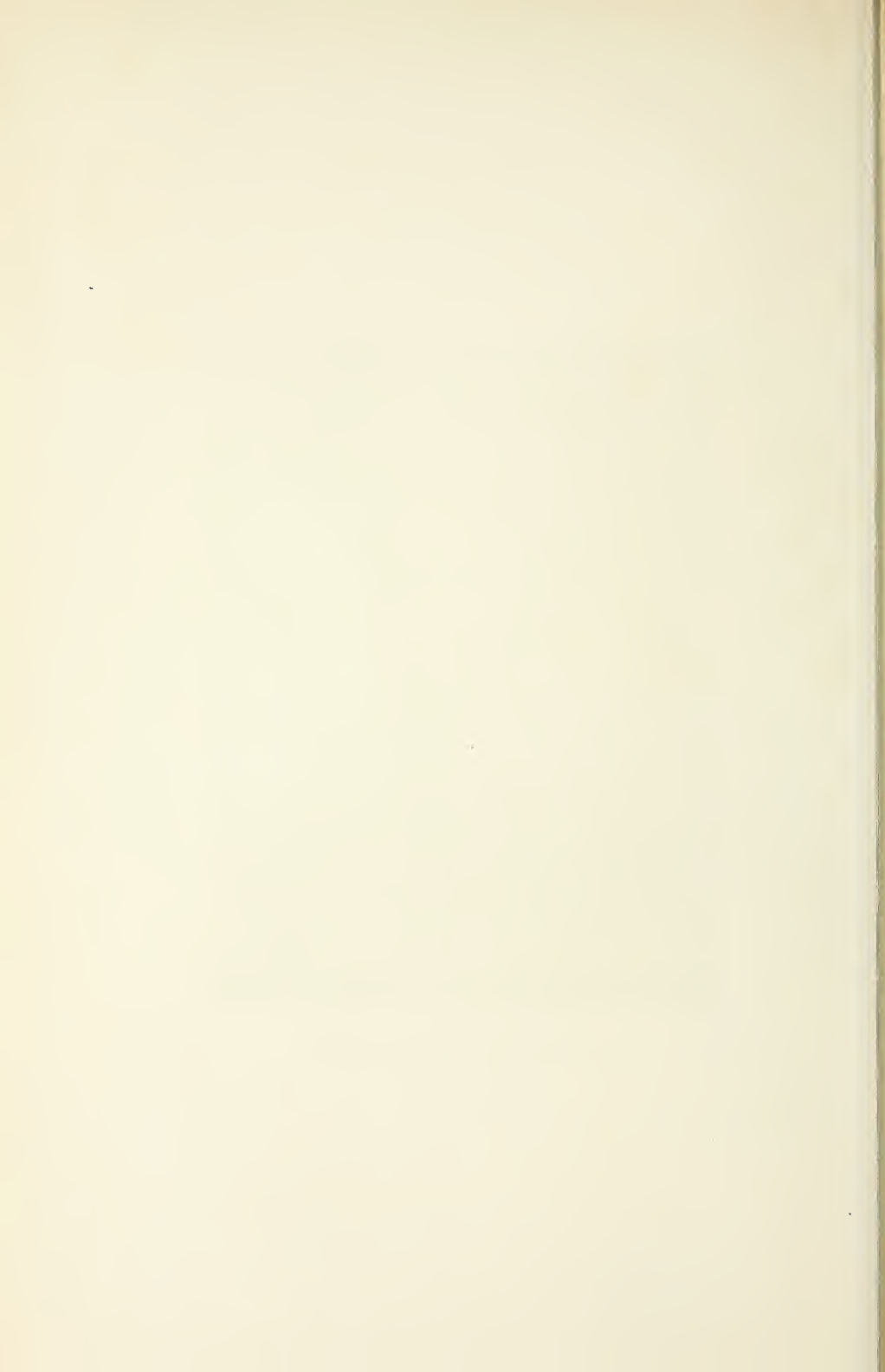
J. TODD, Pastor.

Pittsfield, November 11, 1850.

In Dr. Todd's Historical Sermon, delivered February 3, 1873, is an interesting account of the formation of the South church, as



THE REVEREND ROSWELL FOSTER
1824—1892.



viewed by the First church pastor, from which is taken the following:

“When the old church had become full, so that there were two or three families to one pew, and in one case seven families in one, it became evident that we must, in some way, have enlargement. Various plans were talked of, till at length it resulted, as it usually does in such cases, in having the young, the hopeful and the active, conclude to emigrate, and form a new church. The good Dr. Humphrey led the colony. We dismissed one hundred and thirty members of the church in one day, and twenty more a few days after, to form the South church.

But always when a swarm goes out of a hive, it seems at first, as if all were gone. Our colony took half of our officers, most of our choir, our Sabbath School teachers, the working power of the church and the youth of the congregation. It was the largest membership I ever knew given at one time by a single church.”

Previous to the formal organization of the church, a committee, consisting of Dr. Heman Humphrey, Amos Barnes, C. T. Fenn, Merrick Ross and William M. Ward, had been appointed to report Articles of Faith and Covenant, and their recommendation of the Covenant formerly used by the First church, with some changes, was adopted. It is interesting to note that in this Covenant the members promised to maintain family prayers. It recommended to the examining committee, in estimating the evidences of piety of candidates for church membership, to have regard to the clear light which has been thrown upon the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, upon dancing and similar worldly amusements, and upon such practices in the community about us as are reasonably the occasion of offence and stumbling when indulged in by professing Christians.

At a meeting of the church, November 25, 1850, the first deacons were chosen. The deacons of this church have ever been men of the highest integrity, and the influence for good that they have put forth cannot be estimated. Their enthusiasm and energy have never ceased, and the success and life of the church is in a large measure due to their splendid example and devotion. This is the list from the beginning: Curtis T. Fenn, Thomas Taylor, James H. Dunham, William Robinson, Phineas L. Page, Henry M. Peirson, Albert Tolman, William B. Rice, George Shipton, John H. Eells, John P. Sayles, John S. Wolfe, F. E. Peirson, I. S. F. Dodd.

The church was fortunate in its first pastor. The unanimous call extended to Rev. Samuel Harris of Conway, at a salary of \$1200, was accepted, largely through the personal influence of Rev. Drs. Humphrey and Todd, and the installation took place March 12, 1851, Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston giving the sermon and Dr. Todd the Right Hand of Fellowship. Dr. Harris was a graduate of Bowdoin College, of scholarly ability, of the highest personal character, and eminently fitted to organize and successfully establish the new enterprise. After a successful pastorate of four years, during which time 120 were added to the church, he resigned, greatly to the grief of his people, to become Professor of Theology in the Bangor Theological Seminary, and subsequently President of Bowdoin College and for the last twenty five years of his active life, Professor of Theology at the Yale Divinity School.

During the pastorate of Dr. Harris, the society acquired a parsonage, first proposing to buy and build on the corner north of the church, but finally purchasing the house and lot just south of the present First Church parsonage. This was occupied by Dr. Harris a few months, and subsequently by Dr. Boynton, but was sold in 1859, and the society remained without a parsonage until the purchase of its present one in 1884.

The second pastorate—that of Rev. Charles B. Boynton of Cincinnati, Ohio—opened brightly. Mr. Boynton had come under a call of church and parish, individual members contributing \$200 to defray his expenses of removal. He was installed June 25, 1856, with a sermon by President Hopkins. During his pastorate, over 100, all from the Sunday school, united with the church on profession of faith, and the church made its first contributions to home and foreign missions. But Mr. Boynton was a man who felt and spoke strongly, and the times were strenuous. On the 1st of July, 1857, he asked for a mutual council, that he might be dismissed to accept a call to Milwaukee. The church records of this period were blank until imperfectly filled out some twenty years later, but it is understood that the main cause of his seeking a dismission was a decided difference of opinion between him and some members of his church and parish on slavery as a subject of pulpit discussion.

This difference of opinion—honestly and sincerely held on either side—has now merely an historical interest, and it is recalled simply to show that this church, in common with many others in the North, had it to meet.

It remains only to state that the mutual council, which met August 3, 1857, decided that it could not advise a dissolution of the pastoral relation; that Mr. Boynton, having received a call to Cincinnati, again resigned, leaving the matter of a formal dismission to be acted on by the council that should be called to install his successor; and that this latter council, owing to the omission—accidental—of reference to Mr. Boynton's resignation in the letters convening it, declined to take action.

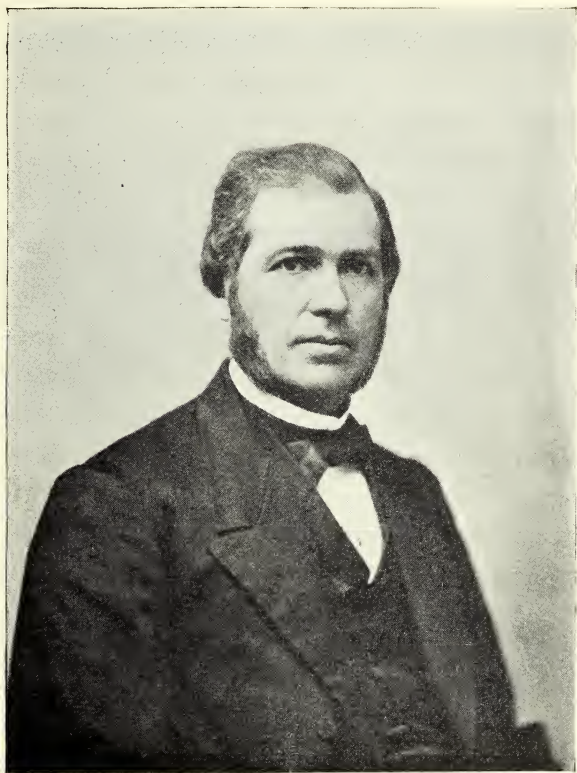
It was during this period that the church was struck by lightning, and, as it happened, the only damage done was in the organ and choir gallery. At this time the choir, in which were many of the leading members, was—what sometimes happens in the

best choirs—in a somewhat unamiable frame of mind and, in fact, just on the point of breaking up. When the people had gathered to see the effect of the lightning bolt, good old Deacon Fenn quietly remarked: “It seems to me that the lightning speaks rather plainly to the members of our choir, and I think they had better fix things up.” It is said that the choir troubles at once ceased, and that harmony again prevailed.

To make the record complete, it may be here stated that the church was again struck by lightning in July, 1900, with slight injury.

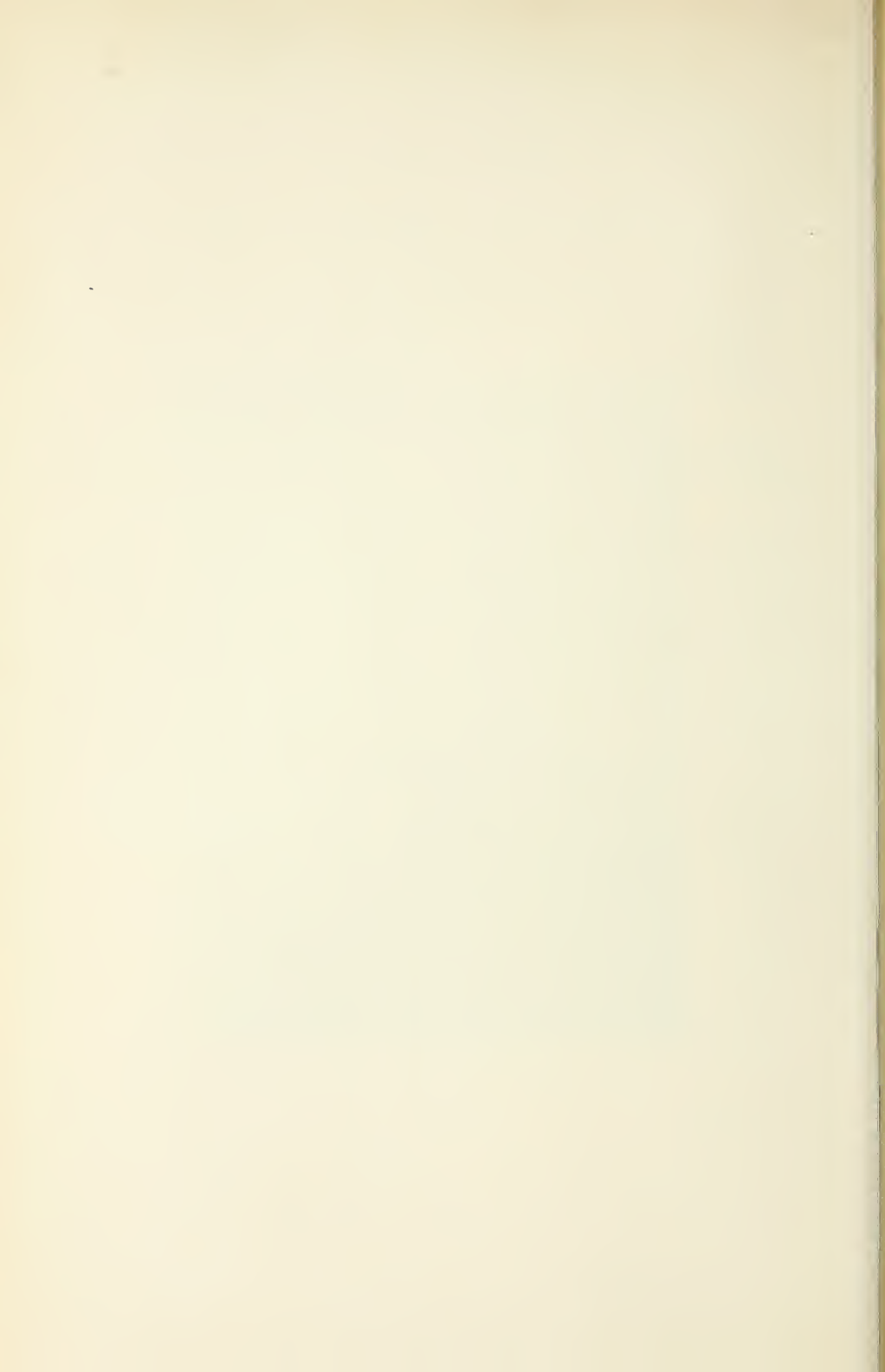
The council called to install the third pastor, Rev. Roswell Foster of Westhampton, found a “practical vacancy,” though the preceding pastor had not been regularly dismissed. Of Mr. Foster’s five brothers in the ministry, two took part in his installation. This pastorate of less than two years was marked by two notable events in the history of the church and parish. One was the election of William Robinson as deacon. The other was the blowing down of the church spire during a violent gale on the afternoon of Monday, February 21, 1859. The fall of the spire carried with it the belfry and also the bell, which latter was badly broken. The fragments were collected and were recast at Troy, N. Y., into the present bell. The tower and spire were rebuilt during the summer of 1859, by Cyrus A. Werden, in accordance with plans furnished by Richard Bond, the original architect, at a cost of \$2700, \$1000 of which amount was raised by the efforts of Dr. Humphrey among members of the First parish. The spire thus rebuilt withstood the Berkshire gales until 1882.

Rev. Samuel R. Dimock of Wilton, Conn., was installed as the fourth pastor September 24, 1861. Mr. Dimock was a very acceptable pastor, but his stay was shortened by ill health and inability to endure the too bracing winter climate. During his



THE REVEREND SAMUEL ROBINSON DIMOCK

1822—1898



pastorate various repairs were made on the church edifice, and a plan was proposed to substitute a Sunday evening service for the time-honored afternoon sermon. But the time had not come for such a radical change as this, and the proposition in parish meeting was "indefinitely postponed."

The dismissal of Mr. Dimock in the spring of 1864 was followed by an era of discouragement, so great, that an article in the warrant for a parish meeting, September 22, 1864, read as follows: "To see if the parish will continue religious services in this house."

The burden of debt was heavily pressing upon the people. But faith and hope remained, and after discussing the situation the parish, by a full vote, decided to "continue worship." At this crisis the aid of the First church was sought and cheerfully given. Dr. Todd and his deacons undertook to raise by subscription in the First parish the sum of \$4000, which, with what this church could do, paid the entire indebtedness. This was the turning point in the South church life. There were after struggles, but never again was it proposed to abandon the enterprise.

Rev. Dr. Edward Strong of New Haven, Conn., the fifth pastor, began his ministry December 25, 1864, but was not installed until the 15th of March following. An interesting event of his pastorate was the admission to the church, May 4, 1869, of fifty young people, all from the Sunday school. This is the largest number the church has received at any one time. Dr. Strong proposed and successfully carried through a plan for extinguishing the indebtedness which had accumulated during his pastorate, and when he resigned, in the autumn of 1871, he had the satisfaction of leaving behind him a church free from debt.

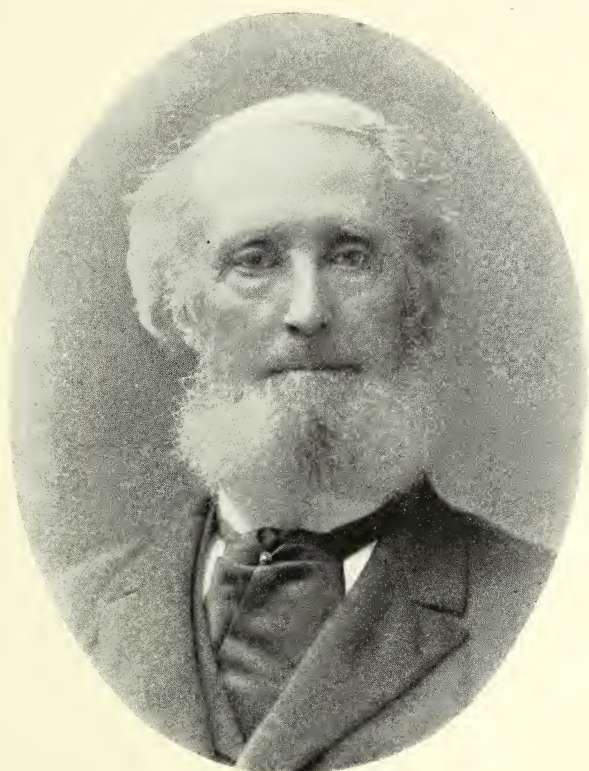
During the three years' pastorate of Rev. Thomas Crowther of Mill River, the sixth pastor, the present organ was procured—June, 1873—and the organ location changed from the gal-

lery at the east end of the church to its present position. This was a decided change in the church interior, and was strongly opposed by some of the members.

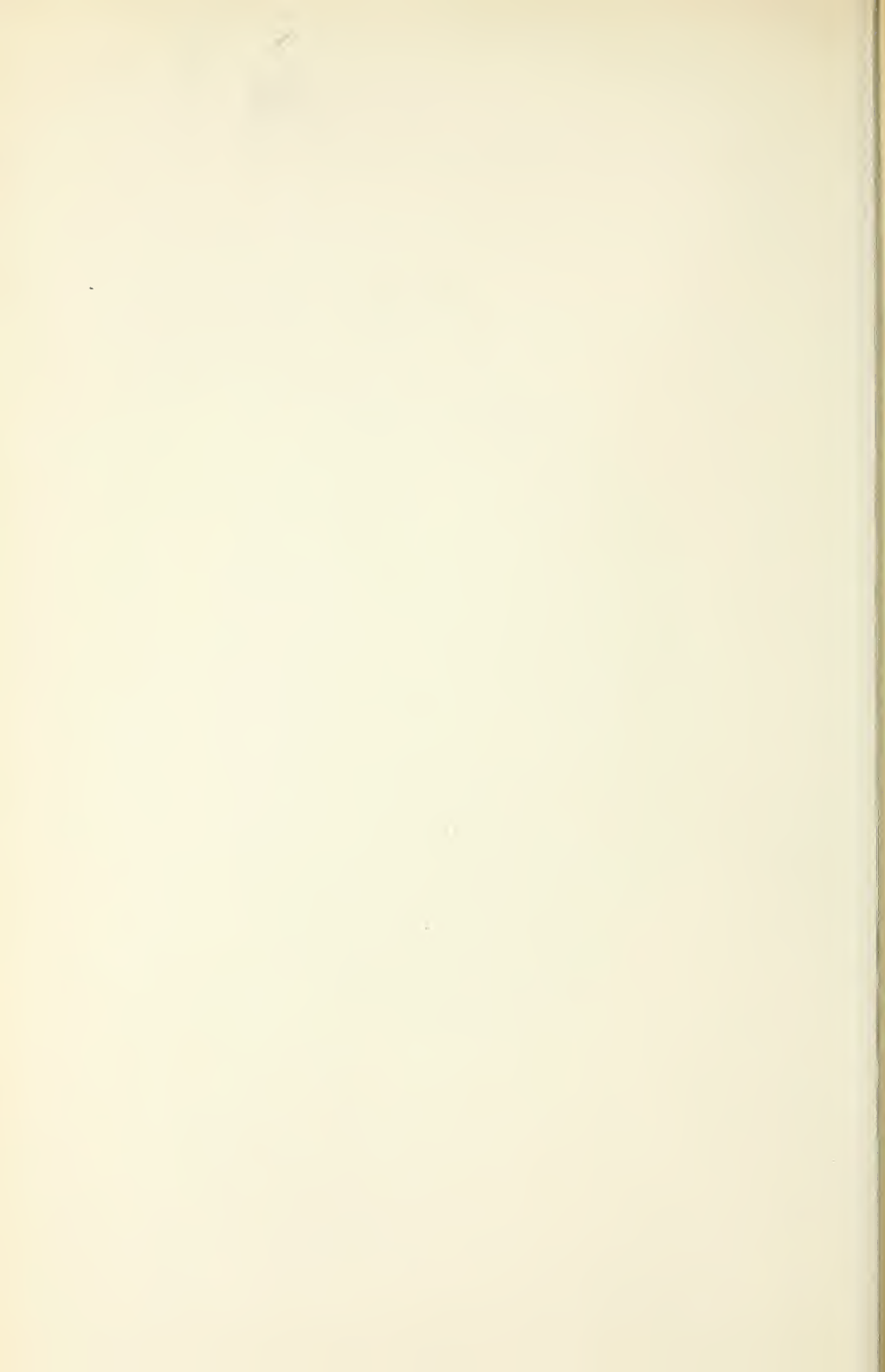
But when it was decided, the opposition gracefully yielded—so gracefully, indeed, that the strongest oppositionist headed the subscription paper for the new instrument with the largest amount. The free seat plan was adopted in 1874, but its results were not satisfactory and it was given up the following year. The change from afternoon to evening service was brought about during this period, and in the evening service the pastor was particularly successful. Mr. Crowther was dismissed May 4, 1875, to become pastor of a Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Here he, with three of his children, died of a malignant disease in October, 1877.

The financial stringency of the times cut short the seventh pastorate—that of Rev. William Carruthers of Calais, Me. Yet though with the church but a little over a year he left his impress on it. He revived the meetings for young people which Dr. Boynton had established during his pastorate, but which had for some years been given up. We are indebted to Mr. Carruthers for the covenant and confession of faith now used by the church. The church still maintains the warmth of welcome with which it has ever greeted him, and those who did not know him as pastor, have learned to respect and love him as a friend.

From 1877 to 1885 the church had no settled pastor. The pulpit was supplied from November, 1877, to April, 1879, by Rev. Dr. Boynton, the second pastor, whose return was a source of gratification, to many of the older members particularly. On Sunday, February 24, 1878, Dr. Boynton preached a sermon on the enthusiasm of the Israelites when building the Tabernacle. This was followed by a notice that a meeting would be held the following Monday evening, to consider the necessity of relieving



EDWARD STRONG, D. D.
1813-1898



the church from the debt, which had been incurred mainly by the extensive alterations, new organ, etc., in 1873. At this meeting Deacon Peirson read the following letter:

Pittsfield, Feb. 25, 1878.

To the South Congregational Church and Parish, Pittsfield,
Mass.:

Writing in behalf of one who is interested in the prosperity of Christ's cause and his church, and especially in the South church, I make you the following proposition. If the Church and Parish will, for the purpose of liquidating the debt, raise the sum of two thousand dollars, I will add thereto the sum of one thousand dollars for the same purpose. This sum shall be available to the parish for the purpose mentioned, on this sole condition, that for each and every dollar thereof the parish shall raise two dollars to be applied to the same purpose. When 100 dollars shall be raised by the parish it shall be entitled to 50 dollars, all to be applied at once to the extinguishment of the debt of the parish. When 500 dollars shall be raised, 250 dollars shall be placed with it. If the entire 2000 dollars shall be raised at once, the 1000 dollars shall be available at once.

May our efforts to free the parish from debt be successful, and may the blessing of the Great Head of the church rest upon us all in this and every good endeavor.

In behalf of the donor,

W. B. RICE.

The effect of this generous proposition was electrical. At once the sum of \$1590 was subscribed, and the balance necessary to liquidate the entire indebtedness was soon in the hands of the treasurer. This gift of \$1,000 was the most considerable made to the church since the subscription of William M. Ward to the original building. The name of the donor has been a well-kept

secret all these years, and only because of this anniversary is it allowed to be made public. For this gift, coming from one of its own members and at a period when its value was greatly increased by its timeliness, the church is indebted to Mrs. Julia M. Wasson.

The six years' service of Rev. C. H. Hamlin (1879-1885) was marked by general advance. During this period the present parsonage was purchased, and decided improvements were made in the Lecture Room and Ladies' Parlors. This latter work was under the supervision of the late Daniel J. Dodge, and it is recalled of him, what was characteristic, that he was always on hand while the work was going on, with a good cigar in his mouth, and plenty more in his pockets to keep the workmen good-natured. It was during this period, also, that on the morning of Friday, January 26, 1882, the church spire was again blown down, this time leaving the belfry uninjured. It was wisely decided not to rebuild it, and the present finish was substituted. The fall of this spire was a decided loss, not only to the church, but to the town, of which it had been a conspicuous ornament. A contemporary newspaper said of it: "Its tall and peculiarly graceful shaft, painted on skies of blue or gray, took the place of the tall and graceful old elm in welcoming to Pittsfield the stranger and the home-returning citizen, who will sadly miss it as they enter the town."

The following is an extract from the Church Records, under date of February 20, 1885: "At a meeting of the church, held in the Lecture Room, the committee of supply stated that, after a full and careful enquiry, they felt warranted in now presenting the name of Rev. I. C. Smart, as a man, who, in their opinion, would fill the position of pastor of this church and congregation to the satisfaction of all." After discussion, it was unanimously voted that the church do hereby recommend to the par-

ish the Rev. I. C. Smart, as a good and suitable man to be the pastor of the church. The call was immediately extended by the parish, and Mr. Smart's acceptance was as follows:

New York, March 25, 1885.

Mr. W. B. Rice,

Dear Sir:—Pittsfield is a long way off and I am near sighted, but the many words of welcome and encouragement which have come thence to me, and of which your letter brings an added store, have fitted strong glasses to my eyes and have enabled me to see only bright things in the outlook. I am pleased and sobered by the work of grace which is going on among you. The responsibility of souls in such a crisis, or rather the responsibility to God for a fit speaking of His truth is great, and by a young man not to be borne without some fears and misgivings. But surely the work which the Spirit has begun will not be suffered to lag or halt until its beginning shall have its proper end. Permit me to convey to the committees of the church and parish my acceptance of the call now formally extended to me.

Respectfully yours,

I. CHIPMAN SMART.

On the 9th day of June, 1885, Mr. Smart, a graduate of Amherst College and of the Union Theological Seminary, was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry and installed as pastor of this church.

The public services were conducted as follows: Invocation, Rev. S. Harrison; Reading of Scriptures, Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger; Sermon, Rev. Dr. W. S. Smart; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. A. C. Sewall; Charge to Pastor, Rev. Dr. Lyman Whiting; Right Hand of fellowship, Rev. Dr. J. L. Jenkins; Charge to People, Rev. C. H. Hamlin. Thus was begun what has been the longest term of service in the history of the church, and what is to-day the longest consecutive pastorate in the city.

The fifteen years that have passed since Mr. Smart came to us have been crowded with interesting events in our church life. We have seen a large growth in membership, an average of twenty-eight per year bringing the present membership to 507. In 1892, under the direction of I. C. Smart, H. H. Richardson and Frank Walker, this audience room was remodeled at an expense of over \$8,000, the money being raised by subscription. Those who can remember the old pews with doors, the bare walls and small windows, appreciate to-day this beautiful and restful room. By vote of the church in 1898, at an expense of \$400, raised by subscription, the Hymnal "In Excelsis" was purchased for use in the church services. Much attention has been given the music of the church, which has been brought, largely by personal efforts of the pastor, to its present high standard.

Few men could have won the love and devotion of his people as has the present pastor. His work has been done so faithfully that he has become the friend of all. We can safely say that he is ardently attached to this church, and that the people are equally attached to him. As pastor he has been eminently successful. His pastorate has aided in strengthening that feeling of unanimity and concord so vital to the life of a church. One of our deacons, speaking of Mr. Smart's pastorate, said: "We have passed 15 years of church life without a thunder storm."

Our story would be incomplete without mention of the Sunday school, which, under Deacon Dunham and his efficient successors, has from the beginning been a strong factor in the church life. Nor can be omitted the various church societies, with their hopeful efforts in numerous directions. The "Ladies' Benevolent Society," organized in 1865, has done noble work for the church and parish, its direct cash gifts amounting to over \$5,000, with numerous contributions to outside charities. The society is now a light in the church; It has sown the

seeds of friendship which have borne fruit abundantly, and many a poor family has felt and acknowledged the power of diligent hands and kind hearts. The church has been kept in touch with foreign mission work through the "Women's Foreign Missionary Society," organized in 1875. The "Dorcas Society," organized in 1882, efficiently looks after the poor of the church and town. The children and young people have been interested in various forms of Christian work through the "Aloha Society," the "Little Helpers," the "Sunshine Circle," the "White Guards," the "Whatsoever Club," etc. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," organized in 1892 as the successor of the "Young People's Association," which was formed in 1880, and the Junior Society of the same name, organized in 1894, are now specially helpful in many ways. To these various associations, which have so efficiently supplemented the work of the Church, a deep debt of gratitude is due.

It is an interesting fact that in every year since its organization, with the exception of 1860, 1861 and 1865, this church has received additions by profession. Three legacies of five hundred dollars each, from Joseph Foote, Mrs. Barbara Haustein and Mrs. Lydia A. Stone, have been left the church at various times and have materially aided it.

About two years ago, when it was decided that we celebrate our Fiftieth Anniversary, we determined, if possible, that the Anniversary should find the church free from debt. A committee was appointed, and because of their faithful work, the generous contributions of the loyal church members have been collected, and to-day we not only celebrate our Fiftieth Anniversary, but a day when we can rejoice in the fact that our Church and parsonage are free from incumbrance.

The influence of a church upon a community cannot be accurately measured. It is like the bracing qualities of the at-

mosphere; one feels sure of their presence without being able to distinguish them. The men who have given character to this church have been devoted and effectual helpers of our civic life. They have done much for integrity, intelligence and thrift. They have been plain, solid men, caring much for their homes and church life. Many of them have shown the Puritan steadfastness, simplicity and public spirit at its best. They have been like stones cut out of a mountain without hands. Happy the community in which the lives of such men have been spent.

WOMEN'S MEETING

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER THE TWELFTH.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTH CHURCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—1865-1900.

BY MRS. J. F. HEMMING.

The work of our Ladies' Society has moved on quiet, even lines during the thirty-five years of its existence, and its annals are "short and simple." But searching the records, and talking with the older members, I have been able to collect a few facts. The Society was formally organized under the name of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, at the house of Mrs. James Taggart, September twenty-first, 1865, just fifteen years after our church organization. Previous to this I am told, that the ladies were accustomed to meet from time to time, at different homes to sew for charitable objects. At this initiatory meeting, Mrs. Dr. Strong was elected president, Mrs. William Smith, Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Willard Carpenter, Directress, and Mrs. H. H. Richardson, Mrs. Henry B. Brewster, and Mrs. James Taggart, Committee on Supplies. The following concise rules were adopted.

(1) The payment of fifty cents shall constitute any person a member of the Society for one year.

(2) The Society shall meet in the Ladies' parlor once in two weeks, when *tea* shall be provided by one or more ladies.

(3) The ladies providing the tea, shall be limited to biscuit, one relish, and two kinds of cake.

(4) Work shall be done in the Society for some benevolent object, or for the church.

(5) Any member bringing her own work shall pay ten cents.

(6) Any member absenting herself from one meeting shall pay ten cents.

Gradually as our outlook enlarged these rules became modified, until now they are literally a "dead letter."

The first tea was provided October 12, 1865 by Mrs. H. H. Richardson, and Mrs. Henry Brewster, struggling with various difficulties; borrowed crockery, doors for tables, and a stove that smoked so furiously that a good brother living near rushed to the rescue. Evidently smoke in this case stood for much fire; all difficulties were overcome, and the foundation stone of our present prosperous society was laid. Perhaps it would not be out of taste at this point to say that the two ladies, who so firmly cemented this first stone, have never ceased their labors in this society, and in other ways are still fighting fire. Sixty-five members were enrolled the first year; the fees thus obtained, together with two fairs and other work gave the Society an income of \$650. So the work went on quietly, and effectively in those early days. Missionary boxes were packed, the parish resources increased, and every two weeks the "lap teas" were served. Coming into this society twenty-five years ago, I have a vivid picture in my mind, of a long narrow room, rows of people on either side managing plate, and cup, without apparent trouble, and mingling much good cheer with the simple tea. After a time a small fee was charged, and the supper became more elaborate. Attendance increased, and the number of entertainers was made four in place of two. With the

enlargement of our rooms, we began to use tables. A few years ago at the suggestion of our pastor Rev. I. C. Smart, the group system of serving tea was introduced. Our whole membership is divided into ten groups; ladies living in the same general locality being classed together. This system has very much lessened the work of furnishing, and preparing teas, and has the added benefit of including all the ladies as helpers. On the whole it has proved a most satisfactory arrangement. Our present plan is to begin our teas in the early autumn, giving them once in three weeks until May. Frequently we serve two hundred people at our Wednesday night suppers. The fee for these suppers is now twenty cents. Some of our ladies—faithful found among the faithless—meet often for sewing, and so the old ways are still somewhat preserved, although covered with modern grafts, and innovations. Time would indeed fail me to tell of the innumerable fairs, suppers and entertainments, that have contributed to our support. Their name is legion, and they represent sacrifice, and hard work. Our courage is good, still some of us hope that in the much talked of twentieth century other methods may appeal to us. Our earnings since 1865 amount approximately to \$15,000, an average of \$428 per year. This is exclusive of the many missionary boxes sent, whose value I am unable to report. There have been all these years very pressing demands in our own borders, and for this reason a large part of our money has been given to the parish. We contribute annually to the music fund, and have made many of the necessary repairs of the church building, and in unmentionable ways have aided in times of need. While this is true I think there has never been a year that we have not contributed to benevolent work. May the day be hastened when following the example of the noble Freewill society in our mother church, we can consecrate the larger part of our means to carrying on

God's work in the world. At that first meeting, September 1865, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, now for many years endeared to us as Mrs. Tolman, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, an office which she has held until this day. Among the first members of the South Church, she has been actively connected with all its interests. She can recall all our pastors, and several of them, during the early history of the church found their home within her doors. In 1871 in appreciation of her services, and because of her deep interest in missions, the Ladies Society made her a life member of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. I consider it an honor to be her mouthpiece today, and I bring to her the greetings of the society, and their message of gratitude and reverence. Counting by years, and comparing with similar organizations the life of this society has been short, but that life whether of individual, or organization is longest which is best lived, and we feel that in unity of purpose, rich experiences, and a spirit of self-sacrifice the years have been long, and full. It was a band of earnest, devoted women, who founded this society, and our inheritance is our strength. Of these early members by far the larger part "have ceased from their labors." Surely "their works do follow them," and for many of us this room is peopled today with invisible forms, "a cloud of witnesses." Certain names among us are spoken with hushed, and reverent voices, and we do homage to the saints in our calendar. The first President, Mrs. Dr. Strong is held in loving remembrance by our older members. The venerable Mrs. Fenn so honored in this city for her charitable labors, and her noble work for the soldiers in the civil war, brought the same consecrated zeal, and energy to her work here. Another name often on the lips of our older members, is that of Mrs. Deacon Taylor, and many of us here today hold in loving memory her daughter, Mrs. James Dunham, both women of strong character, and ever

faithful to a high standard of duty. Here we see the influence of a godly heritage, for surely the mantle of grandmother, and mother has fallen on worthy shoulders. Mrs. Seth Morton was for years one of the most active members of the society, and to the day of her death, her interest was unabated. She was loyal always to church, and pastor, and gave freely of her abundance. Mrs. Deacon Peirson, so full of kindly impulses, and generous deed, has left a rich legacy to our church in the sons, and daughters who carry on the work of father and mother. What memories of devoted service cluster around the name of Mrs. Andrews. "Being dead she yet speaketh" to us in the daughter who follows in her footsteps. Mrs. Willard Carpenter, our first directress, Miss Cornelia Lamberson, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Jane Tower Tolman, Mrs. Deacon Day, Mrs. Deacon Robinson, Mrs. Sturtevant, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. VanValkenburg, Miss Parthenia Fenn, Mrs. Dr. Reed, Mrs. Henry Chapin, these are all names that suggest much out of the past. So the roll-call might go on of that great majority who in our midst have kept the faith, and gone to their reward. A few of these early members are left us, to leaven the lump,—our secretary Mrs. Tolman, Mrs. D. J. Dodge, for many years active and constant in her labors, and one upon whose wisdom, and experience we still rely, Mrs. Charles Robinson, long faithful to her office as collector at the teas, Mrs. A. W. Crossman still working "in quiet ways apart," Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Brewster, Miss Lamberson, Mrs. Chapman. "Honor to whom honor is due." But while we so revere the memory of the past, and realize its value, we also abound in present possessions. The work in our benevolent society is now under efficient management; with a president whose good sense and judgment have been well tested, and a board of directors who work "in season and out of season" for the good of our society, and of our dear church. Loyalty

of purpose, and harmony of action make effort a pleasure among our members. I can make no forecast of our future, as a society, but I am sure we shall not be untrue to the traditions of the past, and I earnestly hope that we shall realize more and more the beauty of love and service, remembering as a woman has sung, that;

“The fleet foot, and the feeble foot,
Both seek the self same goal;
The weakest soldier’s name,
Is writ on the great army roll;
And God, who made man’s body strong,
Made too, the woman’s soul.”

REMARKS BY MRS. MARY J. BREWSTER.

Mrs. Brewster spoke most charmingly in a familiar chatty vein without notes. What follows is the recollection of one who enjoyed listening to what she said.

When it was first proposed to give a tea in the church, such an unheard of proceeding was rather emphatically discouraged. Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Richardson, however, had set their minds on the new enterprise and it had to go through. They borrowed a stove and kindled a fire. But as if awe-stricken at finding itself in such a sacred place the thing smoked voluminously. Dr. Root seeing the smoke came running in, hurried on the wings of a fear that the church was again doomed to the flames. “You’ll burn up the church”, he said. “Well if we do, we can run away by the light of the fire,” quickly replied one of the offending sisters. There were no tables. But where there is a will there are sometimes green baize doors, as there were in the vestibule of this church. These were taken down and laid across the

backs of benches and the tea was served above board and with whatever benefit of clergy might cling in the nap of green baize.

Mrs. Brewster spoke most entertainingly of the choir to which she and her husband belonged. Col. H. H. Richardson was one of the men singers. Mrs. Brewster resided then at the place known as "Abby Lodge." She recalled among other memories a visit from the choir which serenaded Oliver Wendell Holmes on the way down and returned home with a pumpkin apiece, the gift of—Mother Nature. This was the choir which was struck by lightning, not, however, on account of the pumpkins but for the wholly musical purpose of clearing the air.

PAPER BY MRS. HARRIET PEIRSON RITCHIE.

Such a busy world as this is in which we live and at such a rapid rate are we whirling around (if the tale is true, we really ought to get dizzy and fall off, at 25,000 miles a day) that it is a wonder we can remember what happened yesterday, and when we insist on memory's giving us returns from twenty-five and thirty years back, is it any wonder she serves us queer pranks? Instead of bringing before us beautiful pictures of the wonderful and sublime, she makes us smile at the simple little incidents that at the time of action were hardly noticed. For instance, when we tried to remember our first thoughts of the dear old South Church, this is what came—A Sabbath day in early winter; a new hat (a rare thing in those days) in a bandbox; the church bells ringing, but also ringing in our ears the admonition from the mother: "Girls, don't put on those hats until your father has started for church," because those hats had a bit of bright red velvet with silver spangles on the side; but the good,

kind father had been brought up to believe "that things gay were things wicked," and though this same father loved sunshine and children and all things beautiful in Nature, we were more than likely to have been sent home to put on hoods if there had been a chance. One can imagine that church service did not leave a very deep impression on the naughty little hearts beneath those bits of red and the silver spangles, and yet here the memory of it pops up thirty years after. There is no record of the text, book, chapter or verse, but never since—if memory serves me right—have there been such beautiful hats.

Did other children, I wonder, think the black velvet contribution bags looked like corn poppers—especially when our fathers pushed the long handles through their hands to the farthest end of the pew and back again? Could it have been a longing to do good with our money that we were always so anxious to drop in a penny? How habits formed in childhood will cling to one. To this day, I am positive, there is a desire in many of us that our penny shall make a big sound in the world.

One of the unfilled longings of those far away days was to sit in the gallery during a service, but we were deacon's children and therefore must be well-behaved and sit in the family pew. Everybody knew the story of the daughter of a former pastor, who, whispering in the gallery, was reproved from the pulpit by her father and finally sent home. Not that we—in those days of hour and a half sermons—had any desire to go home, but we did wish we didn't belong to any particular pew and that it was proper for good little girls to occupy the high seats. We often envied the father of the family whose privilege it was to sit in the end of the pew where he could work the cunning little door back and forth, while the only comfort for our busy, restless fingers was to pull at the tufts of wool in the bright red cushions of the hard straight-backed seats, and the occasional pepper-

mint candy that was passed up if there was any danger of our taking forty winks.

Do some of you recall the incident of a dove flying in at one of the church windows during a baptismal service nineteen years ago, when sixteen babies had been brought to receive the rite? How the dove circled around for a few minutes, finally settling down on one of the organ pipes to remain through the service. How it seemed to give a special sacredness and pathos to the always beautiful custom! It seemed to us—if there be anything in signs—that those children ought to be and do something beyond the life and achievements of ordinary, every day men and women.

How distinctly comes back the memory of the time when society teas were considered social functions, looked forward to eagerly and where children were allowed only on their good behavior. Knowing this we tried to be proper and solemn while in the presence of our elders, but once out in the dim light of the lecture room, wasn't there some fun going, till we were sent home or had sent home our elders. We have a very clear vision of the two rows of "reserved seats" for us children at supper, at the lower end of the parlors, where it seemed to us the choicest pieces of cake never came. Nor could we waylay the waiters till the older people had been served; and yet our ten cent pieces counted for just as much. That was not "justice tempered with mercy." It was to our minds a clear case of injustice and partiality.

We have in our possession two comfortables made by the ladies of the aid society twenty-four years ago. They have gone from guest to servant room and finally to the attic, where they are waiting a call from some one who prefers warmth to freshness during the winter, and in face of this fact and these com-

fortables which have kept me and mine warm so many years, we are complaining because such kind ladies as Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Tolman and others did not feed us on angel cake and cream at the society teas thirty-five years ago. To be truthful that is the only fault we can find, for only pleasant memories come of the workers who are still giving their best efforts to the South church, and of those who have gone up higher whose kind faces and loving words and deeds are but a memory.

The Ladies' Foreign Missionary society—in existence now we believe—brings recollections of the efforts made by our mothers and by Dr. Frissell, whom you will remember, to interest the young girls of ten and twelve years, to be active members. In one case of which we have personal recollection it was a hopeless task, the cause of which, we are positive, dated back a little to a missionary box in which, much against her wish, was put a favorite green dress with black overskirt. The mother thinking in her wise way the dress would do much good to some poor little heathen, while the daughter, persisting that a calico dress would be just as useful, wished to keep the dress for her own still longer. Of course the mother was right and the garment was packed, but the thought of the black girl in the cherished green dress, forever blasted whatever foreign missionary spirit might have been budding in that young mind, and to this day she is a home missionary in her small way and corner.

There is a very tender spot in our hearts for the dear old South church where we were brought up to believe in and try to do the right, and though our names are not now on the roll and our particular interest is in another church, we still care for the church our father and mother loved and worked for, and we wish for it the choicest of heaven's blessings.

RECOLLECTIONS BY MRS. H. H. RICHARDSON.

In reviewing the earlier days of this church, it is thought fitting to speak of those noble women who sustained and worked so faithfully in, the Benevolent society connected with this church. They were women who were thoroughly imbued with a missionary spirit, and loved the cause. Their work consisted in fitting out boxes of clothing and bedding for the home field and raising money for the foreign. The meetings were held in these parlors, although much smaller than at the present time. No teas were served here, but many of the ladies lived near the church, and often invited those from a distance to go home for tea. I recall a few pleasant visits made in this way. The ladies returned to the church in the evening and the pastor and deacons and a few others came in for a social hour. There seemed to be more time in those days for visits and social calls. I came here as a stranger in the earlier days of Dr. Harris' ministry, and remember with pleasure how cordially I was greeted. I should like to recall certain names today: Mrs. Deacon Fenn, Mrs. Deacon Taylor, Mrs. Dr. Clough, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Calvin Martin, Mrs. Dr. Root, Mrs. Stoddard, Mrs. Dr. Reed, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Deacon Dunham, Mrs. William Walker, Mrs. Solomon Wilson.

As I only attended the meetings occasionally, I did not become intimately acquainted with all. I well remember I felt somewhat awed in the presence of some of those ladies and felt I must be very circumspect. They were courteous, dignified and very decided in their own opinions; they were certainly women of strong character, and one needed to know them well to appreciate their worth. I think they represented women of the olden time. As I recall those days I think Mrs. Fenn stood at the helm. Her judgment was relied upon and her advice sought

and her mode of doing all things seemed always to be right. Her kind, genial manner and the confidence she placed in you, made you feel that you could accomplish a great deal. She won all hearts. She was noted for her charitable work throughout the town. She was often found in the homes of the poor and by the sick bed. Mrs. William Wells, who lived on South street in the house now occupied by Mr. William Cooley, was much beloved. She was always seeking out strangers, calling upon them, inviting them to church and prayer meeting, and was often there to welcome them. Mrs. Solomon Wilson and Mrs. William Walker I remember with much love, as I lived a near neighbor to them. I always appreciated their friendship and neighborly calls. Mrs. Deacon Taylor and Mrs. Deacon Dunham I met very often, as I was quite young and a stranger. They were very kind and they were friends tried and true. Their lovely Christian character shone in their every day life and conversation. They never failed in their calls and visits to sow some good seed, which left an influence never forgotten. Mrs. Dr. Reed was dearly beloved by this church, and her work and her interest never ceased. The last work she could do was for our church society in one of our fairs. We always received some finely wrought work from her hands. Not quite ten years ago she went to her "heavenly home." We speak with great affection of Miss Parthenia Fenn. She did much good in this church and outside. The quiet way in which she did her many deeds of charity, and her love for this church and her kindness of heart endeared her to us all. These noble women and many others have gone to the "many mansions" prepared for them, and if I fail to do them justice in their life work for the Master, we do honor their names and to-day hold them in fond remembrance.

Mrs. Dr. Harris of New Haven, in a letter, expresses her interest in a friendly way and hopes this fiftieth anniversary may

prove a pleasant gathering and a success. She has kindly loaned Dr. Harris' picture and says she trusts there may be some of the older members of the church who will recognize the face of the good man, who has gone to his reward, and received the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE EARLY MISSIONARY INTERESTS OF THE CHURCH.

BY MISS F. ISABEL DUNHAM.

The details of the missionary work of the church in the earliest days cannot be learned, but some straws have been gleaned which show which way the wind blew then, and it set strongly toward missions, both home and foreign.

It is evident that it was essentially a missionary spirit which prompted those one hundred and thirty men and women to engage in a new and difficult enterprise that, as they said, "the borders of Zion in this town may be enlarged." They looked on the things of others rather than on their own, and their vision included the world. Given this compelling love of souls we know the result must have been effort in their behalf which reached far and wide..

We find that the monthly concert of prayer for missions, was one of the most interesting and highly prized services of the church. It was held for many years on the first Sunday evening of each month. Two preaching services and the Sunday school always preceded it, but did not prevent a large attendance at the favorite "Monthly Concert," and the rooms were filled. When the afternoon preaching service was changed to evening this meeting was held on the first Friday evening of each month, and the interest was not abated. That corps of efficient men who were wont to "support the meetings" apportioned the differ-

ent missionary fields among themselves so that each reported from a special one. The *Missionary Herald* was a welcome visitor in the homes of the people and was read from cover to cover. I well remember the impression of my childhood that the missionaries of whom these men talked were their personal friends with whom they were in close touch, knowing the difficulties, the successes, the peculiar need of each one and even speaking of their converts by name. The meeting was rightly named a concert for prayer, for prayer abounded. What earnest, direct petitions for each field and worker! What ardent responses and Amens from the listening brethren! These led one little girl to exclaim, "Doesn't Deacon Taylor groan beautifully?" Truly these were the effectual fervent prayers of righteous men which availed much.

Such intimate acquaintance with the workers and their work produced a keen interest in every heart. This found expression in generous gifts of money, so we are not surprised that from the beginning, the church contributed to the American Board, the Home Missionary Society and the American Missionary Association. The membership of church and parish was at first divided into districts and collectors went from house to house gathering the gifts of the people. A set of blank books used by the collectors from 1850 to 1860 is still in existence and makes interesting reading. They are marked, Foreign Missions, East Center and Fenn Street; Stearnsville and South District, North Street and Pontoosuc and many familiar names are written in them. Later the collections were taken in church.

The Sunday School seems to have taken the lead in contributing to Foreign Missions. An entry in the Superintendent's minute-book on the third Sunday in the life of the school, Dec. 29, 1850, reads: "Commenced this day taking up collections in behalf of Foreign Missions." And a year later he writes: "It was

voted by the school to appropriate the amount of the collections to this time, \$54.93, toward constituting William Robinson an honorary member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In the meantime the Infant class had given \$10.00 to Home Missions.

While giving thus liberally to the various societies for missionary effort, the "Home Work," as we call it now, was not neglected. An often told story brings before us this picture, which is one of many that might be drawn:—An intensely cold winter day, the wind raging, snow piling in huge drifts, two of the brethren of the South church drawn up close to a cheery fire in a shop on Bank Row, glad of shelter and warmth. Suddenly one said, "Do you suppose the Widow —— and her family are suffering in this storm?" The quick answer came, "We must find out." A sleigh was procured, loaded with good things and the two men set out on a drive toward what is now the Junction, where in a little house far back in the field the family lived. It was a rough ride, almost an impossible one through the unbroken drifts. At last the sleigh could go no further but the men pushed on with their supplies. Reaching the house they found that help was sorely needed and believed that a "special providence" had guided them.

The church has furnished missionaries as well as money for foreign work. Three who were more or less closely connected with it have gone out under the American Board. The first was Eliza Howard, a daughter of Welcome S. Howard, one of the organizers of the parish. Upon her return from Smyrna, where she had been a teacher, she became a member of this church, worked faithfully in the Sunday School and after her marriage went to Satara, India. Another of Mr. Howard's daughters hoped to be with us today and tell her sister's story. Being unable to come she has sent a letter which will be read.

The second one of our number to go was Dr. F. N. H. Young. He was an Englishman of gentle birth who was led to Pittsfield by an interesting chain of circumstances. He entered the English navy and went with a polar expedition in search of Dr. Kane. On the return voyage he was very ill so that when his ship arrived at the Hawaiian Islands it was thought best to leave him under the care of the missionaries at Hilo. His health was partially restored through their efforts and he was led by their influence to consecrate himself simultaneously to Christ and to missionary work. Wishing to do this work under the auspices of the American Board, he decided to come to this country. The wife of the physician at Hilo was Lucy Taylor Wetmore, a daughter of our Deacon Taylor, who had gone out in 1848. She naturally recommended Dr. Young to her father's care and so he came to Pittsfield and to the South church of which he became a member in 1858. He was a man of fine mind, large intelligence, and a rarely beautiful nature and endeared himself to this people. His medical studies were pursued in the old Medical college under Dr. Childs. In 1860 the American Board sent him to Oroomiah, Persia, as missionary physician. Although at the end of three years he was compelled by ill health to return home, his record of work accomplished was most remarkable. Not only his medical skill is remembered there, but his evangelistic work, his progressive spirit. At an anniversary recently celebrated in Oroomish, Dr. Young is spoken of as the first to suggest and begin work for the Moslems,—a work now considered most important. The present useful physician of the mission, a son of a former missionary, traces his desire to become a missionary physician to Dr. Young's influence. He prepared the way for a much needed Hospital and did important work in translating. In a letter to Mrs. Tolman he wrote in 1861, "I pray very often for the South church. To its "living stones" the Lord grant that by

them others may be 'made alive.' I hope you all pray for me and our work here."

The other missionary whom we may in a measure claim as ours is Mrs. Mary K. Edwards of Granda, Africa. Though not a member of this church she was an attendant for some time, has always loved it, and is held in loving remembrance by many of its members. Since 1868 she has ably carried on a girls' school in Granda.

Many heathen girls have through its training been transformed into noble Christian women and are a part of the leaven which is leavening the heathenism of that land. One of our number, Mrs. Tolman, years ago educated in this school a girl who is still doing Christian work among her people.

Others will tell of the later missionary work of the church by the Little Helpers, the Dorcas and Aloha societies, the Sunshine Circle, the White Guards, the Women's Foreign Missionary society and the Christian Endeavor society.

We may feel with joy that our line has indeed gone out into all the earth,—to Turkey, India, Persia, Africa, to many another country and to the dark places of our own. So the desire of the Fathers has been granted, and by this church the borders of Zion have been enlarged not only in this town but in the world.

LETTER FROM MRS. KITTIE HOWARD BARTLETT, DAUGHTER
OF MR. WELCOME S. HOWARD.

Dear Friends:—It would have been a rare and sweet privilege to have been permitted to sit "in heavenly places" with you during these anniversary days. As the daughter of one of the original members of the church, and one who loved much and sac-

rificed much for its welfare, I can but feel the warmest interest in all that shall be said and done. Since I cannot be with you I am glad to respond to an invitation to prepare a little sketch of one who had the honor of being, so far as I know, the only one who has gone out from the church as a missionary. Probably very few, if any present, knew or remember her. Her dear friend, Mrs. James H. Dunham, had she been spared could have done greater justice to her memory and labors than I am able to do, for I was so young when she went to India that I cannot write much from memory, and unfortunately am unable to find any of her letters among my father's papers. About the year 1839 Miss Salome Danforth, a daughter of Col. Joshua Danforth, went out to Smyrna as a teacher, sent out by the Young Ladies Benevolent society of the First church. After a time she needed an assistant teacher in her school and Eliza, daughter of Welcome S. Howard, then a member of the First church was sent out by the same society, sailing from Boston in Dec. 1847. While there she came in contact with many of the pioneer missionaries, whose names are familiar, one of whom at least still lives, Dr. Elias Riggs, being nearly 90 years old. Many of her pupils were the children of those missionary families. From her letters, from those which have been preserved, we could glean very much of interest did time permit.

In looking over these letters a few months ago I noticed several allusions to Dr. Hamlin and his family. I was anxious to know if he remembered her and wrote him giving some quotations from the letters, concerning him. His replies I prize greatly now since he has gone to his reward. He wrote: "Your inquiries awaken memories of 40 years ago. I did not recall your sister at first, but I must tell you that my sleepy memory has waked up a good deal about Miss Howard. I remember she was often spoken of as one esteemed and beloved. I think I

saw her a few times only." Eliza returned to Pittsfield in 1851, taught later in Lynchburg, Va., and as private instructor in some families in Pittsfield. But missionary work was dear to her and she was not contented to remain and was planning to return to Smyrna. The illness of her brother James and his death which took place in January, 1856 interfered with those plans.

I do not know whether *his* name was ever on the church roll or not. If so he might be reckoned as a missionary too, for in a newspaper clipping of 1854 I find the following record under a notice of Dedication and Ordination. This was concerning a chapel in the village of Rockport, Maine where he was ordained. "Seven months and a half ago Mr. Howard preached his first sermon as Home Missionary at Rockport, the first of any regular preaching of our order (Congregational) in that place and during that time a church of 21 members has been gathered, a beautiful chapel capable of containing 200 worshipers erected at an expense of \$1900, thoroughly and beautifully furnished."

During the delay, Eliza had become acquainted through the Hume family with Rev. William Wood of the Satara mission in Western India. They were married in June 1856 and sailed that month. At that time the American board did not feel that they could send the missionaries by steamers. During the voyage they encountered severe storms, were driven out of their course and were five long weary months on the way. I cannot speak in detail of her special work. I only know she filled well the position of wife and mother. It seems strange that having passed unharmed through many seasons of cholera in Smyrna she should die of that terrible disease in India, but so it was. Her life there was short from our view point—only three years, but this "record is on high" and Eternity will reward the results.

Noticing in the *Missionary Herald* some years ago an account of the death of Mr. Tibley at the Satara Station, I wrote Mrs. Tibley. In her reply after writing of her husband and their work she said: "Just across the path from the spot where Mr. Tibley's body awaits the resurrection morning, reposes the dust of your sister and her baby "George Howard." I am often in our beautiful cemetery (place of resting) and sometimes love to stand by her grave and read over and over again the inscription on the headstone "To depart and be with Christ is far better."

Hoping this little sketch of one of your members may be of some interest to those gathered to review the past and rejoice over the years in which the Lord has blessed and prospered you and praying with you for His continued guidance and blessing.

Your sister in Christ,

KITTIE HOWARD BARTLETT.

Newton, Mass., Nov. 9, 1900.

HISTORY OF THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

BY MRS. W. R. EDGERTON.

The South Church Auxiliary was organized in 1875, twenty-five years after the organization of the church, with a membership roll of forty names. It was a very precocious infant, but in two years, for some reasons which do not appear in the early records of the society, the membership was reduced to twenty. Probably there had been a sifting process going on, caused by the usual routine of missionary meetings with a small attendance, and the

practical and unromantic work of raising funds for the new society. The normal growth of the society in membership commenced in 1878 and for several years there was a steady increase, new members being added every year. At length, in 1895, the number reached forty-one, but never since until this year has it quite attained to that number.

For several years previous to 1895 the funds were raised by personal solicitation and voluntary contributions. Collectors were appointed to canvass their respective districts, and for several years they did their work faithfully, but evidently the time had not fully come when such personal work could be done very successfully, and at length the work became too arduous for the few who were able and willing to do it. In 1894 the executive committee decided that the soliciting should all be done by the secretary, and she was directed to "send by mail a package of monthly envelopes, a printed explanatory note and a missionary leaflet to every woman in the church who, it was thought, would be willing to receive them." For several years envelopes, leaflets, printed appeals and mite boxes were sent to nearly all the ladies of the church, and they were the means of bringing a fair amount of money into the treasury. But still the secret of success was only partly learned. When Jesus organized the first missionary society he did not send written invitations to the disciples whom he had chosen for the work, but he personally called them, and kept them within the sphere of his influence until they were fitted for the service. A message received from the lips of another might not have been heeded, but the disciples could not resist the call when in the presence of the commanding, soul-winning Jesus.

At length the officers of the missionary society became convinced that it was only by personal work that the women of the church who were still indifferent, or only half in earnest in the

work, could be enlisted for active service. But how could this be accomplished?

It happened that on a certain night not long before the last annual meeting, while the secretary was waiting in vain for the approach of "Nature's sweet restorer," a plan was evolved in her busy brain by which all the ladies of the church could be reached, and the work thoroughly done. The plan was as follows: The city was to be divided into sections; two or three ladies were to be appointed to have charge of each section, and the duties of these ladies would be to call on all the ladies in their respective sections as soon as possible, after the annual meeting of the society; to invite all who were not members to join the society, and to ask all who declined to join to contribute through the envelopes or mite boxes. Once during the year the ladies who had charge of each section were to have charge of the programme of one of our monthly meetings, and were to ask all the ladies in their section who could attend the meeting to take part in the programme.

The plan of the secretary was approved by the executive committee, and the visitors for each section were appointed. At the January meeting the visitors of each section were presented, by the secretary, with an outfit consisting of a book containing the names and addresses of all the ladies in their section, packages of envelopes, mite boxes, and sample copies of *Life and Light* and the *Berkshire Evangel*, for obtaining new subscribers. One lady said she was afraid she would be taken for an agent, but she meant to look very innocent. Judging from her success and that of her assistant in obtaining new members in their section, they must have been so persuasive and winning in their ways that they met with a reception wherever they called that would make the lot of an agent a happy one.

At the first regular meeting of the auxiliary under the new

regime, held in February, twenty-one ladies took part in the programme, and the attendance was the largest ever known at one of our regular meetings. The work of the visitors has been thoroughly done, and as a result of their labors we are able to report that we have more than doubled our membership, forty-two new members having been added to the society, besides a large number who will contribute through the envelopes and mite boxes during the year. Seventeen new subscribers, on trial, for Life and Light were obtained, and the same number of new subscribers for the Berkshire Evangel, and our meetings, in interest and attendance, have rivaled the meetings of the Fortnightly club, which is saying much for the missionary society.

I think the members of our society, or any other missionary society represented here, will admit that no small amount of conscientious and persevering effort is necessary to sustain the life of a missionary society for 25 years, and achieve any degree of success in the work, for of all the societies in a church, the missionary society is the one which depends for its support upon the most devoted and self-sacrificing members of the church, and these are not always in the majority. A noble company of one hundred and forty-two honorable women have been members of the society during the 25 years of its history. The list is too long to be given in full, but I am sure you will be glad to hear the names of those who have borne the labor and responsibilities of officers of the society. Miss Lamberson was the first directress, or president, and the names of the other ladies who have been honored with the office of president are as follows: Dr. Seraph Frissell, Mrs. Electa L. Wadhams, Mrs. Julia A. Sears and Mrs. O. E. Beckwith. Those who have served as vice-president are: Mrs. A. W. Crossman, Miss Cornelia A. Lamberson, Mrs. A. A. G. Russell, Mrs. Mary D. Russell, Miss F. I. Dunham, Mrs. J. M. Wasson and Mrs. O. E. Beckwith. Mrs. Albert Tolman was

the first secretary, and the others who have held that office are Miss L. T. Dunham, Miss F. I. Dunham and Mrs. W. R. Edgerton. The first treasurer was Mrs. A. W. Crossman and the others who held that office are Miss L. T. Dunham, Miss M. H. Lamberson and Mrs. W. R. Edgerton. Miss A. E. Walker has held the office of assistant secretary for the past four years and Miss F. I. Dunham has served faithfully and efficiently as collector and auditor.

Eight of the original or charter members are still members of the society. Their names are as follows: Miss M. H. Lamberson, Mrs. Albert Tolman, Mrs. E. L. Wadhams, Mrs. A. W. Crossman, Miss Annie F. Crossman, Mrs. Eleazer Williams, Miss F. I. Dunham and Miss A. E. Walker. Twenty-nine members have been removed by death, and this list includes some of our most faithful and beloved members. In this work in which we are engaged, they were faithful unto death, and the memory of their examples should inspire us with a holy ambition to become worthy of the inheritance of these saints who now rest from their labors while their works do follow them.

The total receipts of the society for the 25 years are \$1,620.51. For our pledged work we have supported a scholarship in the Girls' school at Marsovan, Turkey, 17 years; a scholarship in the school at Ahmednugger, India, 7 years; a scholarship in the school at Adabazar, Western Turkey, 7 years; a scholarship in the school at Madura, India, 1 year; a share in a school at Canerody, Ceylon, 8 years. We have also contributed for the support of the San Sebastian Home, the Dacota Home, the Bombay Home, the Zulu Sanitarium, for common schools in China, and also for famine sufferers in Turkey. The surplus of our funds every year, after paying for our pledged work, has been given to the general fund of the Women's Board of Missions.

THE HERITAGE OF FREEDOM.

BY ANNA L. DAWES.

It gives me great pleasure—I feel it an honor—to bring to you, the women of the South Church, the greeting of the women of the First Church. I bring you the greeting of the Sunday school and of the societies. I bring you the greeting of a long line of saintly women, from the beginning until now. For them all and with them all, we thank God with you.

I am to say a few words to you upon our Heritage of Freedom, Congregational Liberty.

The Jubilee trumpet sounds in all your courts today. Seven times seven years have counted themselves on your calendar, and written themselves in the living epistle of this church. The joy of today is the joy of freedom, but not as in the ancient time a joy of freedom after bondage. Rather it is the joy of children gathered in the Father's house to tell over the things the Lord hath wrought, to rejoice in the good hand of our God. It comes at the time which Puritan habit, not content with a half century of silence, has made a yearly jubilee of thanks in all our borders. It comes to a church of the order of freedom, whose name gathers up the fellowship of saints, and whose rule and order is liberty. Thus it is with overflowing joy we give thanks, in an atmosphere compounded all of freedom. Thus the silver trumpet rings out clear and full with the jubilee song—the sound of them that triumph, the voice of them that feast. For on the posts of your doors is written Congregational freedom, and over your altar shines the promise of Christian liberty.

We are free born. By a great sum of sorrow our Baptist brethren gained this freedom; the Presbyterian flock can only see their promised land; Methodist and Episcopalian alike linger

in the Galatian country. But no bondage from old or new covenant fetters us. We are free born. "The Jerusalem which is above is free which is our mother." Yet this liberty becomes but a vain boast unless we stop now and then to see what it means, to reckon with our freedom. What does it do for us? What have we learned in these fifty years—which yet were years of service not of servitude—of the value of this our birthright?

It is true these words are a phrase, a commonplace of thought and action, it is true there is little grain left to thresh out of them. But daily bread rarely has anything novel about it, nor do we sustain life upon its spices. I have wished that we should use every season to consider some little corner of our great opportunity, lest in the day of perplexity and need, we sell our birthright for pottage mixed at larger hearths. Three ways in which this freedom exhibits itself have become so familiar we have forgotten their very existence—Method: Thought: Fellowship. We need to repeat them over in a daily litany, wherein with the unremembered fruits of the earth, we thank our Lord God for freedom of way, of truth, of life,—the freedom that is the manifested life of our Lord. It is in the light of this three-fold freedom that each Congregational church stands out in such sharp outline. It is this individualism which makes the fifty years of this church loom so large. In Method, in Thought, in Fellowship it has shown forth the way of freedom, the high thought, the communion of saints. A living branch, the life of the Vine clothed it with ever new beauty and hung it with the purple glory of the fruit. That great prophet of the church universal, Philips Brooks, once said to me of the progress of the years, that we must take the best of the old and add to it what is good in the new, that thus men might ever go onward. And as he illustrated his thought by that old house, dear to us all, now St. Stephen's Rectory, where we were then standing, so as I

stand here, I can find no better illustration of what this church has done for us all, among whom you are set to light our world, than the beautiful fashion in which you have made your own meeting-house—let me use our family name²—stand for all that was best in the old and all that is good in the new; the manner in which you have glorified the way of the fathers without departing from it, revering the old white meeting-house of the New England faith, and adorning it with the grace of a new day. Thus in deeper things have you clung with one hand to all in the past which is constant, and reached forth to those things of the future which are already firm to the grasp. Thus have you not forgotten the old virtues, thus have you ever sought new graces of goodness for our helping.

So likewise as you have walked in the ways of freedom, the nursing mother of your thought was liberty. And if I have illustrated the one by your house, I cannot better show the other than by your minister. With what depth and height of thinking, with what breadth of sympathy and wideness of outlook has he who ministers to you to-day made your pulpit count for freedom. With what strength has he stood upon the foundation which the fathers loved, the rock Christ Jesus, and built thereon no temple of hay or stubble, but the beautiful work of a clear faith, of a brilliant mind, of a loving heart. Forgetting no word of life that has come down out of the past, he has written all anew in the language of his own time, that ye whom he loves may eat the daily bread of an ever fresh manna.

And in the web of life woven by this whole community, this church has been free to serve in a gracious fellowship. Who was in need and ye forgot them? Who was in joy and ye rejoiced not, who suffered and ye did not mourn? Upon whom came the care of the churches and ye put no shoulder to the burden? In laborings oft, in watchings constant, in all that befell

the Kingdom of God instant in season, ye stood in your place as good servants of the Master who shall find his talents grown an hundred-fold. As we look at the encompassing cloud of witnesses and count over the roll of the men and women who have done these deeds, borne these burdens, we realize that the past has grown into the present by an imperceptible change. And if we would see how that past and this present may be joined in a youth renewed like the eagles, where in all the town but in this church can we find another Deacon Robinson? Or who so perfectly shows forth as in a type, the Congregationalist?

I speak to you of the church, not of religion. Religion is of all times and all churches. Of that and what it means to men and to man, we have no pre-eminence, thank God. But to-day we speak of the church, the church which expresses this religion and is the body of Christ; the church which gives love its opportunity to become deed; the church which turns faith into the life of the Spirit. If religion furnishes a motive to men and the power to perform Christian duty, it is the church which supplies the method of Christianity. If the Spirit of God is the dynamic of Christianity, the church is the machine—nay, better, the Spirit is the life, the church is the body. The actualization of religion is given us by the church—outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace.

Thus the church means more to women than we always remember. We are oppressed with the narrowness of life. Beyond our control it falls to us to be concerned with details, and bricklaying was never inspiring even for temple walls. But the methods of the church are applied to great problems, her thoughts go on high emprise, her fellowship widens with the seas, and breaks all barriers. As scholar in the school of spiritual life, as individual thinker, as apostle to the world, the church gives woman her opportunity. What woman does for

the church is of little moment. It is what the church does for her that we need to consider—her open heaven, not her treadmill. What does it not mean, then, when the church comes to her with no rule of life, no scheme of thought, no barred fellowship but in the freedom of the Spirit opens every way to the Infinite, through every spiritual affinity and human fellowship leading to the Divine, in that perfect freedom which is the privilege of children.

See how the heavens opened to the women who counted themselves of the company of Jesus. Think of Mary, companioning with angels and arch-angels; of Elizabeth and Anna, severe and saintly prophets of a new earth and a new heaven; of her, an outcast, who exchanged the ways that lead to death for the immortal holiness of the saint; of that mother whose ambitions for her sons widened unto the throne of God; of the little girl who saw the great vision and came back to her homely earth; of the Gentile woman whose faith served to batter down the immemorial walls of race, and of the sisters whose perpetual grace it is to have furnished the Lord Christ with friendship. Where shall you find more diverse beginning, where so great a common glory grown therefrom, through Him who made these women gates of single pearl in His New Jerusalem? New thought, new life came richly to them all, and in their footsteps we still walk, following our Lord in His great fellowship.

To us of the New England churches this freedom to choose and to think and to feel, has become so common we do not always count its worth. Often we forget that we may pour the new wine into the bottles we need, not those our neighbor furnishes. We forget that we are free to express our own life, that no present exigency or custom of other environment can be made to fit the body of our own growing. Our very freedom has become our fetter. Thus we have sometimes forgotten the

dignity of our calling, and failed to remember that thought is our birthright as well as love; that for us, children of light and leading, there is a high and solemn duty to men's thinking, a duty belonging to the liberty of our way, and not to be lightly forborne. Thus also it comes about that freedom is not always freedom to change. In this restless time it is often a liberty to stand still. In eager haste we have sometimes given up the old in a fancied freedom, and forgotten that each of our Congregational habits is a stone in a memorial pillar. The children of our churches do not know why deacons serve, nor what protest lies in a simple sacrament, nor the grandeur of a long prayer, nor the unique glory of the teaching sermon. We have a way—our own way—I plead for its remembering, that we find in the reverent fashion of the fathers, at least a foundation for the temporary expedients of our restless modernity.

Freedom of thought means a gospel to the mind, and that—that chiefly—is the Congregational glory. By all the light that broke on John Robinson, by the magnificent severity of Cotton Mather, by the grandeur of that will which Edwards invoked, by the clear faith of Horace Bushnell, we are bound to find the truth for our own time. Freedom means responsibility and responsibility is but another spelling of duty. Other churches may seek the wanderer in different fashion, we are bound to reason with him; other folds may worship in splendid ritual, ours must seek an open communion with the Almighty; other pulpits may develop the Christian man through his work, we must teach him. It is for this we are sent. And by this token we must with courage face the unknown truth, with sincerity welcome the unwelcome idea. We may not shrink from any new interpretation or draw back from any path of investigation. But reverently, vigorously, with a firm hold on what is still good—and only that—we must go before the army of God, in the very

van of progress, for this most difficult, most disheartening and yet most inspiring of all duties, the discovery of new truth, the trying of the spirits to see whether they be of God. The safety of truth, the vital power of thought, the right of the single conscience--these things are ours--ours as a church--ours every man and woman of us. To say what this freedom of thought means to woman is to encompass heaven and earth; for that intuition which in things of the Spirit is insight, has made her quick to see new visions whether with austere Elizabeth, mother and herald of prophets, or with the careless woman of the well. Thus it is that to us all who call ourselves by the Congregational name comes the hope and the duty to witness to spirit and truth. These things we must not forget. To this end we must not hinder any development, must seek all help. So we may rise on the equal wings of faith and love to the very foot of the throne.

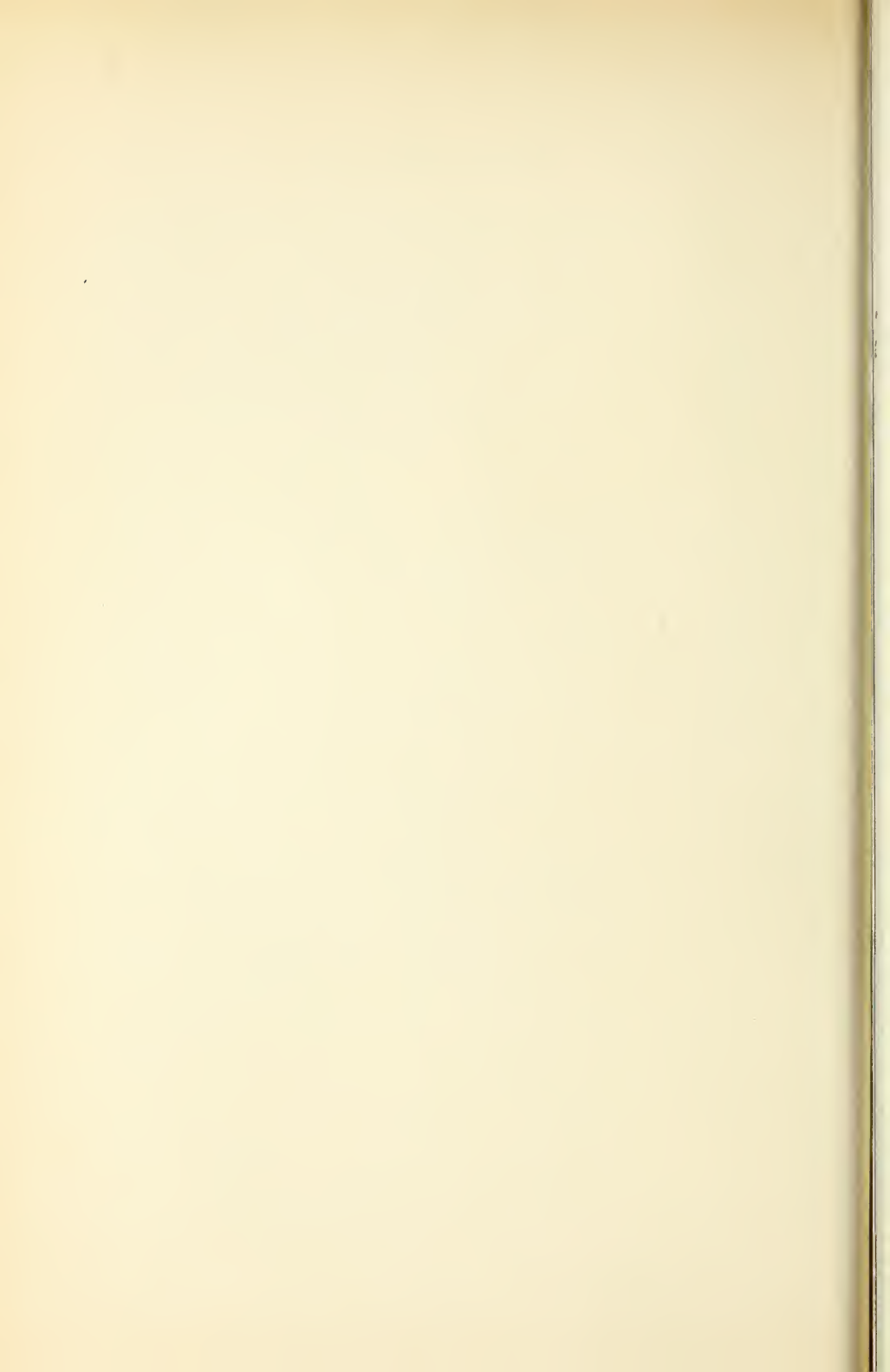
Again as in method and thought, so in fellowship, it is for us to go on to perfection. Church Unity, Federation of Churches and the like, these are the watchwords of the day. But Congregational fellowship is something better and deeper than that. It is a commonplace to talk of the associations of churches of our own polity; it is almost equally commonplace to talk of the sympathy of the different sects with each other. More and more a common duty unites different workers if not different faiths. But to us the communion of saints is a deeper thing, for all things are ours. The children of freedom may find everywhere their brethren. We are not bound to creed or to sacrament, to ecclesiastical inheritance or millennial hope; we cannot shut out the men of oriental vision, nor the priests of occidental system. We are of one family with him who calls God Father; whether he names that name in narrowest word, or in vaguest philosophy, him we welcome to the household of faith. Nay more, we seek everywhere, in all lands and all classes, for these our breth-

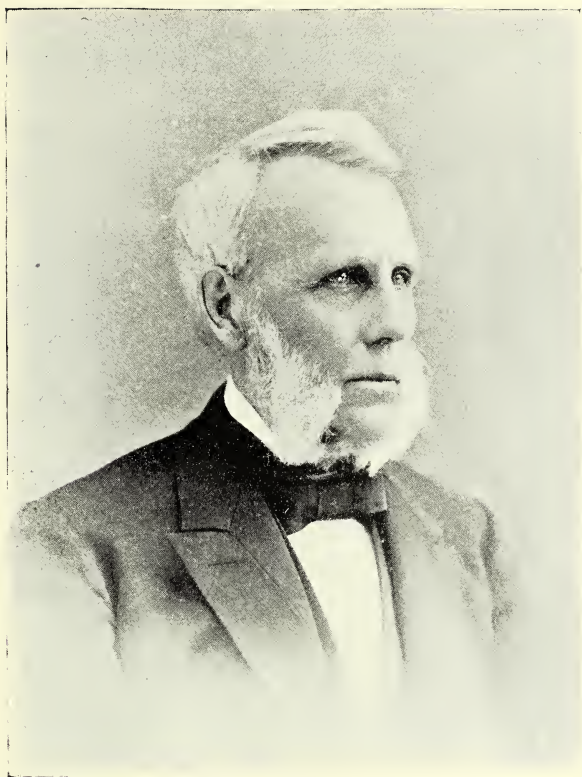
ren. "We believe in the Holy Ghost." In such high and holy fashion do we hold this our Trinitarian faith that we seek and find our God in every revelation, and would fain open the blind eyes of our brethren to Him who stands everywhere in their midst. So it is that we come to the darkest missionary field, with a consuming zeal, for there we meet and make known our God; and so it is that where the clashing classes turn perplexity into discord, we work with our Master in courage and hope. To every heathen of the slums, to every pagan of the land of darkness we hold out the hand of a brother. We believe that God has made him likewise a man, and that all things are possible to him. Sometimes of late, I have thought that we only believed this great thing of the brown races. But whether that be true or not, we especially, we pre-eminently believe it, and standing shoulder to shoulder with him, we believe in him and we do lift him. So whether it be modern heretic or heathen philosopher or undeveloped pagan, the free children of the truth find in him, not alone the child of God, but the indwelling Spirit, and count him the brother of today, the saint of an eternal tomorrow.

In lesser ways than these great passes of the mountain tops, do we find in the fellowship of saints a wide outlook. The daily food of our spirits is limited to no table; the helping of our souls comes from many fountains. We find a duty in every need, our opportunity in any call. And so we of the warm heart, we the sisters of mercy, are fast shaking down the seven-fold walls that a denomination has built, and for all the cries of all the treasures, we will not sell our privilege of the seeking eye or the free hand, as we go down from Jerusalem to Jericho.

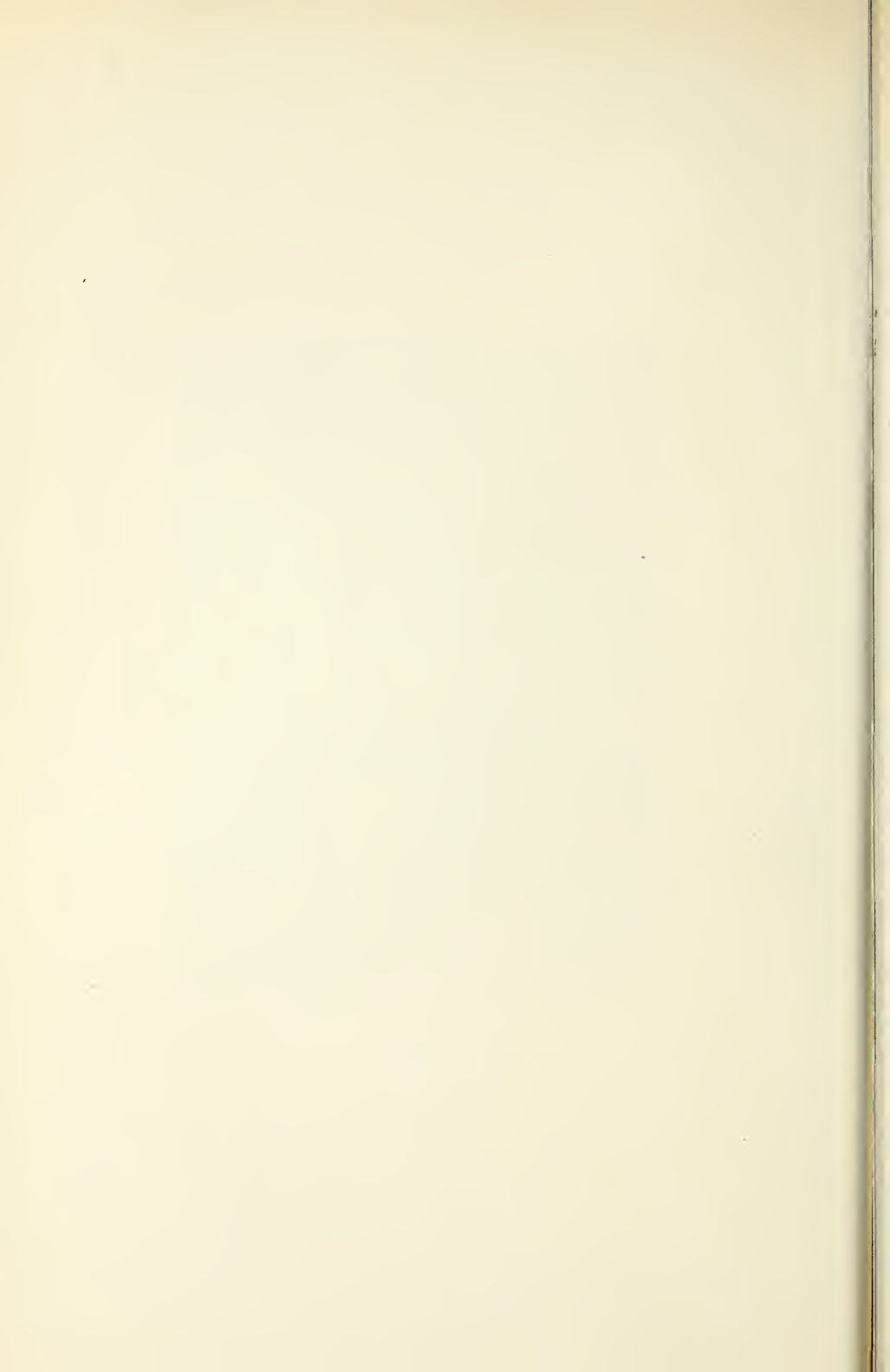
For in method, in thought, in fellowship, we are free only that we may serve. In the olden time the servant who went forth on the Day of Jubilee came back to serve. Of his own choice, in

the midst of the great gladness, with joy in his heart, he gave himself up to his Lord for service. And with the mark of the listening ear they marked him. So by the listening ear are we marked servants of the Highest. Where our Master calls we walk with ready step in the untried path; when our Lord speaks, we listen, eager for the new truth; where our Christ dwells we go to serve Him and His children. And thus in Method, in Thought, in Fellowship, we are free to serve, and rejoice with the great shout that for fifty years we have kept the Jubilee, and in solemn covenant pledge ourselves still to keep the faith, for all the years that we and our children shall live upon the earth.





SAMUEL HARRIS, D. D., L.L. D.
1814—1899



ADDRESS

BY GEORGE HARRIS D. D., L.L. D.,

ON MONDAY EVENING NOVEMBER THE TWELFTH.

Almost my earliest recollection is hearing the question debated at home whether Uncle Samuel made a mistake in leaving his church in Conway to come to Pittsfield. His mother, my grandmother, whose home was with us, a very pious but a very positive woman, insisted that Samuel should have stayed in his country parish where he was contented and was doing a good work, rather than to go away to take up a new and perhaps doubtful enterprise. My boyish impression was that Uncle Samuel had done something very wrong. Soon after he came here my eldest sister came into his family to attend a young ladies' school, the Maplewood Institute, and from her letters and visits home that impression was removed and I came to believe that my uncle had not made a mistake in coming to Pittsfield. I fancy that when he began his ministrations in this church the services preceding the sermon were not as elaborate and continuous as to-night. Then the custom was to have what were called the opening services brief and the sermon long. Now that custom is reversed and will be to-night. I think however, we make a mistake if we suppose that the music of our churches fifty and more years ago was so very simple. That was before organs were found in most churches, and there was, I think, a voluntary orchestra in the choir loft, including usually a bass viol and a violin and a

clarinet; and the anthems which were sung out of the old anthem books were in part this very music to which we have just listened, "The Heavens Are Telling the Glory of the Lord."

I am here as a relative of the first minister of this church and think that I cannot do better than to tell you something about that first minister whose life I know pretty well, not in order simply to give you a sketch of his career, but in order to set forth a story which brings us into conditions of life and of theological thought that are of great interest. It is true that it is fifty years ago since my uncle came here and that his ministry was very short, only five years. He lived, however, a great many years afterward in the active service of the Master and died only last year at the age of eighty-five, having retired from service only two or three years before. I hope before I am through, also, to make some comparisons, if I may, between the ways of thinking then, in the early period of this church, and now, theologically.

My uncle was born in a small village in eastern Maine. The industries were lumber manufacturing and ship building. My uncle's grand father had started in the lumber business and had been quite prosperous in it. My uncle's mother married the clerk of the courts, and in his absences from home he used to write long letters to his wife, couched in the most respectful terms, many of which have been preserved and are very interesting reading. In this village was the county academy. That was before the day of high schools, or at least there were very few indeed, certainly in Maine. To this academy came the boys of the county, and of other counties, who intended to go to college, and there my uncle, as a lad, received his classical preparation and at the age of fifteen entered Bowdoin college. Boys were fitted for college, as a rule, much earlier than they are now. It was not because boys at that time were more precocious than

now, but because the preparation which fits one to enter college today is about equivalent to the work of the sophomore year in college then. He went to Bowdoin college and the professors there made but little impression on him. A recent graduate of Bowdoin college at that time was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was an instructor in the college and he taught the modern languages, not only French and German, but Italian and Spanish. My uncle, under Longfellow, acquired a reading knowledge of those languages, and all through his life was a very good student of Italian, especially of Dante. Then, having determined to be a minister, he went to Andover theological seminary. Then there were only three professors there. Already Mr. Harris must have been a young man who did his own thinking and was not very much influenced by others, which was characteristic of him throughout life. In fact, the only reminiscence I ever heard my uncle give about his three years in Andover theological seminary was that there came there a certain Dr. Muzzy, who told the theological students that they should live on a vegetable diet, should eat only one vegetable at each meal, be it squash or potato, and should exercise to the extent of four hours a day. Nearly all of them were fools enough to adopt the advice and some were broken down permanently in health thereby, but there was one man who said he would have none of it, he was going to have three good meals a day, and that man was Dr. John Lord, the well known lecturer on history, whose massive frame showed that he was wiser in his day than his generation.

After that, my uncle taught in the academy where he had himself studied for two or three years, and was long remembered there as a very excellent teacher. Then he came to Conway in this state, then as now a country town, but the people had not gone away from it. There was a homogeneous population, a great many young men growing up, and my uncle delighted in

his work there as a preacher and a teacher. He has often spoken of the eminent men who were boys and youths when he was a minister in Conway. Probably the same story could be told about other country towns. When he went there he had some trouble with his eyes so that he was unable to do much reading or writing. His wife read to him, and, as she could, wrote for him, and he often said that his impaired eyesight was the greatest blessing of his life. He thought out his sermons and preached them extemporaneously. It was very unusual in those days for a Congregational minister to preach extemporaneously, but he was obliged to do so. He cultivated a style of preaching, which some of you here possibly remember, that for clearness of thought, finish of style and felicity of illustration, was almost matchless. And so, through all his life he continued to preach, even after he was not a parish minister; all through his life he was marked as a preacher in this respect. If you had closed your eyes you could not have told he was not reading a most carefully prepared manuscript. He was in Pittsfield five years, and there are a few who remember him and remember, doubtless, these characteristics of his preaching which I have mentioned. I have been told that he is still revered in this community among some of the older people of that time, although his ministry here was so very brief.

While he was in Conway and Pittsfield he had become known for the qualities of which I have spoken, and through some printed sermons and articles. He was believed to be a man of very profound thought, and gifted as a teacher. He was invited, therefore, to become professor of theology at the Bangor, Maine, theological seminary. In 1855 he accepted a call to that institution and taught theology for twelve years. Now Bangor, of which you have heard, is rather a remote place, certainly remote from Pittsfield and Conway, and the students had been

drawn almost exclusively from the state of Maine, but the reputation which Dr. Harris gained as a theologian and teacher, as well as preacher, drew men during the time he was there, and for about the only period in the history of the institution, from nearly all the colleges of New England. What is of the greatest interest in respect to his residence in Bangor is that he was there during the Civil War and was very much inspired by the issues which were involved. When public meetings were held he spoke at them and soon became the favorite speaker in that State and in the region roundabout. It was said that he did as much as any person in Maine to arouse patriotism and inspire the people to maintain the principles of government. Indeed, after the war, a very strong effort was made to induce him to go as representative to Congress, but he knew that his fitness was not for that kind of work and remained where he was. Then he was called to be president of Bowdoin college. The college was in a very reduced state in numbers, in funds, in quality, and in standards. He felt that it was his duty to go. He went, but remained only four years; he was not suited to it. He said that worries over the pranks of the students gave him the jim jams. He was a very serious man. He did a great deal for the college; he brought in some fine professors, but after four years, being invited to teach theology in Yale, he accepted, returning to the delight of his life. He remained at Yale twenty-five years, a teacher of theology, the greatest theologian in my judgment, and in the judgment of many others, that America has produced. Nearly one thousand ministers were taught by him in Bangor and in New Haven. He gave them a philosophy which was true and deep, and not only that, but a gospel which was Christian. Those young men went out into the churches inspired and illuminated by this man who was your first minister, so that these hundreds of preachers say that they owe more to him than to

any other man they have ever known. He kept thinking, thinking, thinking, and reading and thinking. He was at my house once with his wife, and after he was gone my little boy was asked how he liked him. He had not seen him before. He said, "I like my aunt very much, but I don't like Uncle Samuel because when he was at the table he was always looking out of the window." He was an absent-minded man. I remember once when I was a student in his family in Bangor. By the way, although he had no children, he had several nephews and nieces in his home during their education. He had been thinking and had not heard the call to dinner. He was called again and he sat down at the table and said grace without noticing that we had not just assembled, ourselves. He was not an easy man in conversation. He had not any small talk, although once he was started on some great theme, all the others would be silent and he would do the talking. But it was this everlasting thinking. He used to tell me, "I have not read a great deal (he read ten times as much as you or I ever read), but I have done a lot of thinking." He did his own thinking. He was never very much influenced by other men, but he worked out a theory, a system, a philosophy, a religion, which was his own and yet was most profoundly Christian.

So remarkable was his teaching that he was solicited by many of his pupils to write out his system of theology, and so rather late in life he published some books. He published the first book, entitled "The Philosophical Basis of Theism," when he was sixty-nine years old. Previously he had published no books except a little collection of lectures which he had given a few years before. This volume, which was published when he was sixty-nine years old, was eagerly read by all interested in theology, of various denominations, and was translated into Japanese, and I think into one other language, and was regarded, by those

whose judgment was trustworthy, as the best contribution to theological literature that had ever been made in this country. At intervals during the next twelve years he brought out three volumes more, the last when he was eighty-two years old (he had been teaching nearly all the time), and in them all you will find that clearness of thought, that aptness of illustration, wonderful and fitting, and that breadth and sanity and convincingness which were his characteristics. Having reached the age of eighty years he retired from active service, living a few years longer in serenity, and 'fell on sleep' a year ago.

I venture now, partly because I believe you will be interested in the history of any minister of this church, and because, as I have suggested, it reflects the conditions of life in his boyhood and early manhood, to say something about the religious movement and the theological changes which have occurred in fifty years. I enter upon it because there is a certain thing I want to say about this man's belief and system. I suppose we should say, speaking of a half century ago, that the religion and the preaching in the churches was individualistic on the whole. The aim of the preacher and the thought of religion was the salvation of the individual for the future; to be saved from something; not from something here, but from something hereafter, and to be saved for and into a blessed life hereafter. Now when one makes a statement of that sort, it is to be taken with qualifications. Any generalization is not altogether true. There was much good, every day virtue amongst the people, and the preaching was not altogether on that line, but I think it is on the whole a fair characteristic. Salvation was the salvation of the person, a salvation of or for the future. That is true and that is good. But we should not characterize our conception of religion and salvation in that way now. Then, one was to be

saved in the future, with some incidental benefits in the present. Now, one is to be saved in the present, here and now, and that involves future salvation. As Jesus said, "He that followeth me shall have in this life a hundred fold, and in the world to come, life everlasting." We say salvation is of the present rather than of the future, or we say it is future because it is present. Our conception of religion today is not only that it is a present salvation, but that salvation is righteousness; not that which has been done for us, but which has been done in us, that it is righteousness of character. Furthermore, we say now that it is not individualistic, but that it is social; that Christians are a society, that Christ came to set up a kingdom on earth, and that therefore there is a kingdom of heaven. In a general way I think perhaps you will agree with this also. Why I say it is this: that Dr. Samuel Harris was preaching that fifty years ago, that he was preaching what we call the modern gospel. If you should take some of his sermons, printed about the time he was here (and Mr. Smart was telling me that he had read a sermon printed in 1847 which has none of the old theology, but is as modern as if it were printed this year) and his lectures, you would find the same thing true. The central principle of his theology was "The Kingdom of Christ on Earth." I refer to a little volume of lectures published when he was about fifty-five years old. For a great many preachers that book marked an epoch. All men under the law of service, which was the principle of the Master's life, is now to us a commonplace of our religion. It was carried out, illustrated and enforced with clearness by him from the time he began to lecture, and I am very sure during all the time he was preaching. The latest German theology, which some look at askance, but which is having a great growth over there and which is accepted largely by evangelical people, is the gospel of the kingdom on earth, the latest, the

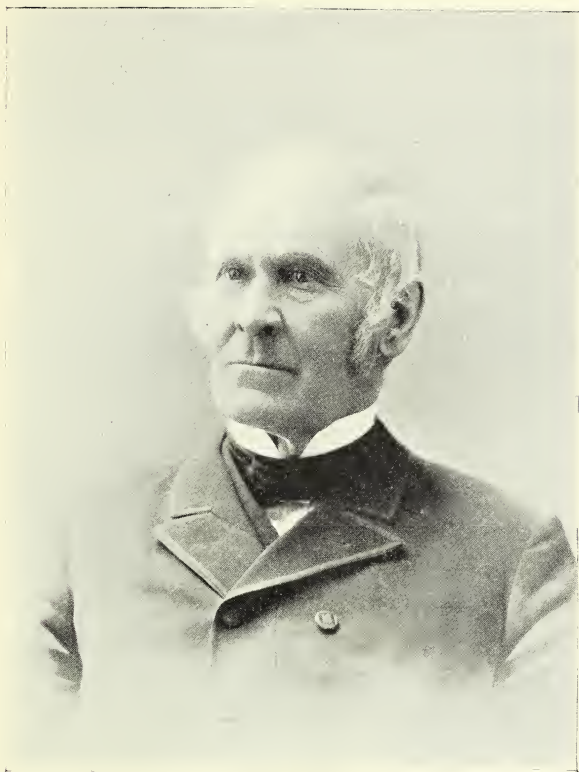
newest, and I think the truest gospel, but this man, forty or fifty years ago, made that a central principle of his theology, the kingdom of God on earth; God the Father, we, His children, and brethren one of another. I might have gone into particulars to show how advanced, or rather, how true and how modern his reading of the gospel and the revelation was. Let me speak, however, of only one thing. He said, from the time he was a young preacher, that the love of God is the motive in the redemption of sinners. The Bible says so. Ministers and Christians generally were not saying that; they were saying that the motive in the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ was to appease the wrath of God, so that He could consistently forgive repentant sinners. There is no such statement in the Bible. Now we all accept the truth that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." That is the true gospel, but the Puritans and Calvinists got into some false notions about God's justice until they got away from the love of God in Christ. Your first minister never travelled on that bleak and barren path. He saw in the sacrifice of Christ, the revelation of God in his own Son, coming to sinners to turn them from their sin and bring them unto his love and into the service of their fellow men. Yet he was never regarded as a radical, nor a liberal, nor a revolutionist. What he said was not only sane, but was inspired by the spirit of Christ and the deepest reverence for God. I think one reason that he did not have the ear marks and the phraseology of the old theology was that he did not hear it in his youth. The minister in the country town from which he came was a man of great literary attainments, a clergyman who subsequently became a Unitarian. Now a man who becomes a Unitarian of course takes the consequences, but he is not a man who thinks along the lines of what we call the old Calvinistic the-

ology. My uncle was most intimate with this young preacher. They read Coleridge and Wordsworth together. Dr. Harris never came any nearer being a Unitarian than being a Mormon, but he did not have the cant phrases or forms.

Dr Bushnell said, more than once in his old age, that Samuel Harris was the greatest theologian in America.

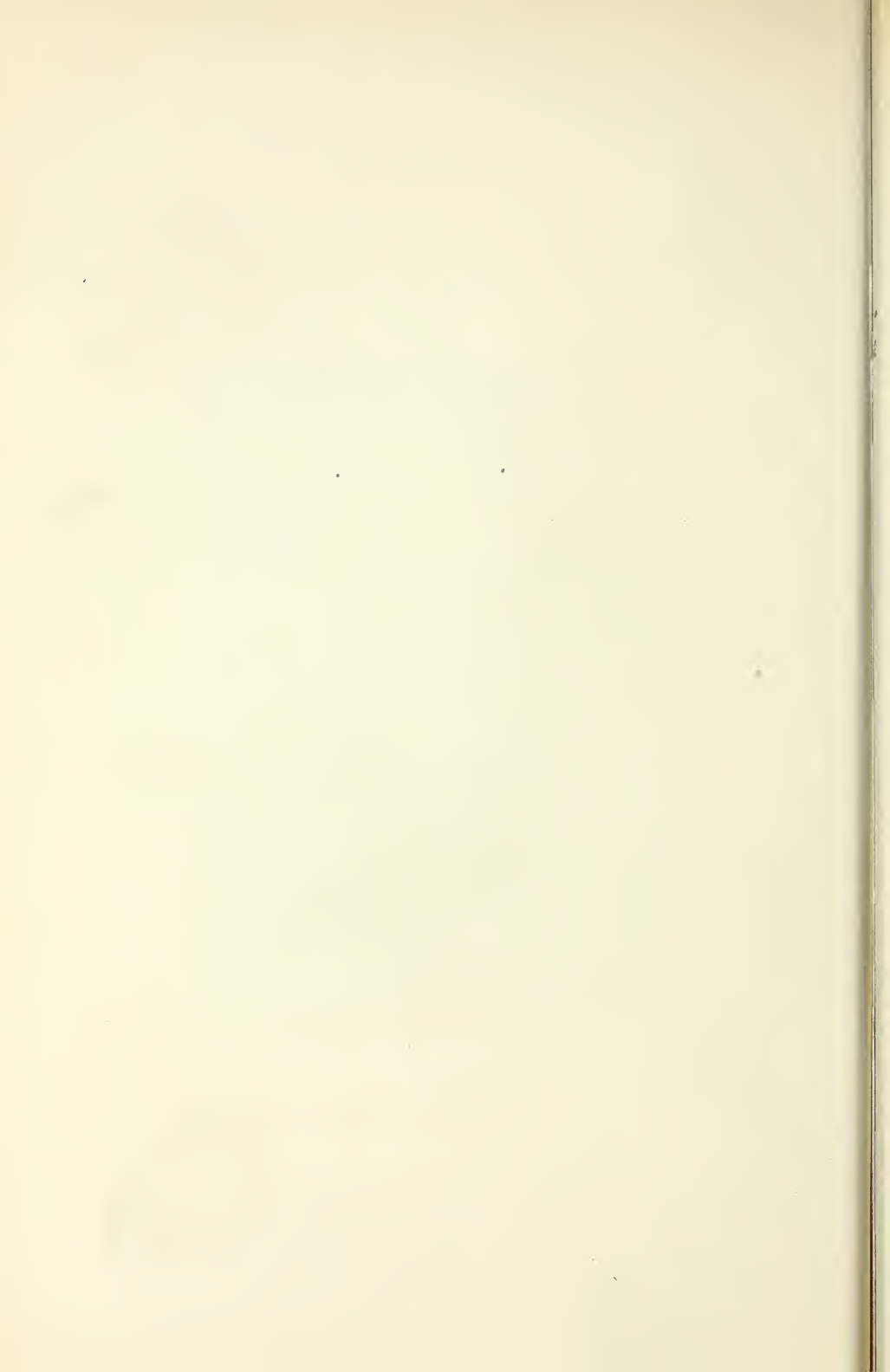
It is natural, you know, to admire one's own family. Certainly it is true that Dr. Harris made contributions to theology, that he inspired hundreds of men who have been preachers of the true, simple gospel.

When one of the brothers read to-night those two prayers in the Epistle to the Ephesians, I could not help remembering that my uncle so often spoke of those prayers as, after the Lord's prayer, the greatest prayers that ever were made; the last ending, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations, forever and ever."



DEACON HENRY MULFORD PEIRSON

1825—1894



TUESDAY EVENING NOVEMBER THE THIRTEENTH.

REMARKS BY MR. JOSEPH E. PEIRSON.

I have been wondering what is the proper age for an institution like this to attain in order to be called a young and vigorous church, and I have come to the conclusion that the proper age is just fifty years, and that we are to be congratulated to-night because we have at last attained to the proud distinction of being both a young and a vigorous church.

We had read to us last Sunday evening the record of the ills of our childhood days, much of which we knew, and a part of which we were. The very first summer of our existence, our youthful life was almost blotted out by the fever of fire, and not long after that we had a very severe attack of wind colic when our tall and graceful spire fell a prey to the elements. When our old organ was done away with and the new one, to which we have listened with so much pleasure, was substituted, we were, as it were, cutting our second and permanent set of teeth. When the old box pews, which some of you remember, were removed and these new furnishings came and the bare walls gave way to these beautiful colors and tints, it was as if the young man of the household had gone from his paternal home with his father's blessing and with a bright new silver dollar in his pocket to make his own way in the world. Thus we passed through the mumps and the whooping cough and the measles period of our existence, and we have come at last to-night to the full strength

of manhood and we feel the vigor and the pulse of youth in our veins, and not yet have we felt one rheumatic twinge as a sign of coming old age.

In another sense, this church never had any infancy. The old mythology relates that Venus, the goddess of love, sprang fully developed from the foam of the sea; so, in the new theology, the one hundred and thirty charter members of this church came out from the old mother church, a new creation, indeed, and yet not attempting any new and untried philosophy of life. They came with that sense of responsibility and with that knowledge of the duties of the position which they had attained from the long teaching of their mother church, and it was only a changed condition, a new location, a new name; otherwise, it was the same old church reproduced in a new spot. It was an infancy only in externals; within was the same devotion, the same spirit of self-sacrifice, the same faith in the Father leading them on to better and nobler works.

My earliest recollections of this church go back something less than forty years to the time when in my very early youth (I think I was about six months old) my parents brought me down this long aisle for baptism. As I looked about into the faces of the congregation I felt very much as did those spies who came from the promised land of Canaan. It seemed to me that I was looking into the faces of giants and that I was as a grasshopper in their eyes, and not many years afterward, when Rev. Mr. Crowther announced as the subject of his evening discourse, "Og, king of Bashan, that three fingered old giant," it was natural for me to suppose that he was referring to one of the early members of this church. It seems to me also that that was a very trying time in my experience, trying both for my parents and for myself. I had the impression that I was occupying al-

together too conspicuous a position for one of my youth and inexperience, and I have therefore since that time endeavored to take a rear seat in the synagogue, waiting for the call to come up higher, until the call rather unexpectedly came and I am here.

It is one of the great truths of life that the older we grow in years, even though we look back reluctantly to the good old days that have gone and remember with sorrow the faces of those who have labored so valiantly and have passed on to the better land, we cannot help confessing that this world is, after all, daily growing younger and better. Such is the progress of science, such is the enlargement of the sphere of knowledge and its practical application to our every-day life, that it adds vigor and newness to life so that we ourselves have to keep growing younger and younger. As we look at the history of this church, it seems to us that while the giants of those days may have disappeared and while we may have lost something of that devotion to duty which they had and something of that faith which they seemed to possess, yet, after all, we are daily growing newer and younger in the enthusiasm of living and in the ability to perform worthy service. The new law of service has come into this newer generation so that, year after year, we are growing to be a younger and a more enthusiastic and zealous generation. I believe that is to be the outcome of this church; not that we shall simply renew our youth, but that each decade shall find us ten years younger in the service of the Master, ten times more enthusiastic in his service.

There are others who are to take the time this evening and I want simply to read to you two or three letters which have come to hand and which are of interest to all the members of this church and to those who were acquainted with the writers.

DR. HARRIS' LETTER.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 28, 1898.

Mr. F. E. Peirson, My Dear Sir:

I have received your letter of December 20, requesting me, as the first pastor of the South church in Pittsfield, to give some reminiscences of my experience and history of the church at the time of its organization. I had no personal knowledge of the proceedings previous to the organization of the church, but I understood that the Christian brethren and sisters who constituted the church were actuated by the conviction that the population of Pittsfield had so increased and was increasing as to render another church necessary in order to meet the needs of the increasing population and most effectively to promote the interests of Christ's kingdom in the town. The result has shown the wisdom of this movement as meeting this demand.

Rev. Dr. Humphrey, ex-president of Amherst college, was one of the prominent leaders in the organization and development of the new church. It was he who first directed my attention to it. He was giving a course of lectures in Conway, Mass., where I was pastor, and stayed with me at my house. During this visit he had much to say of this new enterprise in Pittsfield, the need of it, and its prospects of growth and usefulness in meeting the needs of the increasing population. It was he who mentioned my name to the committee of the church. In compliance with their request I went to Pittsfield and preached. On my visit there I conferred with several members of the church. I also conferred with Rev. Dr. Todd, pastor of the First church. He spoke in the highest terms of the character and standing of the members of the new church. While naturally expressing his regret that so many and so excellent mem-

bers were leaving his church, he made the impression on me that he expected that the new church would grow and meet a real need. During all my pastorate there Dr. Todd in all his intercourse with me was cordial and friendly.

I was installed pastor of the South church March 12, 1851. In accordance with the custom of the time on Sunday there were the regular services of public worship with the preaching of a sermon, both forenoon and afternoon; the Sunday school; in the evening a less formal service in the lecture room, conducted by the pastor, in the exercises of which the brethren took part; but the pastor was expected to make the opening address. There was also a mid-week evening lecture. Dr. Todd proposed that the two churches unite in this mid-week service. This arrangement was carried out during my pastorate. The lecture was given in the lecture-room of each church on alternate weeks, the pastors of the two churches also officiating alternately.

My pastorate continued only four and one-half years, from March 1851 to September 1855. During this time one hundred and twenty-seven persons united with the church; the growth of the church proved the wisdom of organizing it.

I enjoyed my work as pastor of the church and became much interested in the families of the congregation and in the work of the church and have ever since retained a cordial interest in it and its prosperity. I received also very kind attention from not a few members of Dr. Todd's church and congregation.

I have always remembered your father with cordial interest.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL HARRIS.

LETTER FROM MRS. HELEN DUNHAM LITTLE.

To the dear South Congregational Church of Pittsfield—a loyal and congratulatory greeting:

It has been asked that I send some memories of the "beginnings of things" in this church, but I am afraid I cannot give anything like what might and ought to be said.

My first impressions are of the earnestness and sincerity of those who started with the organization and their willing and eager self-sacrifice. "The people had a mind to work" and they worked prayerfully too. I had occasion to know something of their spirit as I went about collecting money for the lights. How easy it was to get the ninety dollars, (I think it was), for, that chandelier! and how beautiful it was in our eyes when, at last, it was in its place! It was bought in Boston, selected by a member of Dr. Nehemiah Adams', now the Union church, a man of esthetic taste and culture and bought with all the discounts, no small matter for us. It was my privilege to contribute my services as organist for a year or more—a matter of \$125, in those days. The organ, which some of you remember, with its classic white front, its nearly forty stops, one of which, the *Vox humano*, was the best I ever heard in any organ, its three banks of keys, and more than an octave and a half of pedals, was a marvel of beauty and sweetness. Often, during the voluntary I would hear in a loud whisper, "pull out the trumpet! pull out the trumpet!" and turning would see the shining, eager face of Mr. W. M. Walker, who could never get too much of the organ.

In the gallery was a chorus choir nearly filling the seats in front, while those on either side were filled by young ladies from the institute. What the young people now-a-days know as "Maplewood" was known then as the "Young Ladies' Institute" a very flourishing and brilliant school, Rev. Wellington Tyler, Principal, and he was a staunch and helpful friend of this church.

Mr. Crossman was our chorister and his niece, Miss Mary

Whitney, our soprano soloist. One of the gifted ones from the school, Miss Hill, often sung for us a solo, to our delight.

My associations were mostly with the choir, but I well remember the faces of those who occupied the front seats, before the pulpit—Dr. Coleman and his sister Maria, Miss Helen Brown, Miss Sarah Humphrey, Miss Henrietta Danforth and her sister, Mrs. Roberts, Nancy Harrison, the Misses Frost and others.

But those first pleasant years were also years of trial and chastening. I think Maria Robinson, the lovely, promising daughter of our good Deacon Robinson, who, thank God, is still with us, was the first to be promoted to the higher school, but not the last. Other “angels on earth,” many mothers in Israel, left us during the first two years and made us feel bereaved. After these deaths Mr. Harris preached a wonderful course of four sermons on heaven, which I have always wished had been printed.

Then that dreadful fire which consumed the pride of our eyes—the comely church and that beautiful, graceful spire! There was no doubt about it ever—It always pointed heavenward, for all the “country round.” I confess I have always held a secret hope it might sometime be restored. They said it was beautiful to look at as the flames crept up to the top, but alas! it meant too much to us to enjoy its beauty.

As to the rank and file of that little company “there were giants in those days,” giants in prayer and service—so many were entirely competent to take charge of meetings, “to edification”—one, especially, I remember, whose heart seemed always in a revival—always ready to talk lovingly of the things of the kingdom and to work for it—(J. H. D.). We had a grand leader in good Dr. Humphrey, who was untiring in his interest and devotion to the church, always wise in council, and efficient in service and then came Mr. Harris—so spiritual—clear as

sunlight in his teachings, making the way of life so attractive—did he not lead us “in green pastures” and “by still waters?” A very angel of comfort in a sick room—a benediction of peace and strength in the presence of death. How many clouds he lifted from sorrowing and doubtful hearts—taking them from the “slough of despond” and planting their feet on the Rock Christ Jesus, opening in advance the heavenly gates to many a longing soul!

But time would fail me to mention the Daniels and Elijahs and Jeremiahs of those early days; the Loises and the Eunices. There was good brother Stoddard who kept his vow always to speak for his Master, in meeting, and whose quaint, pithy sayings and illustrations are still remembered and are a power for good. One of his illustrations about repentance was striking as he told it. Going through deep woods, the way is easy so long as you keep in the straight path, for the light at the end makes it plain—but the moment you step out of the path you lose sight of the light and all is dark and you are lost in the thick underbrush. You cannot go back across lots—but must go step by step over the way you have wandered to the point from which you started—there is no round-a-bout way.

His faith was simple, but strong, and in prayer he talked with his Father as a child. One of his petitions was, “Make us willing to do little errands for Thee.”

There was Mr. Beebe, too, father of James M. of Boston, one of the most successful business men there, who had not been a church-going man but who went beyond us all in fitting up his pew luxuriously, cushioning its back, furnishing foot stools and hymn books liberally, and best of all, occupying it himself.

The Sabbath School too—with its wide-awake, faithful, general superintendent—its “Infant Class” (not Primary Department!) of forty five under one teacher, who always were pres-

ent at the opening and closing exercises of the school—Where are they now? Some have “passed on”—but others must be working for the Master, in his vineyard—some in this dear church of our love and our desire.

And the time of good things has not passed. There is still self-denying faithful effort—still there are praying hearts, consecrated lives, of which others will speak and in which I rejoice and from my heart I say, “God bless the South Congregational Church of Pittsfield—its consecrated pastor and its people—its officers—its choir—its Sabbath School and the little ones.”

May we all be gathered sometime in our Father’s house to the family re-union to “glory, honor, immortality and eternal life.”

HELEN DUNHAM LITTLE,

Charter Member.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF PROFESSOR ALFRED M. FLETCHER.

Your pastor and you, yourselves, were kindly and patient with young organists. The church was a good religious home and there was a deal of helpful influence from its services and members.

Mr. Rice, in the choir, was kind, like a father, and has been ever since. He sang his part in his modest way; he harmonized with any thing or any body and was a kind of choir Moses leading us out of our darker troubles or little “scraps” into a tuneful frame of mind.

There was, however, a man, a friend of yours and of mine, who was in truth your musician. His interest never flagged; he loved the language of music and talked in it to God and man. He heard and remembered, not only sermons, but songs, volun-

taries and interludes. So he interested himself in all human affairs; so especially did his life concern itself with music and so, most of all, I think in the music of the church. Every step toward the new organ was watched by him with the keenest interest and when it came, it was a sincere regret not to be there and lead him to it, to see him caress it, trace out its form, so gently, with his sensitive finger tips and to leave him to his worship—just that once.

I have often wondered if the people of Pittsfield—even the people of this church, fully appreciate the power of good influence in Vinet Walker's life.

It is something to us to have felt the value of such concentration of memory.

It is much to live beside a man who had so much to endure and won such a victory of patience and love. It is more than good fortune to have a friend who did all this and, more than all, had faith in you and in me and in God.

Ever since that autumn day, when the leaves were falling—that beautiful—that glorious day!—when you sang in the church and he heard it above, when you found it harder to sing and he easier than ever to hear, when you left his body under the bright, red leaves, on the old Berkshire hillside and his soul was at peace in the *eternal hills*, an old word has a new meaning to us.

“Blessed are they that have not seen and yet, have believed.”

Yours with sincere good wishes for the church and greetings to its people.

A. M. FLETCHER.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF THE REV. R. A. ROBINSON.

Margaret Academy, Onancock, Va., Nov. 9, 1900.

My Dear Smart:

Your Jubilee program has just come. The occasion has a

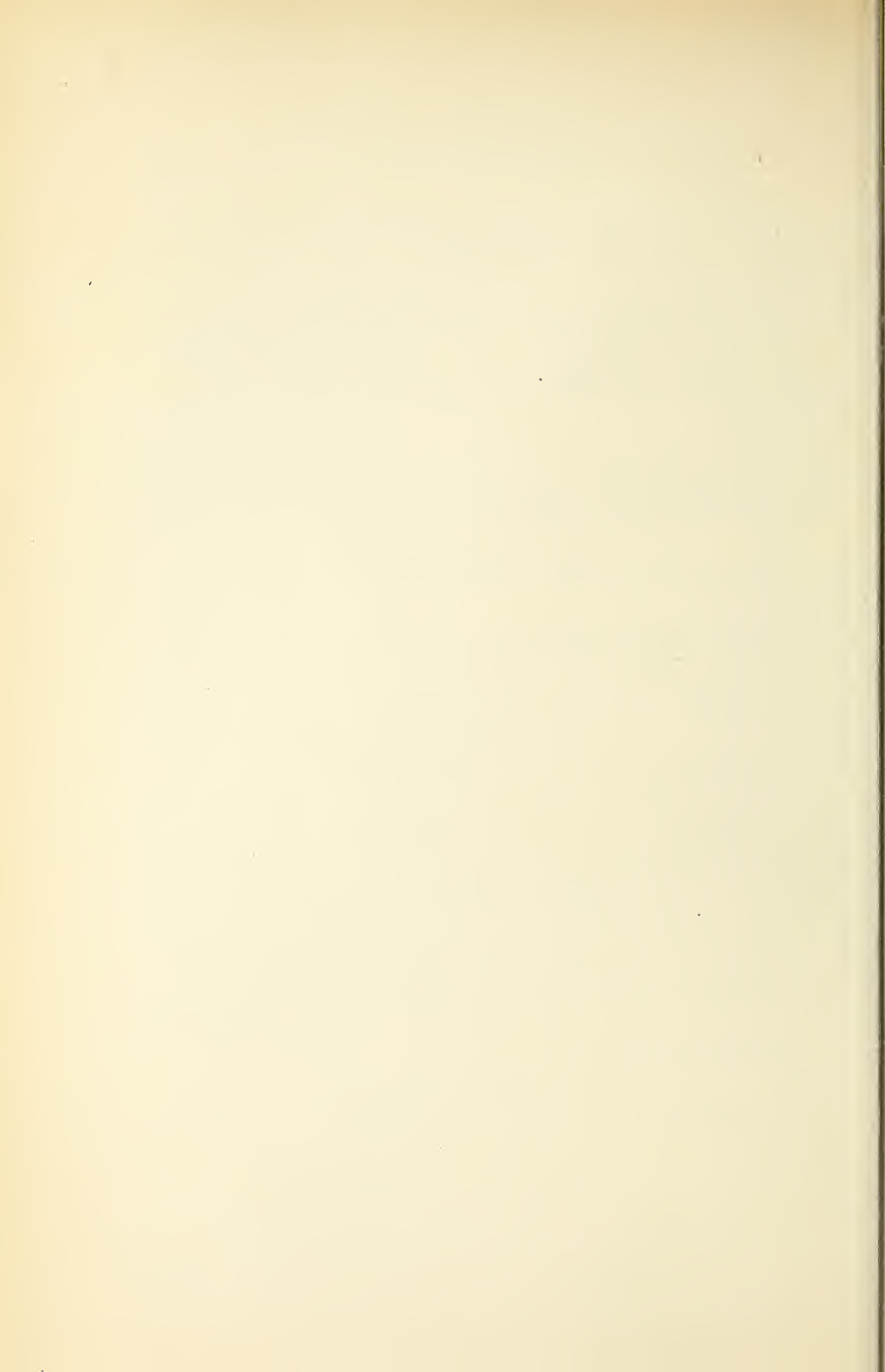
sweet peculiar interest to me. It recalls so much that is dear to me. Certain names are eloquent. I forbear to seem to make distinctions.

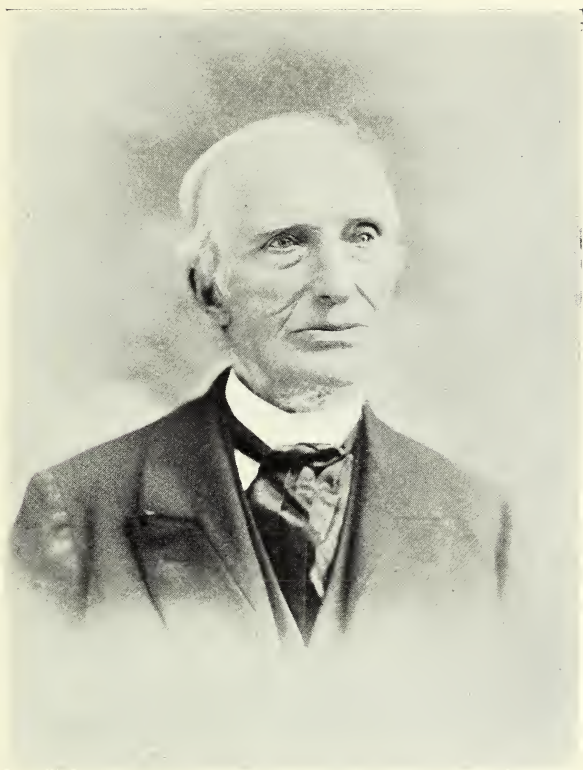
But amongst the sainted ones who have been "caught up," dear to all lovers of good, one name, one face, one voice seems to be haloed, as 'twere exhaling heavenly comfort—Deacon Peirson.

Oh! that this Jubilee Memorial may make quick and tender all the dear memories of past fellowship and so make effectual all efforts for holy service for the future.

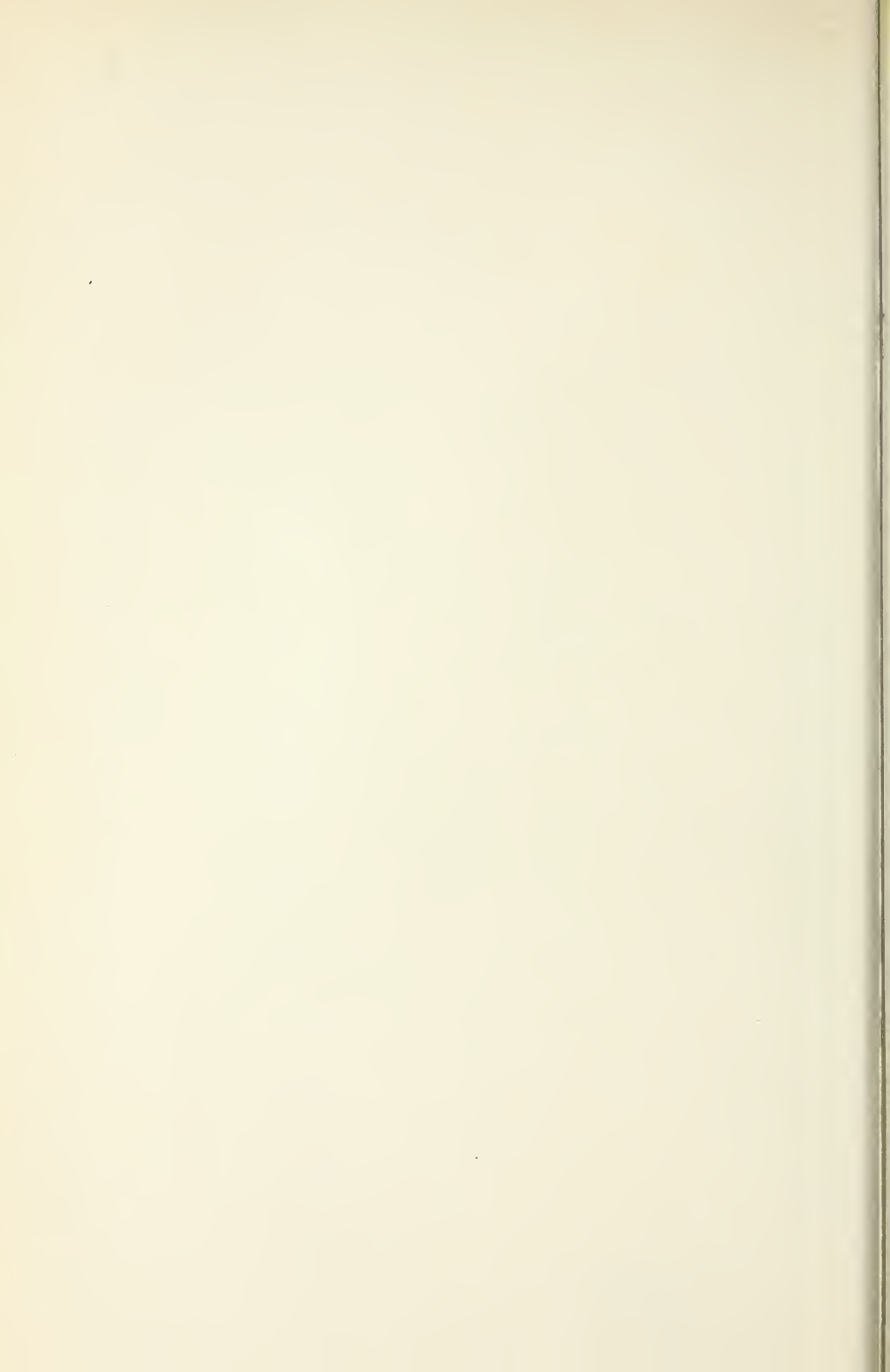
Affectionately yours,

R. A. ROBINSON.





DEACON WILLIAM ROBINSON



ADDRESS

BY DEACON WILLIAM ROBINSON.

I had a notice, a few days ago, that I should be called upon to make a speech, as they called it. Well, I have not made up my mind what to say. I remember, on one occasion, Jesus told Peter to go out and cast a hook and take the first fish that came up. Perhaps we shall have to practice on that. Peter went out; he knew exactly where to cast his hook; he knew just when to pull on the line to catch the fish and he was successful. He got the money out of the fish, to pay the demand of himself and Jesus. He put it into the contribution box. As I understand it, the South Church has been fishing for the last year or two and has been successful. We got enough money to pay our debts, money in the fish's mouth, and we stand square with the world. That is well. The house of God is free from incumbrance, and we are free from the burden which has been hanging upon us for a good while.

There is another thing. In calling to his disciples, Jesus said to them: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." They followed Him and they were successful. That is just what the South Church has been doing for the last fifty years, fishers of men and women and children, and the appearance of things to-night rather looks as though we had been successful.

I look back fifty years and Pittsfield looks so much different now than it did fifty years ago that I should not know the place. I should hardly know myself. The churches have kept pace

pretty well with the city; I don't know as they have come up fully to the line, but they have done pretty well. I have a deep sympathy for all the churches of Pittsfield because I sympathize with the men. I have been associated with the leading men of most all of them, and if they are in prosperity, I am glad. If they are in adversity, I am sad.

Well, I stand here, a representative of a family of twelve, all grown up people but one; one of the family died in infancy. All the rest grew up and had families and I am the only man on earth that belonged to that family, to stand here and tell the story. Not one of that family died without a good hope of eternal life.

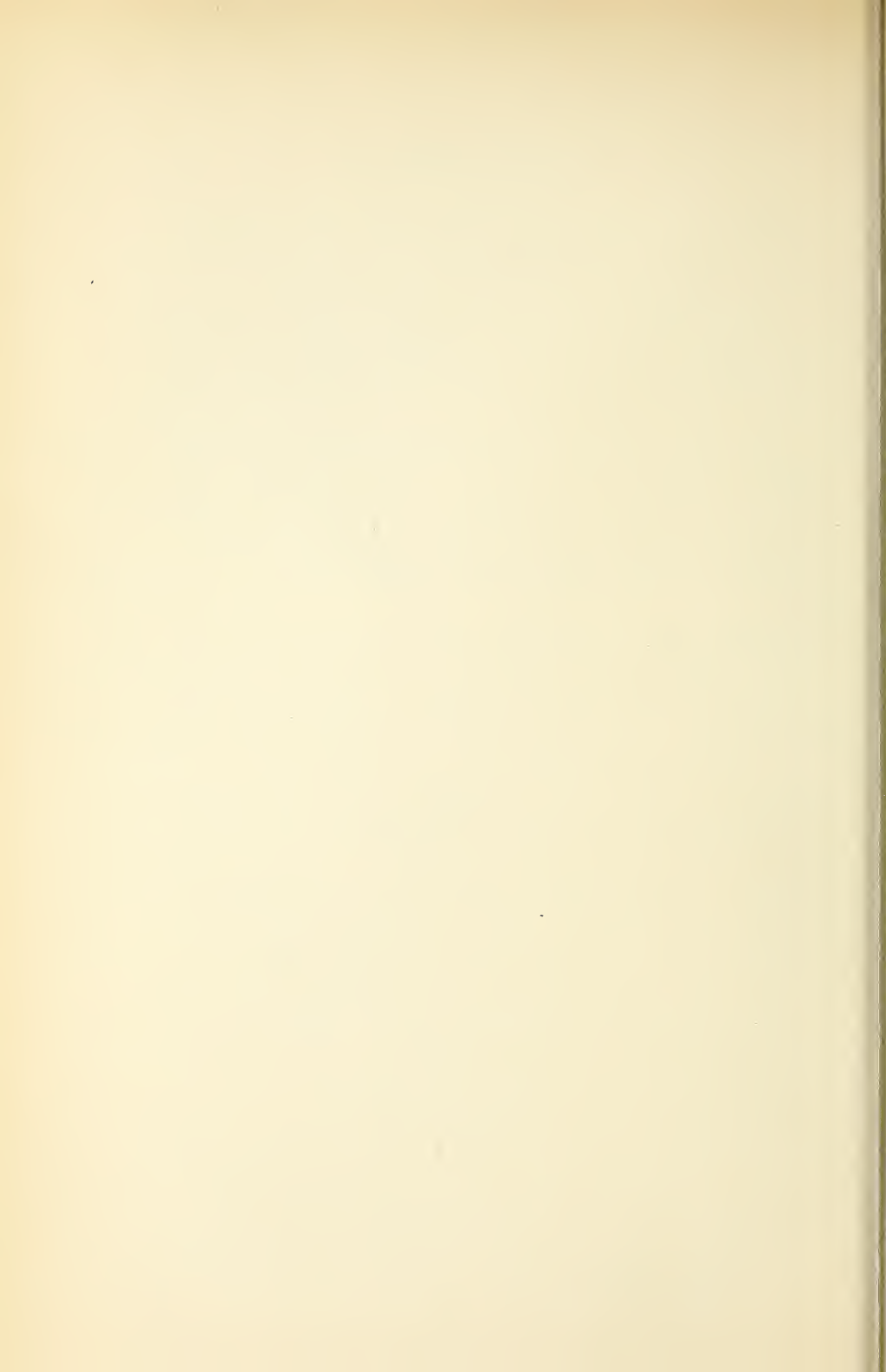
But that is not what I am going to say. There is another subject that has lain upon my mind with some weight. The original members of this church have nearly all of them passed away. We call them dead. They are not dead. They never were more alive than to-day, never had more life and interest than they have, and it is a pleasure for us to feel that they are still living under more favorable circumstances than we are ourselves.

I read the history of Dr. Todd some ten years ago. I knew Dr. Todd pretty well and so did you. In the history of his death it is stated that he shouted "Glory, glory, glory" three times and then he died. What is it that makes a man, when he is going to die, shout with such earnestness "Glory" three times? It is what is beyond. It is just what our friends, whom we call dead, are enjoying tonight. We are here in this house dedicated to the service of the living God, but they are in circumstances that are wonderfully more interesting and desirable than we can get anywhere on earth. We ought to be glad that we could do something for them to fit them for a higher scene of living than we can have on earth. And we did those

things. I can testify of men and women that stood up and labored and prayed and sang and did everything they could to advance the interests of the people of the South Church.

Now, friends, we are in good condition. We are all right to go forward. Don't let us slack our interest; don't let us slack anything that promises advancement and more light and blessedness. Let us do what we can.

Our Father in heaven, we come to Thee to ask that we may be fitted for the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us. May we do all we can for the honor of Thy name, for the advancement of the interests of Thy kingdom, and for the salvation of men. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.



ADDRESS

BY JOHN BASCOM, D. D., LL. D.

Members of the South Church and Congregation: Though my knowledge of Pittsfield extends beyond the period of the life of this church, I have none the less been so much of an outsider that I can add nothing to those memories which you have been refreshing for the past three days. Perhaps you will be willing that the words now spoken shall be a little more remote and a little more critical. The one thing which would perhaps strike a disinterested observer of this Jubilee would be that it is so thoroughly identified with a single church; that you have set apart these days for its celebration; that it is your own activity in the past, with its successes and failures, that are called to mind. Though the other churches of this city may be with you—they are with you in sympathy—yet it is your own anniversary. This accords in large measure with our Congregational polity. It is marked, above all religious polities, for its particularism, for its individualism; and therefore it is very exceptional in the religious history of the world. The religions of the world have, for the most part, been received by individuals from large ecclesiastical bodies, and men have shared their convictions with their neighbors. There comes from this particularism of our Congregational polity the largest sense of individual responsibility and of individual liberty. What we achieve we must primarily achieve by our own efforts, and we have no great promise of rewards or honors leading us to enter into

religious work in connection with any other portion of the kingdom of Christ. This individualism stands in marked contrast with the prevailing tendency of our times. This tendency is to organize, to unite in large numbers for the accomplishment either of narrow or comprehensive ends. Other churches are taking into consideration the fitness of striving to unite themselves in a more comprehensive way, and this effort on their part arises in connection with the larger churches rather than in connection with those whose numbers are less numerous. We, as Congregationalists, it is not likely, can take any great part in a movement of that kind. We probably would feel concerning such an organization that it would be a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. Yet, in spite of this separation of ourselves in the religious world, there is nothing more organic, nothing more comprehensive in the relation of its members to each other, than the kingdom of heaven. What I wish to present is the connection of these two things, our particularism as a Congregational Church, and the organic force of the kingdom of heaven. How can these two things be brought together? I think the first purpose of a church,—of any form of combination for the sake of spiritual ends,—is to receive the current revelation of God, to apprehend the special light that falls upon us in our generation. This was the purpose of the prophets and of the apostles in their time—to apprehend the new light and stand on terms of immediate connection with the divine truth as applicable to them, then and there. The period over which the life of this church extends has been one remarkable in the history of the world for its religious revelation, the revelation of God. None of us, however attentive we may have been, have received more than a fraction of this vision of truth. Only a small portion of us have been able to stand out in this sunlight of the divine presence, which

has shone upon us with such wonderful clearness in the years that have passed over this church. For the receiving of this divine truth by the world it seems to me our Congregational polity is especially fitted. We are not compelled to take it any faster than we are prepared to take it, nor are we restrained from moving forward as rapidly as the revelation comes to us. Nothing can be more special, nothing can be more particular, than God's dealings with the human mind in connection with the revelation of His kingdom and of His love and of His purposes in the world. Only when we are gathered together in such numbers that we understand each other, can talk with each other, can pray and meditate in reference to the divine truth, are we in the condition best fitted for that revelation. The particularism of our Congregational polity puts us on the terms of largest freedom and intercourse with the revelation of life and light which falls upon us in our own generation. We are not under the shadow or under the restraint, or even under the guidance, of an ecclesiastical organization to such a degree as to embarrass our individual measurements and apprehensions.

The second purpose of a church comprehends its active mission. It is to carry forward this truth into the kingdom of heaven, to build up the kingdom of heaven. This kingdom of heaven is capable of receiving and demands this individual labor which you and I, united in a church, are best prepared to put forth. We are not to look upon the world as a vale of tears. It is in some sense a vale of tears, but more and more should it seem to us to be filled with sunlight. Can we not, in connection with our particularism, enter into the organic forces of the kingdom of heaven more perfectly than we could enter into them in connection with our relations to a larger and apparently more comprehensive and organic church? There is nothing so organic as the kingdom of heaven. It in-

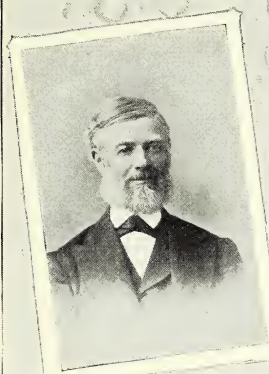
volves new and fitting relations in the civil world, in the economic world, in the social world, in the religious world. We cease to have the idea, under our narrow polity, that the world is to be gathered into our church, but rather that the life of our church is to pour itself into the world. It is not that politics is to enter the pulpit, but that the pulpit is to enter politics. It is not that the world about us is to sit under our instruction, but that the spirit of our instruction is to be of that masterful kind that shall go out into the world for its subjugation. It is our duty to order the social conditions of the world in a Christ-like temper. Can we not individually best express this Christ-like temper which is to go with the church and from the church into the world? It matters not where the trolley cars are running, nor in what direction. What we ask is, Where is the power generated? The great question is not the number of churches that are to be united in the kingdom of heaven, nor the relations that are to be established between them, nor the variety of service that is to be rendered by them; the great question is, Whence is to come the spiritual power by which these various things are to be done? It is altogether a question of life. In the organic world it is the living cell, the simple form of life, that is absorbed into the larger forms of life, and comes to rule them. So must it be in the kingdom of heaven. It is the individual life taken up into this larger life and made a portion of it which is to introduce this kingdom of heaven. Because of our individualism and our particularism, among all the things that are to be absorbed into that one comprehensive organization, the kingdom of heaven, there is room for us in the manifold relations of faith and of spiritual activity.

Probably no fifty years in the world's history has, on the whole, been equivalent to the fifty years which you have just passed through in the variety of revelation, bearing directly or

indirectly on the kingdom of God. It is not probable that, in the next fifty years, there will be an equivalent amount of revelation; but there should be, in those fifty years, more activity, more application of the truth, a better understanding of where the truth carries us in the world, of what obligations it lays upon us in our business relations, how it builds up and governs society, than in the fifty years that have now passed by, or than in any fifty years that have come to the world. This church is called to these fifty years. We stand at the threshold of this future, to take all that has been so liberally granted us and return it to the world in that one momentous fact, the kingdom of heaven. How far is this South Church prepared to stand between the present and the future, to receive the things that have come to it through God's Word, through God's work, through service everywhere, through those even who have denied His name—to take this revelation that has come from all directions and turn it into the kingdom of heaven? This is the labor and this the promise of the fifty years that lie before you. In proportion as we enter into this work that which we already enjoy in so large a measure will come to us in more abundant ministrations. We shall not have light except as we use that light for the great ends of obedience and sanctification under the divine purpose.

I know no place where one can lay down what we sometimes call the "burden of life"—but which we might better term the joyous labor of life—with more satisfaction than at the steps of the church, having fulfilled with those about us the labor which fell upon us collectively, having borne forward with one spirit and with comprehensive power this mission work of the kingdom of heaven. I know of no place where the young man, who desires something beyond his own prosperity, whose heart goes forth with aspirations and love toward the world, of no place where he can gather up for himself duties more fruitful, more

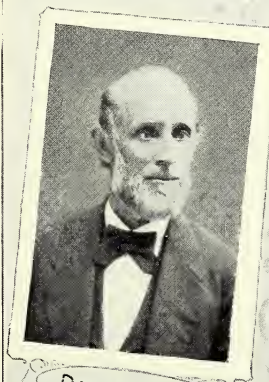
promising, more rich in their reaction on his own heart, more powerful in their action on the hearts of men, than at the doors of a Christian church. In these fifty years before you we trust that young men and women will be found to complete, and more than complete, the prayers and labors of those who are now with us. Thus there shall be an eternal inheritance moving forward toward the kingdom of heaven, whose history we shall gladly trace century by century as the purposes and the grace of God fulfill themselves.



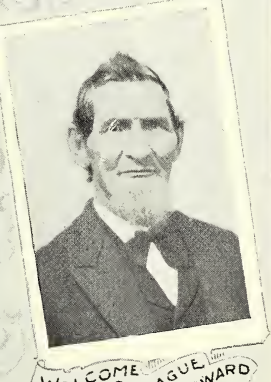
PHINEAS
L. PAGE



HENRY PURCHES



DANIEL DAY.
1815 - 1883



WELCOME
SPRAGUE HOWARD
1800 - 1867



ADDRESS

BY MR. ROBERT W. ADAM.

I was much pleased at the kind invitation of your pastor to take a share, even as an outsider, in these anniversary exercises. I had the feeling, however, that more is expected of me, from my years and from my long residence in this town, more of reminiscence, more perhaps of instruction than I am able to give. Age does not always bring wisdom with it, nor can the memory always be trusted to bring forth accurate recollections.

At the time of the formation of this church and parish I was a new comer in Pittsfield, of course very little acquainted with the affairs of the town, but very soon I learned of the movement towards the formation of another parish and another church. I came here as a student in the office of Rockwell & Colt. Mr. Rockwell, since Judge Rockwell, was then a member of congress. Mr. Colt, since then Judge Colt, was an active member of the bar, an influential citizen, earnest and forward in all public affairs. Their office was the natural resort of men of prominence in the town and there I soon saw gathered from time to time such men as Dr. Humphrey, Lemuel Pomeroy, Solomon L. Russell, George W. Campbell, Wellington H. Tyler, William M. Walker and Calvin Martin, all men active in the affairs of the town, all prominent citizens. There, in their meetings, the affairs of church and state were generally discussed, and prominent among those talks was the necessity for a new parish and church. It was very evident that the old church had outgrown

itself. There was too much work for a pastor, there was not room enough for the congregation. To obtain a seat in the church was a difficult matter. In 1847, I think it was, I was here boarding at a house on North street, the site of which is now occupied by one of our large brick blocks. My sisters, then day scholars in Mr. Tyler's Institute, were boarding with me. We naturally wished for seats in the church. It was some time before we were able to obtain them, and finally, through the kindness of Deacon James H. Dunham, one of your leading men, we were taken into his seat and accommodated there until my sisters became boarding pupils in the Institute.

Various plans were formed and discussed. The idea was that of building a new and larger church edifice; but there still remained the enlarged work for the pastor. There was the idea, instead of having an entirely separate church, of having a branch church, both of which should be under one administration. That was found to be impracticable. Finally it was resolved that a new church and parish should be instituted. The question then was, "Who should go?" The church was perfectly united. The history of the church, in general, is too full of schisms and separations and secessions and quarrels to make it altogether pleasant reading; but here there was perfect harmony; pastor and people were united; the people themselves were of one mind and one heart; nothing in the way of division was here. This church was founded in love. The history of the church has been most beautifully presented to you by Mr. Peirson. I think we all have occasion to thank him for the very interesting and thorough manner in which he has presented and brought out the history. The church was organized. It is sometimes spoken of as a daughter of the mother church. In one sense it is. I prefer to think of it, however, as a sister. Instead of thinking of it as a daughter, going forth to make a new home and originating a

new family, I prefer to think of it as a sister remaining in the old home, under the same broad roof, working with the same purposes, equal in all things.

Not long ago I was riding from the railway station in the town of Princeton up to the village on the slope of Mount Wachusett. A gentleman in the carriage pointed out a tree, not very far removed from the roadside, a tree beautiful in its form, with gracefully rounded trunk, broad spreading branches, inviting the wayfarer to stop and rest beneath its shelter. A closer look, however, showed that that tree was made up of two. The foliage on the one side was the maple, on the other side, at the top, of a different species. There was a slight distinction in the foliage on close inspection. I think of these two churches as one tree, growing up together, inviting the weary passer to the shelter of its shade, its trunk well rounded and graceful, ever pointing heavenward.

I remember well the burning of the first edifice on this site. It was a splendid, and yet a sad sight. I believe it was the night following the close of the meeting of the American Board. The town had been full of strangers. There had been rejoicing and well wishing, but that was followed by a sad sight. The flames, starting from the old lecture room, which stood a little to the north, soon enveloped the building almost completely and everything was in ruins. It was discouraging. It was sad. I believe that the northwest corner of the wall of the basement was so little injured that it was not found necessary to take that down. I think I am correct and that it now stands as it was originally laid. All the rest had to be built over. I remember, among other things that night, the efforts of Dr. Todd, who, by the way, was one of the best and most practical firemen Pittsfield ever had. How, thoroughly drenched from head to foot, he stood on a ladder, reaching up to the roof of the house then occupied by Mr.

Thomas Strong, now owned by Mrs. Campbell. It was in great danger of taking fire from the heat of the lecture room, and he stood there, working earnestly and effectually for the saving of that building.

I remember another experience in the history of this church; how your parents (turning to Mr. Peirson) at the close of the regular service one day came forward here and were united in marriage. I wonder if it is all sentiment, or if the recognition, on their part, that here they commenced their long and happy united life, was not ever a stimulus to them in the labor and service which they so freely gave to this church. I did not know Mr. Peirson very well then. Not long after I came to know him intimately. We were associated in the difficult, perplexing and thankless office, for some years, of assessing the taxes of this town, and there I came to know his sound, wise judgment, his honesty of purpose, his earnest desire to do right and justly by every one. My acquaintance with Mr. Peirson was further continued when he became one of the trustees of the bank with which I was connected. There he was my trusted friend, my wise counsellor, ever ready and ever able to give me all the assistance I needed.

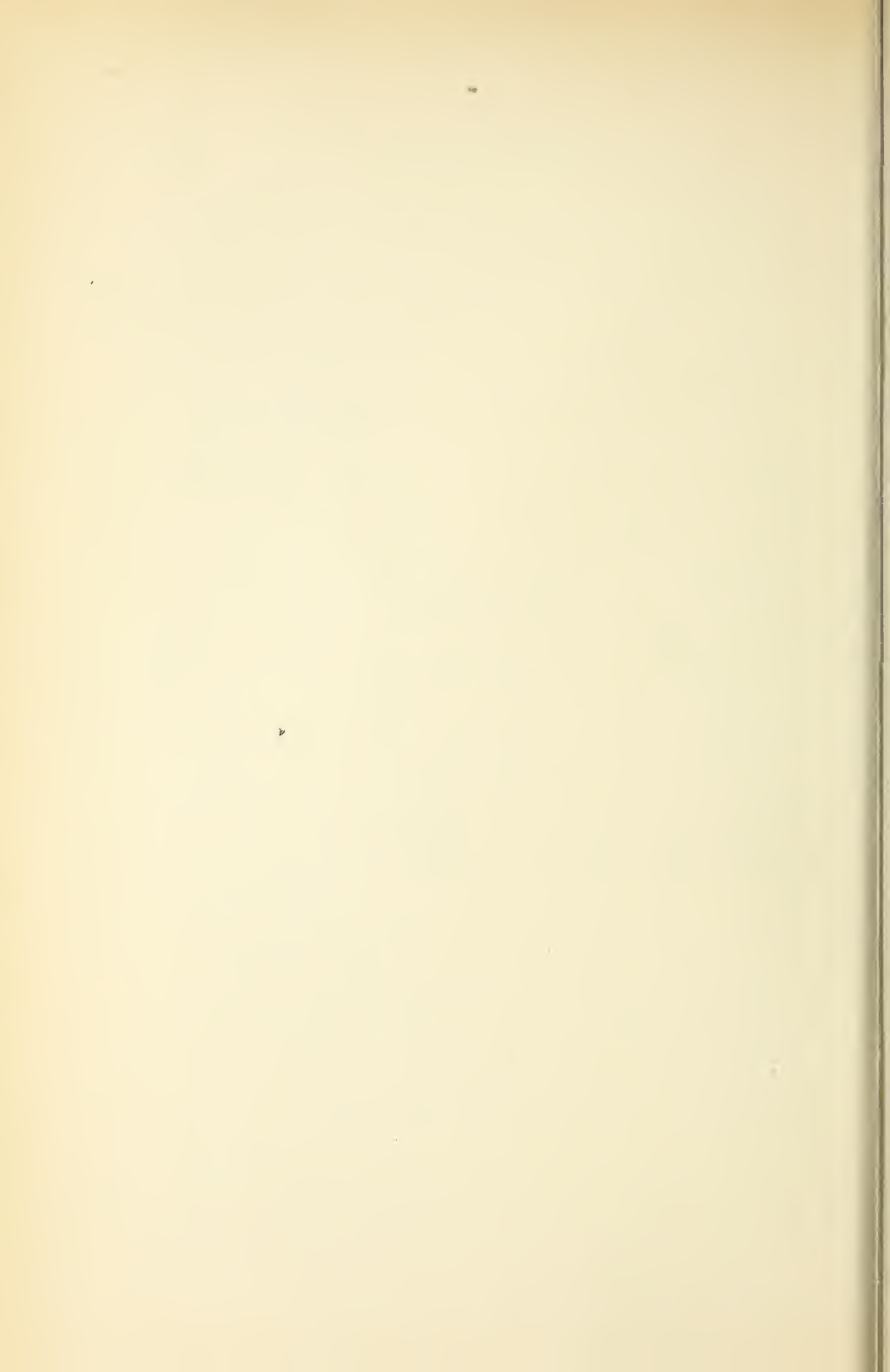
I recall the memory of another of your saints, if I may so call them, Deacon Daniel Day. For fifteen years he and I were together associated, meeting each other daily, our intercourse always pleasant. I found in him a faithful assistant and a wise counsellor. He was a profound reader, a deep thinker, a thoroughly cultivated man, not caring to put himself forward, rather retiring than otherwise. There was in him a power which was to be admired.

Another one of your number whom I well knew was Mrs. Fenn, an earnest, active worker, with the good of the church and the good of the community always at heart. During our

Civil War that woman accomplished as much for her country as any soldier on the field. Many of us who can remember the return of the 49th regiment to town, will recall Mrs. Fenn with her corps of nurses in the temporary hospital which she had fitted up to receive the weary and the sick soldiers and send them strengthened to their homes.

It is men and women such as these that strengthen the church, that go to give vitality to a community. I speak only of those whom I have well known. There are scores of others whose names are precious in your memory to whom I will not refer.

Last Sabbath evening, reaching my home, I took up last week's number of the Outlook which lay on the table. I happened to open to an article by Dr. Griffis on the Exposition in Paris. The first paragraph of that article is a free translation of the Latin motto of the city of Paris, "Mid storms they wrestle nor ever sink." I thought at once of that story which I had just heard from Mr. Peirson, of the trials which this church and parish had gone through, the storms with which they had wrestled, and they were many. You have been tried as by fire, the lightnings have made their marks and the winds of heaven have visited you all too roughly, but these disasters have only served to strengthen your activity and nerve your courage and bring out the active, practical sympathy of the community. You stand now, at the close of your first fifty years, a prosperous church. I have had, within the last week, the pleasure of executing the instrument which has removed every incumbrance in the way of debt from your church. Your numbers are increasing, your spiritual life is flourishing. God's blessing is evidently upon you, and that the coming fifty years, and all the years to come, may still witness you growing in your godlike work of bringing multitudes into the light is the fervent prayer of every lover of the good.



ADDRESS

BY MR. WILLIAM B. RICE.

I purposed, at the suggestion of another, to speak of persons connected with this church, particularly of some of the deacons who have gone up higher, but our friend, the Rev. Mr. Carruthers, last Sunday evening, and Mr. Adam, at this time, have portrayed the men spoken of so truthfully, so completely, in terms so appreciative, that nothing more needs to be said of them. I certainly shall not try to retouch their finished work with my unpractised pencil. One would expect such men to be quiet, orderly, law-abiding citizens. Such they were. But the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted about two months before the organization of this church, aroused their righteous indignation; they not only did not obey the law, but, in positive terms, denounced its provisions and advised disobedience.

The underground railroad, unchartered by the state but sanctioned by the Sermon on the Mount, did a thriving business here. The house of one of our deacons served as a station, the deacon acting as agent, assisted by friends and neighbors who acted as conductors and looked after the comfort and safety of their passengers. The station was on North street, a little north of the First Baptist Church.

I am reminded here of an experience of my own which took place just after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law. Of course the passage of such a law gave rise to frequent heated discussions. I had a discussion, (I don't know that I was heated)

with one of my neighbors, a deacon in a Congregational Church in the adjoining state of Connecticut. There was in the church of which he was a deacon a very respectable colored man, the sober, industrious father of a fine family, as respectable as any of his white neighbors. As an illustration of my feeling in regard to the slave law I said to this good deacon (I have no doubt of his goodness), "If Sam Smith (this colored brother) was a fugitive from slavery and I knew that a United States marshal was on his way to arrest him and carry him back to slavery, I would go to him, apprise him of his danger and do all in my power to assist in his escape." "You would do a very mean thing," said the deacon. Now that was not the sentiment of that man alone; the North was full of just such men. Obedience to law was preached—a good doctrine. Obey the higher powers. "The powers that be are ordained of God." Good doctrine; no doubt about that. Others sounded a different note. The Independent conducted by Dr. Joseph P. Thompson of the Tabernacle, Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, and Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn, advised resistance to the law, and in token of their respect for law, to submit to the penalty for its violation,—\$1000 fine and six months imprisonment. But times change, and men change with them. American slavery has passed away and laws to sanction and maintain it would now be regarded very much as is the doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule.

We heard last evening, in the address by Dr. Harris, that there have been advances in theology; and there have been advances, too, in the realm of material things. During the last one hundred years, changes have taken place in this world of ours which it is difficult for the younger people to realize, and by 'younger' I mean from sixty down. In the year 1800 the

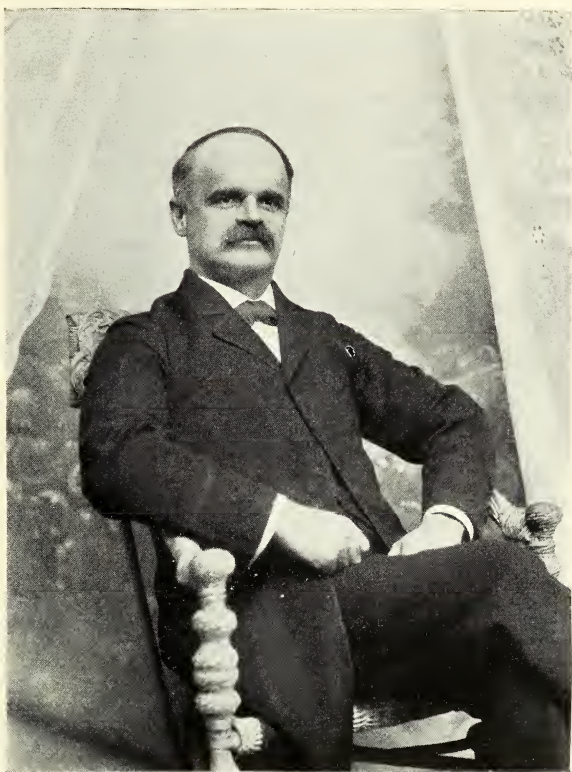
streets of no single city in all the world were lighted by gas or anything else. In the last years of the previous century steam had been used in a rude way for pumping water out of mines. Early in the present century, by means of greatly improved engines, it was applied to driving machinery and to locomotive purposes. Steam vessels, large and small, ply on every ocean, lake and navigable river. All the railroads of the world are the product of the last seventy years, a period of time well within the memory of many persons now living. Then came in 1837 Daguerre's discovery of a process for making pictures by means of sunlight. In 1844 the electric telegraph was put in successful operation between Baltimore and Washington and the first message sent over it. Compare the slowness of communication just before that with the swiftness with which last week's election tidings were gathered and announced all over the land. About the same time the use of anaesthetics in surgery was discovered. In 1859 the oil fields were opened. About 1866 the Atlantic cable was successfully laid and opened. In 1875 or 1876 came the telephone, that wonderful instrument for quick communication. Then followed the subjection of electricity to the uses of man for the purposes of locomotion, driving of machinery, and illumination. I have mentioned only some of the more important of the discoveries and inventions of the last one hundred years. What times are these in which we live! Let us not forget that increase of opportunity and privilege enhances responsibility.

I am reminded by the sermon of our pastor Sunday morning of some lines which I first saw in 1856, during the Fremont campaign, written by Dr. Holland, our western Massachusetts poet, with special reference to the great question of the day, just as freedom and slavery were about to engage in their death grapple. They were headed

WANTED.

“God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.”
(So far, the kind of men wanted. Now, why wanted?)
“For while the rabble with their thumb-worm creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.”

Such, I think, are the kind of men our pastor had in mind. We stand near the close of the nineteenth and about to step over the threshold of the twentieth century, and what shall we write upon our banner? Truth, righteousness, love. Let the young men and the old men of this church, and those of all our churches, Protestant and Catholic, and men who belong to no church, range themselves under Christ's leadership and go forward. I end, as did our pastor on Sunday morning: Let us give ourselves to the splendid work of making men.



THE REVEREND CHARLES H. HAMLIN



ADDRESS

BY THE REVEREND C. H. HAMLIN.

Pastor, Sisters, and Friends: It is a great delight to look once more into your faces. I had one of the surprises of my life to-day. As I went into one of the barber shops of this town for my morning's shave, the barber spoke to me as "Father Hamlin." I felt my years in no youthful degree.

I want to congratulate you to-night on the possession of the unprecedented, abnormal and unnatural ecclesiastical sensation, freedom from debt. How does it feel? I hope you enjoy it. Long may it stay with you. Now this freedom from debt might be a very tame and unworthy thing if it meant inefficient equipment to extend the gospel. On the other hand, when this freedom from debt means the best equipment to extend the gospel that you ever had, a cheer for the freedom from debt. Not only does it mean the best building, what they call the best plant, but this building and this plant, as it came from the tools of the carpenter and the brains of the architect, would not be the building and the plant you have, were it not that it spoke of the sacrifices that you have been willing to make for it and are willing to make for it. Besides these outward walls, there is the inward devotion and loyalty of your hearts, developed in the past and the present and a pledge for the future. The whole fifty years give nothing except as they stand for the present and the future. Of what good are all the past dividends of old national banks? They are matters of no further interest. The quotation of their stock and the value of

their property depends upon the dividends that are yet to be. What is it that this church has done? Nothing except as it is a pledge of what it is yet to do. "Things won are done. Life's joy is in the doing." That, I believe, comes out of one of the plays of Shakespeare, which we sometimes question whether he ever wrote. Well, if Shakespeare didn't write them, who else did?

I want to congratulate you on the opportunity you have for the future, but I also want to join with you in returning thanks for what you have already done on the momentum of the past, which gives the pledge of success in the future. You have erected a structure suitable for public worship, you have improved your music, and these things are good; but the greatest thing that this church has ever done is the humanity it has developed.

My parents had hopes that I would become a minister of Christ, but I told my father, "If I do study theology, I don't know whether I can believe it enough to preach it." He said, "If you don't and can't believe it, I will not ask you to preach it, but, as a graduate of a college, I think it worth your time to take one special year to find out whether you can believe it." I went for one year, under the instruction of your first pastor, and, in spite of all the doubts which had come to me, after something like six months in the Seminary, things began to look less unreasonable than they did.

Everything President Harris said in his estimation of your first pastor was entirely true, but, if I were to describe him, there is one word I should use which President Harris did not use, and that is the word "candor." I know no man more courteous to opponents. He was absolutely just and absolutely fair. I have known men with candor who equalled him, but I never knew another man who surpassed him for candor.

Deacon Rice would not say anything about the deacons. I could not be satisfied if I should leave this place without testimony to the board of deacons, not only the deacons of this church, but of every church I have ever met. At the time I entered the ministry, now twenty-five years ago, it was common to sneer at deacons, and to speak of them as the men who stood in the way as stumbling blocks in the progress of the church, and especially to progress suggested by younger ministers. All the deacons I have ever met have given me liberty to go ahead. Make your mistakes, as every man must who does anything, and you shall be forgiven for the mistake, but you can never be forgiven for the mistake of inaction. I want to acknowledge the courtesy and the encouragement which I had from the deacons of this church, in the liberty of action, under heavy responsibility, for they took me when I was young and they were all older men than I. They were willing to give me liberty of action.

When I came to this church, for the first time in my life I met a Yankee humorist who was a deacon, and I thank God that I met him in that capacity. There had been some disarrangement, because of funeral services and the contribution bags could not be found. One of the deacons said to me in a low voice, "I have no doubt those contribution bags are somewhere." I recovered my features and from that day to this I have blessed the American humorist whom I met in the office of a church deacon.

So much for your first pastor; so much for the board of deacons; but, beyond the pastor and beyond the deacons have been the rank and file of this church. You will all remember Deacon Peirson, his faithfulness and his wisdom in the finances. You will always remember Deacon Day. There was in this parish a certain woman, a wife, mother and grandmother, and whenever your deacons and your pastor were overcome with their respon-

sibilities, they called upon that mother in Israel and went home uplifted and glad. She was a representative of the strength in faith of the rank and file of this South Church. God bless you now and evermore.

REMARKS

BY MR. A. A. FOBES.

Eighteen months ago there were in existence three papers that were obnoxious to the members of the South Church. These papers, while innocent in themselves, were the source of much anxiety. Two of these papers represented notes for \$400 each and the third was a mortgage for \$3,800, representing a total indebtedness of \$4,600 and an annual yearly interest of \$230. At the annual parish meeting in the spring of 1899 it was decided to call a special meeting of the church, the congregation and the parish, for the purpose of raising money for paying off the two notes. At the special meeting several hundred dollars were raised and a committee was appointed for the purpose of raising the rest. This committee consisted of Miss F. I. Dunham, Miss Mary E. Porter, Mrs. James Denny, Jr., Mr. A. A. Fobes, Mr. H. W. Myers.

After the committee had organized we received a request from the committee who had the arrangement of this Jubilee in charge, that we should assume the responsibility of raising the whole debt of \$4,600. This seemed a very heavy burden at that time, but, with God's help and with your help, the debt has been paid.

Our plan was simple. It was to bring home to every member of the congregation the need of paying his or her fair share of the debt. For those who were not able to pay their share in one sum, we have had the weekly envelope system, and we believe

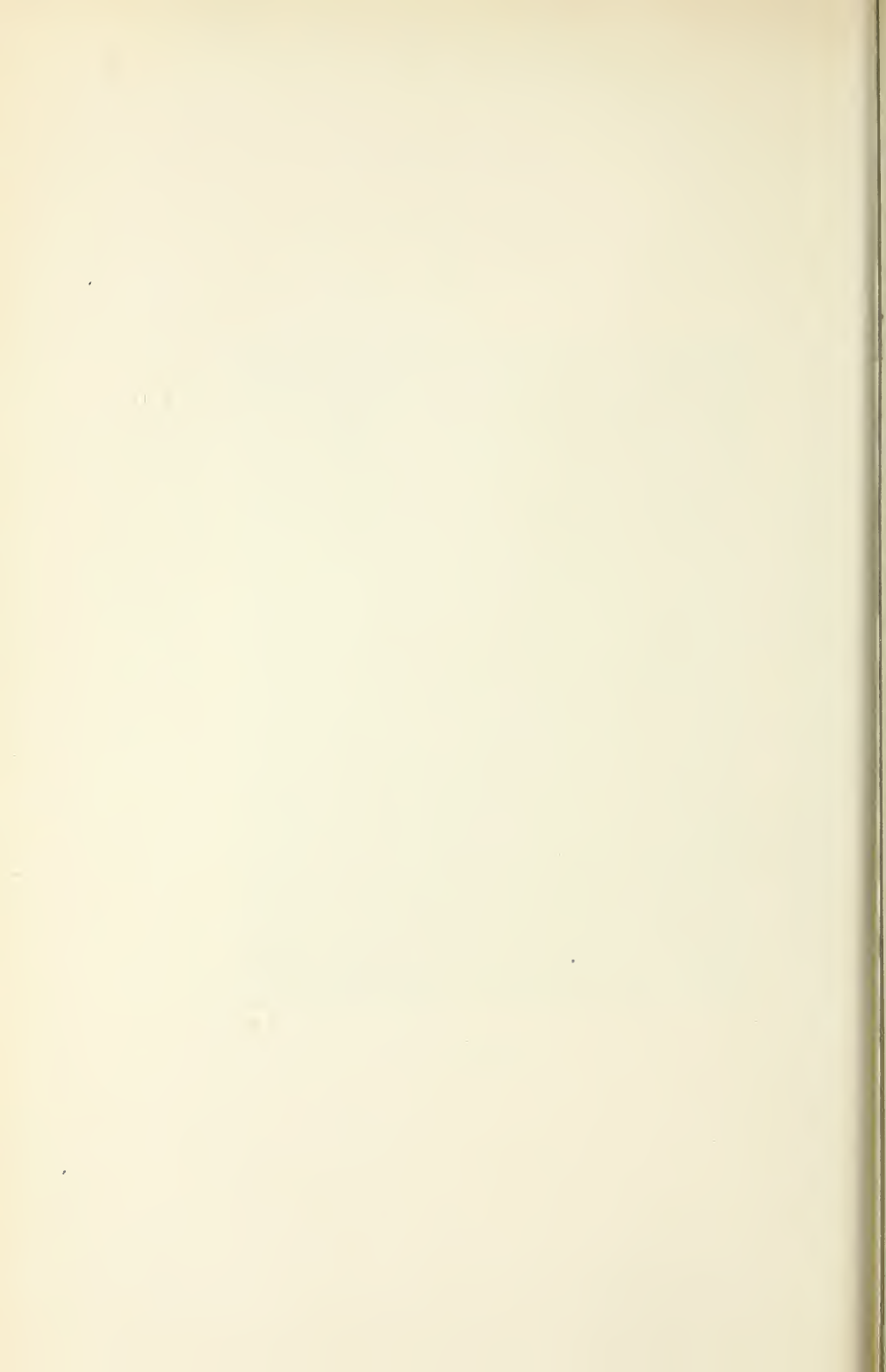
that nearly everyone has contributed something. We have also had the substantial aid of the different organizations of the church; from the Ladies' Society, from the Sunday School, from the Christian Endeavor and the Junior Endeavor Society, and now, in the name of the committee, I wish to thank all those who have co-operated with us in this work of raising the debt, especially the collectors who have assisted, some of whom have volunteered their services.

Mr. Chairman of the Prudential Committee, in the name of our committee and the members of the South Church, I present the last of those obnoxious papers, the mortgage.



CHARLES BRANDON BOYNTON, D. D.

1806-1883



MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH.

SAMUEL HARRIS, D. D. L.L. D., born in Machias, Maine, June the fourteenth, 1814, was graduated Bowdoin college 1833, Andover Seminary 1838. Ordained Conway, Massachusetts, December, the twenty-second, 1841. Installed Pittsfield, March the twelfth, 1851. Dismissed August the thirteenth, 1855. Professor of Systematic Theology Bangor Seminary 1855-1867; president Bowdoin college 1867-1871; professor Systematic Theology, Yale Divinity school 1871-1896, and emeritus professor afterwards. Williams college gave the honorary D. D. in 1855 and Bowdoin L. L. D. in 1871. Published "The Philosophic Basis of Theism" in 1890, "The Self-revelation of God," 1891, "God Creator and Lord of All," 1896. Died of pneumonia June the twenty-fifth, 1899, aged eighty-five years and ten days.

The following sketch of Dr. Boynton was kindly prepared by his son, General H. V. Boynton of Washington, D. C.

CHARLES BRANDON BOYNTON, D. D., was born in West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, June the twelfth, 1806. He entered Williams in the class of 1827. He studied law, and later was elected to the Massachusetts legislature. While a student of law he became converted, and decided to study for the ministry. He was a pupil of the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, the blind preacher. He was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Housatonic, Massachusetts, in 1840. After three years he went to Lansingburgh, New York, as pastor of the second Presbyterian church, and in 1846 accepted a call to the Sixth Presbyterian

church in Cincinnati, Ohio. The opposition to slavery was beginning to grow strong in that border city, and under his leadership the church adopted the Congregational form of worship in order to free itself from an organization tolerating slavery. This church was known as the Vine Street Congregational. In it was held, in 1848, the first Christian Anti-slavery convention in the West. When it assembled, so fierce had the controversy over slavery become, that one of the leading newspapers of the city advocated mobbing it. Dr. Boynton continued a leader in the anti-slavery cause until the war abolished it. In 1856 he was called to the South church in Pittsfield, but was recalled to the Vine Street Church in 1857. Being compelled to stop preaching for a time by ill health, he again sought an Eastern climate. He was chaplain of the National House of Representatives during the Thirty-ninth and the Fortieth Congresses and pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington. He was again called to the South Church, and afterward for a third time to the Vine Street Church in Cincinnati. His total service in the latter position was over 25 years. He died in Cincinnati in 1883. He regarded his terms of service in the South Church as among the most delightful years of his ministry.

ROSWELL FOSTER, born Hanover, New Hampshire, June the thirtieth, 1824, studied at Henniker and Hopkinton academies, was graduated Dartmouth college 1849, Andover Seminary 1853. Pastorates: Waltham, Massachusetts 1855-1856, Westhampton, Massachusetts 1856-1859, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, February the second, 1859—January the twenty-fourth, 1861, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, 1861-1867, Nebraska City, Nebraska 1867-1872, Fremont, Nebraska, 1872-1875, Winthrop, Iowa, 1877-1879, Independence, Iowa, 1877-1882, Westmoreland, New Hampshire, 1884-1885, Templeton and Baldwinsville, Massachusetts, 1885-1889, Phillipston and Petersham, Massa-

chusetts, 1889—until his death at Phillipston, of Bright's disease May the seventh, 1892. He served in the Christian commission in 1864.

SAMUEL ROBINSON DIMOCK, born Mansfield, Connecticut, May the twenty-eighth, 1822, was graduated Yale college 1847, studied theology at East Windsor, Connecticut. Pastorate: Valatie, Kinderhook, New York (Presbyterian) 1855-1859, Wilton, Connecticut, 1859-1861, Pittsfield, September the twenty-fourth, 1861—April the twenty-fourth, 1864, Syracuse, New York, 1864-1868, Quincy, Illinois, 1869-1871, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1871-1875, Central City, Colorado, 1875-1877, Denver, Colorado, without charge, 1877 to death, April the nineteenth, 1898.

EDWARD STRONG, D. D., born Somers, Connecticut, October the twenty-fifth, 1813, was graduated Yale college 1838, Union Theological Seminary 1839-1840, Yale Theological Seminary and tutor Yale college 1840-1842. Ordained College Street church, New Haven, Connecticut, December the fourteenth, 1842, dismissed July the first, 1862; installed Pittsfield March the fifteenth, 1865, dismissed November the fifteenth, 1871; installed West Roxbury, Massachusetts, May the second, 1872, dismissed July the thirteenth, 1882, without charge there 1884-1888, Pittsfield afterwards. D. D. Hamilton college 1864. Died at Pittsfield of pneumonia, December the thirteenth, 1898, aged eighty-five years, one month and eighteen days.

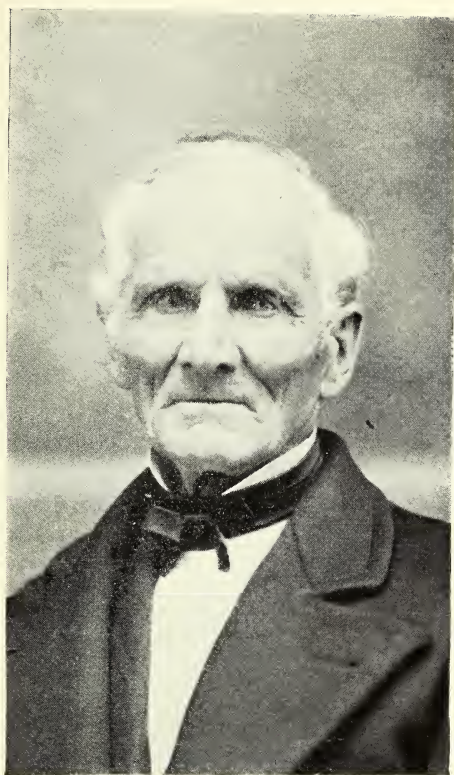
Accurate information about Mr. Crowther has been difficult to obtain. The following account, however, is believed to be substantially correct:

THOMAS CROWTHER was born in an eastern town of England, on the coast of the German ocean in 1839. When he was six years old, his parents came to this country and settled in New

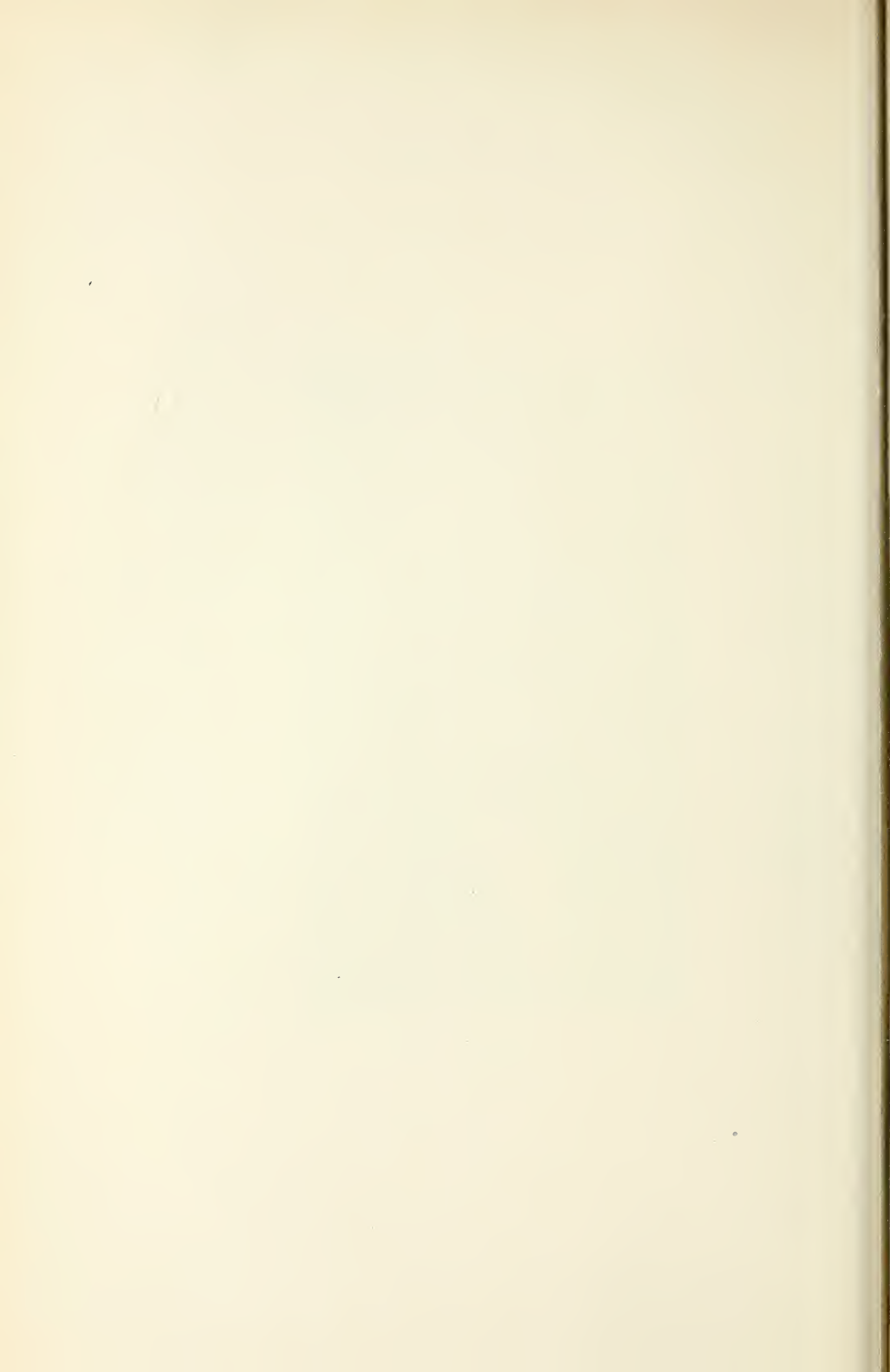
York city. He was graduated at the College of the City of New York. Taught school in the city, served in the South under the Freedman's Bureau, was graduated at Princeton Theological Seminary, became minister of the Congregational church in Mill River, Massachusetts, 1870. Installed South church, Pittsfield, May the twenty-first, 1872; dismissed May the fourth, 1875. Served in Memorial Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1875-1877; became minister of the First Presbyterian church (new school) 1877; died October the tenth, 1877, of diphtheria, having been in his new church only five months. His eldest child, Thomas, died of malarial fever and diphtheria Saturday, October the sixth. On the following Wednesday the father died of the same disease, and in a few days two little girls, Annie, aged two, and Grace, aged five, followed him.

Two former ministers of the church are still living:

THE REVEREND WILLIAM CARRUTHERS of Holyoke, who served this church from January the thirteenth, 1876, until June the twenty-sixth, 1877, and THE REVEREND CHARLES H. HAMLIN of Easthampton, who served this church from May the eighteenth, 1879, until December the seventh, 1884.



DEACON THOMAS TAYLOR
1792-1875



SOME OF OUR MEN.

BY MR. WILLIAM B. RICE.

THE FIRST DEACONS.

DEACON THOMAS TAYLOR, the eldest of the three first deacons was born in West Springfield September the second, 1792.

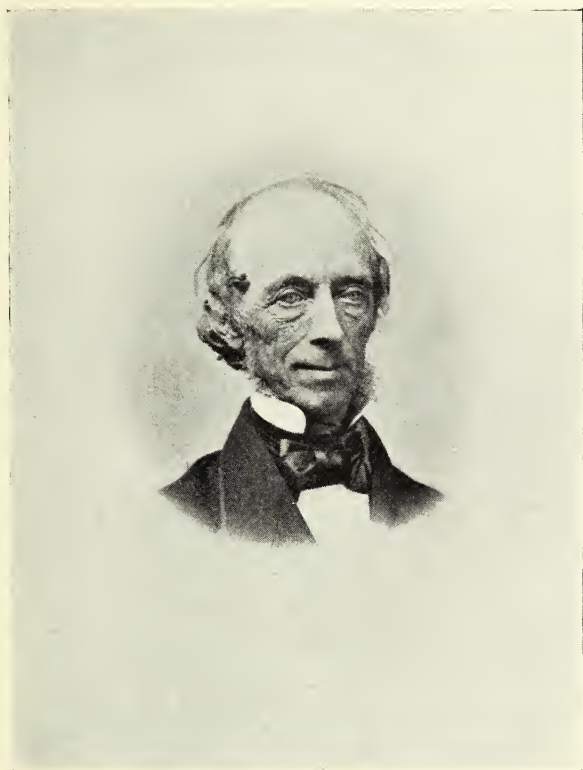
While still a young man he came to Pittsfield, with his bride, Lucy Day, and made himself a valued workman in the finishing department of Lemuel Pomeroy's gun shop. In 1837, his health being impaired, an out of door life was thought necessary. He therefore left the shop and bought a farm lying off from South street on the borders of the Housatonic river. Here the rest of his life was passed. A lover of nature, seeing "sermons in stones and good in everything," the life of the farm was a delight to him. He did not care for the "things of the kingdom" until one day in the midst of the revival of 1827 Miss Nancy Ingersoll rapped at the door of the little yellow house on East street and left this solemn message; "Tell Mr. Taylor, 'Prepare to meet thy God'" The message was heeded. There was a period of deep conviction of sin, of doubt, and even despair, which ended in a complete and final yielding of heart and life to God. From this time, his life, which seemed so quiet and uneventful, was full of exciting and absorbing interest in the souls of men and of untiring effort for their conversion. Believing firmly all the doctrines of the time, his

fervent prayers were for those who were "condemned already," and his labor that the condemnation might be removed. The relation of the soul to God was to him the vital thing in life, and he talked about it so naturally with every one he met that he seldom had a rebuff. It was said of him that there was no one, not even the minister, to whom the timid or anxious could go so freely or from whom they received so much comfort. And not only did they come to him, but he went to them. A characteristic incident is told of him in this connection.

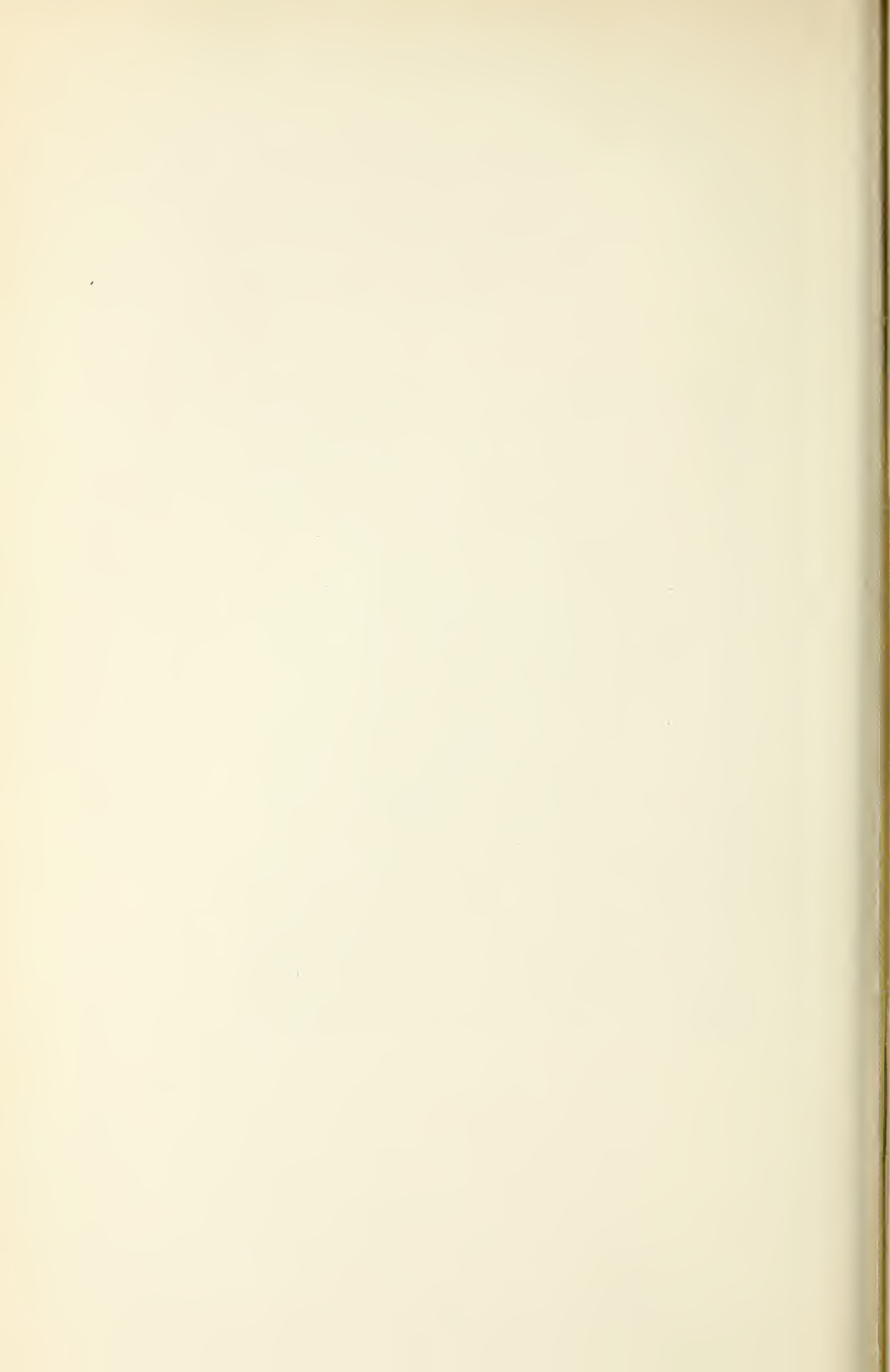
Sitting one wild winter night in his comfortable home, he suddenly said to his family, "I feel that neighbor—needs me. I must go to him." No suggestion that there was danger to himself in the exposure and cold of the stormy night and that the morning would do as well, altered his determination, and he set forth across lots through the snow. Neighbor—did need him. He was in agony under conviction of sin and was longing for Brother Taylor's help. The night passed in prayer and earnest talk, and they did not separate until the struggle was ended and the doubting heart believed. This personal work with individuals was Deacon Taylor's specialty.

He became a member of the First church in 1827, was made deacon in 1848, just as the new parish was being organized. Because of Dr. Todd's reluctance to part with so much of his "best timber" at once, and by his urgent request, he remained one year in this office in the First church before severing his connection with it to join the colony which formed the South church. He was immediately chosen as a deacon of this new organization and served until his death in October, 1875.

What zealous, faithful service he rendered to this church of his love:—in the prayer meeting, from which he never was absent but from compulsion, where his voice was always heard in prayer and exhortation;— in the Sunday school, where his class



DEACON CURTIS TREAT FENN
1792—1871



was large and sent a continuous stream of additions to the church;—in his office of deacon, watching over the flock.

He did all in his power to further Home and Foreign Missions, giving to the latter one of his daughters in the days when “going on a mission” to the Hawaiian Islands meant a voyage of six months with no prospect of a return.

Eager for knowledge, he was a constant reader, a close observer of men and things, entering with enthusiasm into all the questions of the time, forming his own opinions, and holding firmly to his convictions of truth and right.

In October, 1875, with a joyful exclamation of surprise, he began the new life in which we believe he is increasingly active in the Master’s service.

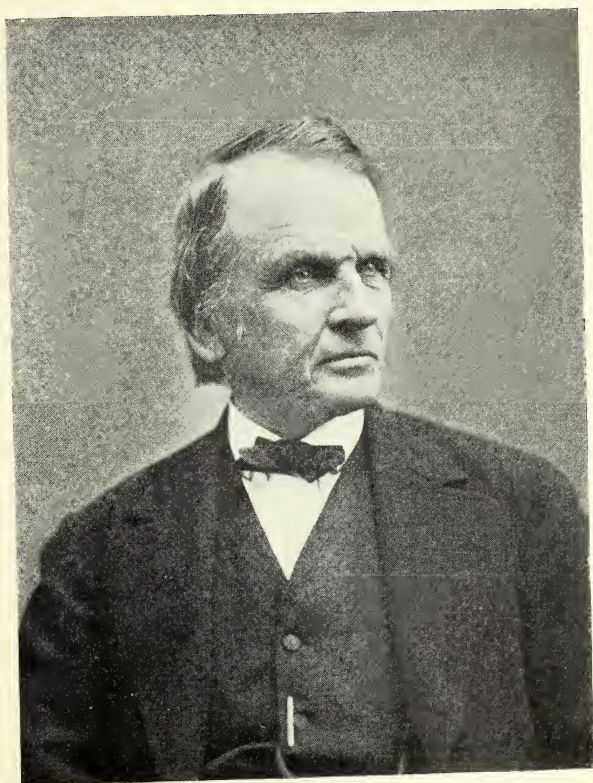
DEACON CURTIS T. FENN was born in Berlin, Connecticut, January, 1799. He came to Pittsfield when a young man in 1832, and in connection with Col. Samuel McKay, built the Pittsfield Cotton factory, known in later times as the Van Sickler mill. He married Parthenia Little Dickinson, and they were both members of the First church, leaving it in 1850 to join the new organization just formed. Deacon Fenn was one of the first three deacons of the new church and continued in that office many years. He was a leading spirit in all church matters, and was thoroughly indented with all public affairs. He enjoyed the love and esteem of his neighbors in an unusual degree. He died July, 1871.

Mrs. Fenn has been spoken of as Pittsfield’s “Florence Nightingale.” Her whole life was given to deeds of love and mercy. She worked for the soldiers of 1812, for the Greek patriots in 1824, and during the Civil war her name was one of those most frequently heard by camp fire and in hospital. She was the organizer and director of the Soldier’s Aid Society and devoted almost her entire time during the war to aiding our boys at the front. She survived her husband several years.

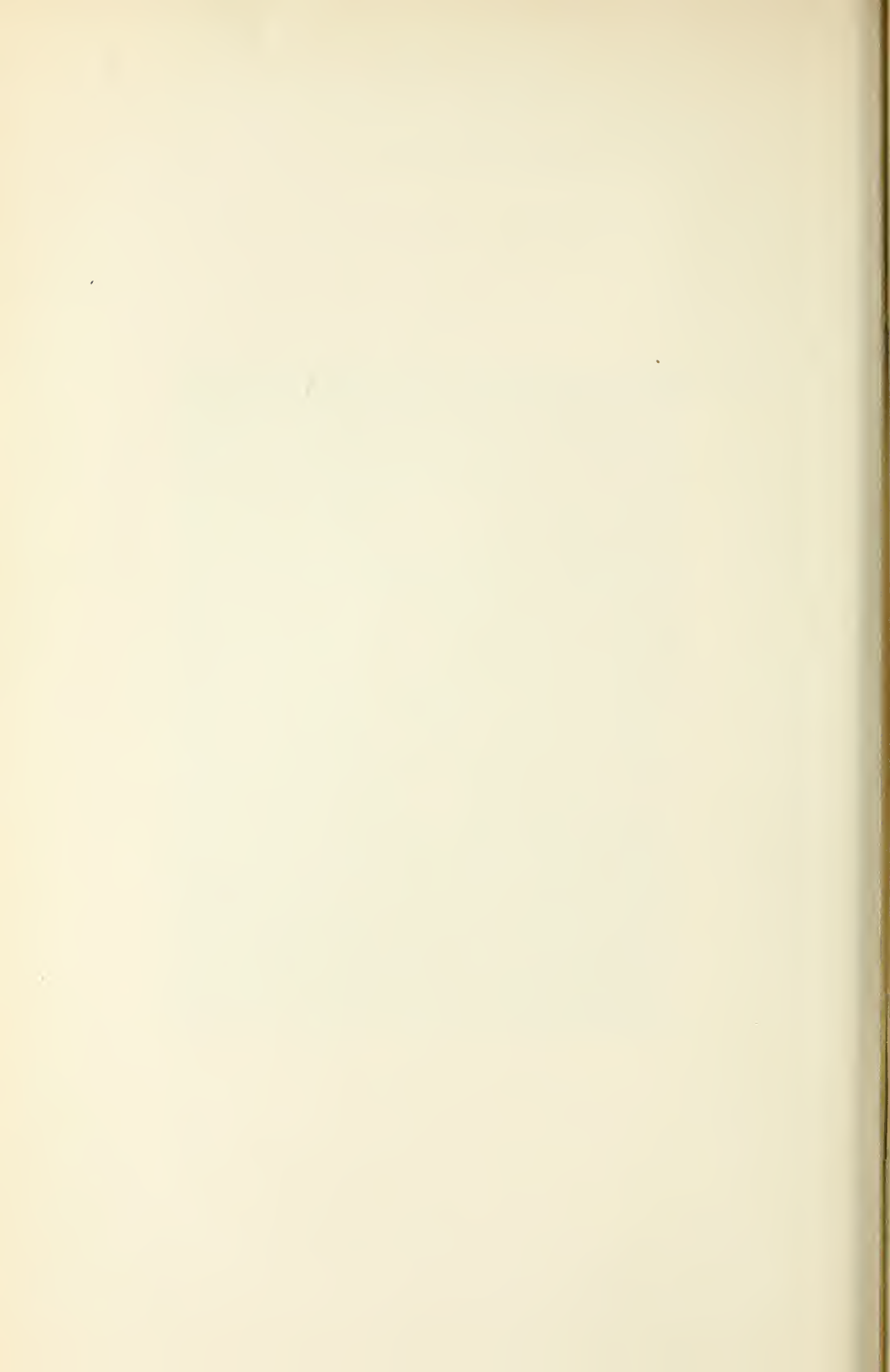
DEACON JAMES HARRIS DUNHAM, who was the youngest of the first three deacons of the church, was a native of Northampton, and was born in 1803. His early youth was passed in Cambridge, New York, in the family of Nathaniel S. Prime, pastor of the Presbyterian church and principal of Washington academy. In this home he received a faithful Christian education, and was cherished as a son and brother.

When fifteen years of age he came to Pittsfield, and soon after engaged in the tailoring business, in which he continued many years, accumulating a handsome property by his habits of thrift and industry and judicious investments. Although he was always closely in touch with all public affairs, he never held public office.

He was radical in all his views and a strong and active anti-slavery man and did not hesitate to put the injunctions of Jesus above the requirements of the fugitive slave law. He was the first treasurer of the Pittsfield cemetery corporation and long a director of the Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance company, and for many years he was the oldest fireman in Pittsfield, having been a member of the company organized in 1822. He was for many years a member of the First church and for fourteen years was superintendent of its Sunday school. He was a leader in the organization of the South church and labored with zeal and devotion for its establishment and growth. For seventeen years, from 1850 to 1867, he was the superintendent of its Sunday school. His eldest daughter, who was for a time organist at the First church, was the first organist of the new church and played with rare skill. Her musical talent was inherited, her father belonging to a musical family. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was one of his chief home pleasures. The social side of Deacon Dunham's nature was most attractive. He was a cordial and genial host, and in social conversation was full



DEACON JAMES HARRIS DUNHAM
1803—1890



of quaint wit and humor. He had a fund of anecdotes and a manner of relating them that was unsurpassed.

Deacon Dunham's interest in and love for the South church never faltered, and until incapacitated by blindness he was the most prominent member of the parish. It has been said of him that whoever else put his hand to the plough and then fell out by the way, the church could always count on Deacon Dunham as loyal everytime. He was a liberal friend to both home and foreign missions. His interest in the American Board dates back to early youth, when the missionary Levi Parsons visited at Dr. Frime's home and his gifts to that organization were large.

Deacon Dunham lived for many years in the brick house which stood where Dunham's block now stands and of which it is a part. This block he built in 1861. He then moved to the house now owned by Mrs. Samuel Cooley on South street. After the death of his parents he moved to the homestead on West street, where he lived until his death.

He was twice married, his first wife was Miss Martha Bliss of Northampton. He married for his second wife, Miss Frances Taylor, daughter of Deacon Thomas Taylor, who survived him. For the last ten years of his life he was totally blind and this terrible affliction he bore with heroic courage and resignation and wonderful cheerfulness. He died October the twenty-eighth, 1890, in his eighty-eighth year. His pastor at his funeral said of him: "Let me simply say out my faith, in words fitter than my own, that here was a man, who lived purely in God's sight and righteously toward his brother men."

The following facts are added concerning men whose names are mentioned with honor in the foregoing pages, in order that the record may be complete.

DANIEL DAY, M. A., born Lanesboro, Massachusetts, September the eighteenth, 1815. Williams college 1834-1837. Teacher, Lanesboro, 1837-1847. Williams college gave M. A. in 1848. Member Massachusetts Legislature 1853. Assistant Treasurer Berkshire County Savings Bank July, 1868, until his death, October the twenty-eighth, 1883. Married October the fourteenth, 1840, Jane Eliza Smedley of Williamstown, who died June the tenth, 1889.

HENRY MULFORD PEIRSON, born Richmond, Massachusetts, May the fifteenth, 1825, came to Pittsfield 1849 formed partnership with Dr. Stephen Reed in the agricultural tools and seeds business and in publishing the *Culturist and Gazette*, 1850, associated with Geo. N. Dutton in the hardware business in Brown's block, where Fenn street now is 1853, librarian of the Pittsfield Library Association 1855, treasurer of the Berkshire Agricultural society 1858-1877, president of the Berkshire Agricultural society 1877, member State Board of Agriculture 1879-1881, special county commissioner 1878-1880, representative to the General Court 1889, clerk of the South church 1861-1870, treasurer of the church 1861-1894, treasurer of the parish 1881-1894, clerk of the parish 1871-1884, deacon of the church 1871-1894. Married Electa Maria Dresser April the fifth, 1852. Mrs. Peirson died December the sixteenth, 1893. Mr. Peirson died May the eighth, 1894.

DR. STEPHEN REED, born in Cornwall, Connecticut, September the twenty-sixth, 1801, was graduated at Yale college, 1824, studied medicine, practiced in Goshen and Roxbury, Connecticut. Moved to Richmond, Massachusetts, 1831, opened a family school for boys in what is known as the Dwight place in Richmond. 1838. Moved to Pittsfield, 1847, and in partnership with Henry M. Peirson published the "*Culturist and Gazette*."

One of the founders of the Pittsfield Library Association, 1850. "He obtained a wide reputation by the discovery of the ice-strewn boulders from the mountains of Columbia county, New York, across the Taconic range and the valley of the Housatonic."—History of Pittsfield by J. E. A. Smith, Vol. II., page 681. Married May the seventh, 1833, Sarah Emily Chapin, born December the nineteenth, 1808, died February the third, 1899. Dr. Reed died Pittsfield July the twelfth, 1877.

ALBERT TOLMAN, born Dorchester, Massachusetts, February, 1824, was graduated at Amherst college 1845, tutor at Amherst 1846, Andover Theological Seminary 1847-1848, teacher in Maplewood Institute, Pittsfield, 1850-1855, Taconic Institute, Lanesboro, 1855-1868, principal Pittsfield High school, 1868-1878. Deacon of the South church, 1875-1891. Married Jane Tower, daughter of Justus Tower of Lanesboro, September the twenty-third, 1853. She died September, 1871. Married Mrs. Caroline A., widow of Dr. N. W. Wilson and daughter of Chauncey Goodrich of Pittsfield, August the sixth, 1872. Died August the seventeenth, 1891.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE PARISH.

WILLIAM WHITE WARD was a native of Pittsfield, born in 1793. He became a member of the First Church in 1821. His name heads the list of the founders of the new South Parish. He was the largest contributor to the new church building, which shows him to be a man possessed of comfortable means and generous in aiding this good cause. He was a bachelor and lived on Beaver street, his niece, Mrs. Gauthier, being his housekeeper.

WELCOME S. HOWARD was born in West Hawley, Massachusetts, October the first, 1800. He came to Pittsfield in 1825

and opened the first shoe store in the village, and continued in the business for forty years. He built and occupied the house now standing on the corner of East Housatonic street and Bartlett avenue extension. He with his wife was dismissed from the First church at the organization of the new church, and although he left town in 1868, he retained his membership in this church to the end of his life. His last years were spent in Westfield, Massachusetts, with his daughter, Mrs. Bartlett, where he died in August, 1887, leaving a wife with whom he had lived six years beyond the golden wedding day. Another daughter, Eliza Howard Wood, went as a missionary to India and died there in 1859.

Mr. Howard was devoted to the welfare of the South Church and gave many years of self-sacrificing service to it, loving it to the end.

EBENEZER DUNHAM was born in Northampton October the eleventh, 1806, and died January the fifteenth, 1883. He came to Pittsfield in 1821 and learned the carriage trade of his uncle, Jason Clapp, later going into the business with his brother, Harvey C. Dunham.

He married Martha Carey in 1832, daughter of Avery Carey, who was also one of the founders of the South Church Parish, and was dismissed with his wife from the First Church at the forming of the new society. The obituary notice published at the time of his death said of him, "He was a man of sound judgment, yet very tolerant of the opinions of others, possessing broad and liberal views. In domestic and social life he was courteous, genial, kindly, not devoid of humor, and a favorite with all."

CHARLES HULBERT was born in Lee, Mass., March the twentieth, 1824. He married Miss Fanny Dunham who was a sister of Deacon James H. and Ebenezer Dunham. Although Mr. Hulbert was one of the organizers of the new parish, cir-

cumstances arose which led him to feel it his duty to remain a member of the First Church where he was made a Deacon in 1851. He removed to Boston in 1852, where he died in 1875.

HENRY G. DAVIS, like Mr. Charles Hulbert, was one of the founders of the South Parish, but did not withdraw from the First Church when the new society was formed. He was made a deacon in the First Church in 1851. After his death in 1863 Dr. Todd published a sketch of his life entitled the "Model Deacon."

CHARLES MONTAGUE was born in Sunderland, Massachusetts, April, 1819. In 1838 he was publisher of the Massachusetts Eagle in Lenox, of which Mr. Henry W. Taft was editor. In 1842 he removed to Pittsfield and became both editor and publisher of the paper for a time. He sold the paper to Samuel Bowles & Co. of Springfield in 1852, and removed to Hartford in 1854.

He was much interested in the new church and very efficiently aided in its establishment and growth until his departure from town.

DR. OLIVER ROOT was born in Pittsfield, July, 1799. To Dr. Root belongs the honor of making the first effectual effort toward the establishment of the Berkshire Medical College, and he was for many years one of the trustees of the college. He was secretary and treasurer of the Cemetery Corporation and was an active member of the town school committee. Although he was one of the foundation men of the Parish and one of the charter members of the church, he withdrew in 1858 and returned to the First Church. He died in Pittsfield in 1870.

THEODORE HINSDALE, who was the first moderator of the South Parish, was born in Connecticut in 1771 and died in 1855, five years after the organization of the church. He was the oldest of the foundation men, being in his eightieth year when he withdrew from the First Church to join the new society.

Mr. Hinsdale was for many years a deputy sheriff and a justice of the peace, before whom many cases were brought for trial. He held court in his house on South street. He was a man of great force of character and strong in his religious convictions.

AVERY CAREY was born in West Brookfield, Massachusetts, in 1789, and died in 1834. He came to Pittsfield when quite young and learned the carpenter's trade, a trade which he followed most of his life. Mr. Carey was an abolitionist of the most radical type, and while usually a very quiet man, if slavery was mentioned in his presence he seemed transformed and the whole expression of his face was instantly changed.

He is universally spoken of as a sincere and consistent Christian.

WILLIAM MANNING WALKER, the staunchest abolitionist of them all, was born in Woodstock in 1810. He married Ann M. Dunham, sister of James H. and Ebenezer Dunham. For many years he was in the jewelry business on North street where Prince & Walker's block now stands, and his home was on West street next to his brother-in-law's, Deacon James H. Dunham. Men like Sumner, Garrison and Phillips were his friends and often visited him. He was a man of strong convictions, courageous in expressing them, and always living up to them. He was an earnest worker in all that pertained to the welfare of the church. He died in March, 1870.

LEWIS STODDARD was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, in 1791 and died in Pittsfield in 1853, two years after the formation of the South church in which he took such a deep interest and of which he was one of the founders.

He was a contractor and mason by trade, and lived in what is now known as the Webber house on North street. His son-in-law, Mr. Edward Learned, lived in a part of the same house.



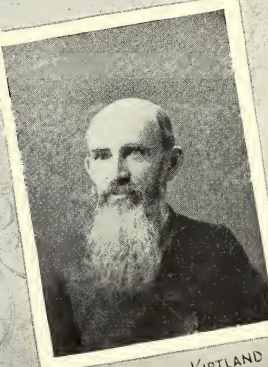
WILLIAM MANNING WALKER
1810 - 1870



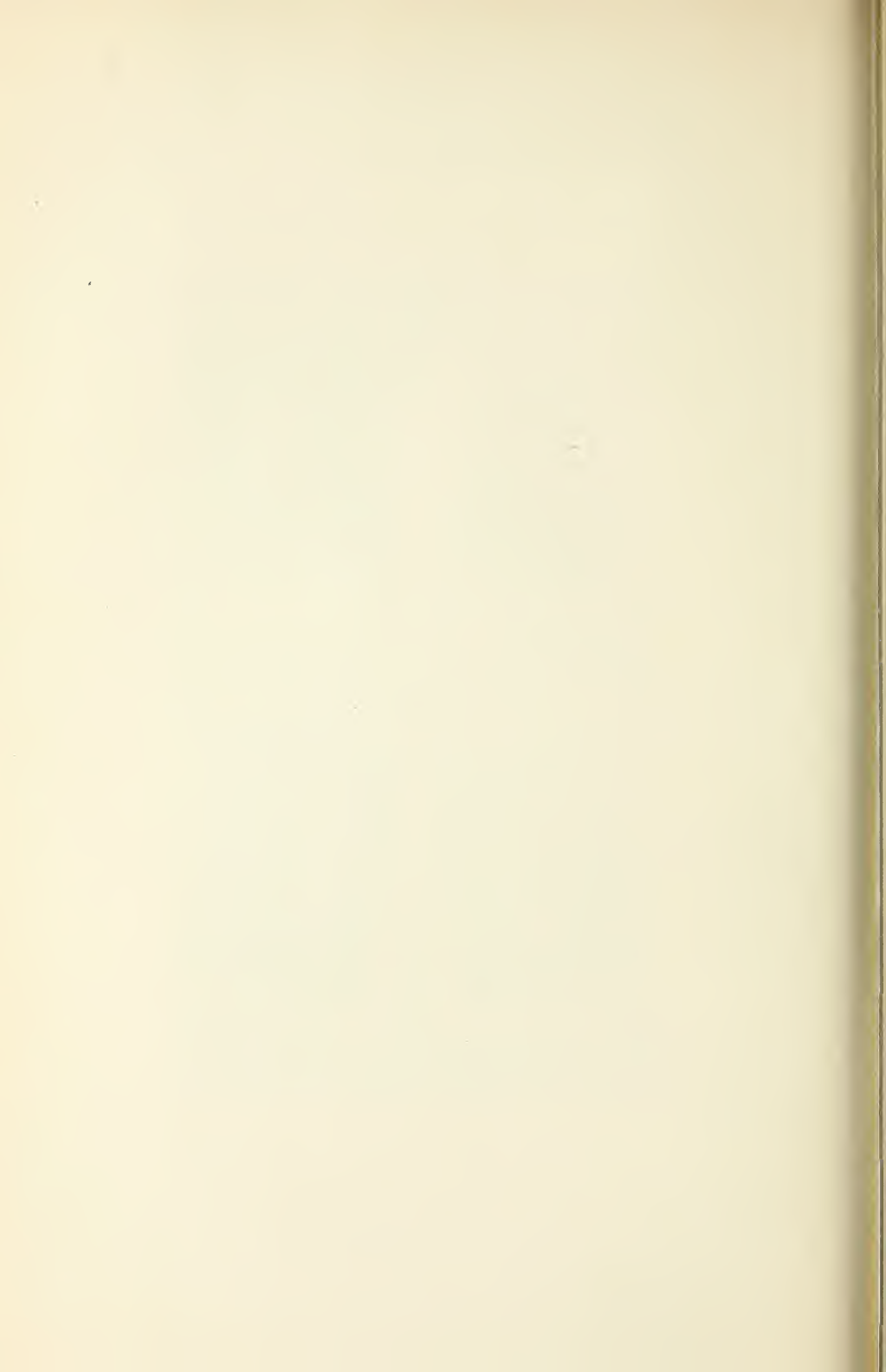
DR STEPHEN REED
1801 - 1877



DANIEL JOSHUA DODGE
1819 - 1893



WILLIAM SHEPHERD KIRTLAND
1826 - 1893



The Pittsfield "Sun" in chronicling his death, speaks of him as "a man eminent in the community for his Christian virtues, for the estimable qualities that never fail to command universal respect."

THE REVEREND WELLINGTON TYLER, the principal of the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute, later known as Maplewood Institute, was born in Hartford, Pennsylvania. In 1843 he was admitted to the membership of the First Church and withdrew at the formation of the new church. He removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1856, having disposed of his Institute to the Reverend J. Holmes Agnew D. D. He died in Labrador, where he had gone for his health in 1863 and was buried in Pittsfield.

WILLIAM S. WELLS was born in Baldwinsville, New York, June, 1796. He came to Pittsfield when a young man and united with the First Church in 1827, and with his wife was dismissed in 1850 to join the new society.

Mr. Wells was by trade a cooper, and he also kept a store on North street. He built and occupied the house now owned by Mr. W. H. Cooley on South street. He is remembered as a devout Christian man, faithful to all his religious duties.

MERRICK ROSS was born in Petersham, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in Pittsfield in 1862. Mr. Ross came from Albany in 1830, and established the first bakery in Pittsfield, on West street. For some years Mr. W. H. Teeling was associated with him. He is spoken of as an earnest and conscientious man, doing much to build up the church of which he was one of the founders and original members.

DEACON PHINEAS L. PAGE, or Judge Page as he was familiarly called, was an earnest faithful Christian, warmly devoted to the interests of this church. In quaint and eccentric fashion

he often spoke in our meetings, much to the edification of his hearers. He died in Illinois about two years ago.

VINET WALKER, son of William M. Walker, was one of our most noteworthy members. He was a remarkable man. No man had a deeper interest in this church, or in the whole church of God throughout the world. Always blind and therefore dependent on others for reading, he possessed vast stores of information, especially on religious subjects. As one of his fellow members said of him, he knew more men prominent in the Christian church the world over, so far as one may know them by their sermons, speeches, and books, than all the rest of us together, and his marvelous memory was almost never at fault. He contributed greatly to the interest of the meetings. Mr. Walker was born June the sixteenth, 1847, and died September the twenty-first, 1896.

OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

MINISTERS.

*Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D., L.L. D., installed March 13, 1851; dismissed August 13, 1855.

*Rev. Charles B. Boynton, installed June 25, 1856; dismissed September 1, 1857.

*Rev. Roswell Foster, installed February 2, 1859; dismissed January 24, 1861.

*Rev. Samuel R. Dimock, installed September 24, 1861; dismissed April 24, 1864.

*Rev. Edward Strong, D. D., installed March 15, 1865; dismissed November 30, 1871.

*Rev. Thomas Crowther, installed May 21, 1872; dismissed May 4, 1875.

Rev. William Carruthers, installed January 13, 1876; dismissed June 26, 1877.

*Rev. C. B. Boynton, D. D., supplied from November 4, 1877, to April 1, 1879.

Rev. C. H. Hamlin, supplied from May 17, 1879, to December 7, 1884.

Rev. I. C. Smart, installed June 9, 1885.

*Deceased.

DEACONS.

- *C. T. Fenn.—1850 to 1871.
- *Thomas Taylor.—1850 to 1875.
- *James H. Dunham.—1850 to 1890.
William Robinson.—1859.
- *P. L. Page.—1859 to 1870.
- *Henry M. Peirson.—1871 to 1894.
- *Albert Tolman.—1875 to 1891.
William B. Rice.—1880.
George Shipton.—1884.
John H. Eells.—1894.
John P. Sayles.—1894.
John S. Wolfe.—1896.
Frank E. Peirson.—1896 to 1899.
Dr. I. S. F. Dodd.—1899.

CHURCH CLERKS.

- *William L. Peck.—1850 to 1851.
- *Calvin Martin.—1851 to 1858.
E. M. Landers.—1858 to 1861.
- *H. M. Peirson.—1861 to 1870.
- *W. S. Kirtland.—1870 to 1877.
George Shipton.—1877 to 1889.
F. E. Peirson.—1889.

CHURCH TREASURERS.

- *C. T. Fenn.—1850 to 1870.
James Wilson.—1870 to 1871.
- *James H. Dunham.—1871 to 1872.
- *H. M. Peirson.—1872 to 1894.
F. E. Peirson.—1894.

*Deceased.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

James H. Dunham.—1850 to 1868.

William Robinson.—1868 to 1870.

William B. Rice.—1870 to 1872.

Albert Tolman.—1872 to 1874.

William B. Rice.—1874 to 1875.

T. P. Tobey.—1876 to 1881.

George Shipton.—1881 to 1884.

P. F. Cooley.—1884 to 1885.

William Tolman.—1885 to 1886.

James D. Shipton.—1886 to 1887.

George Shipton.—1887 to 1890.

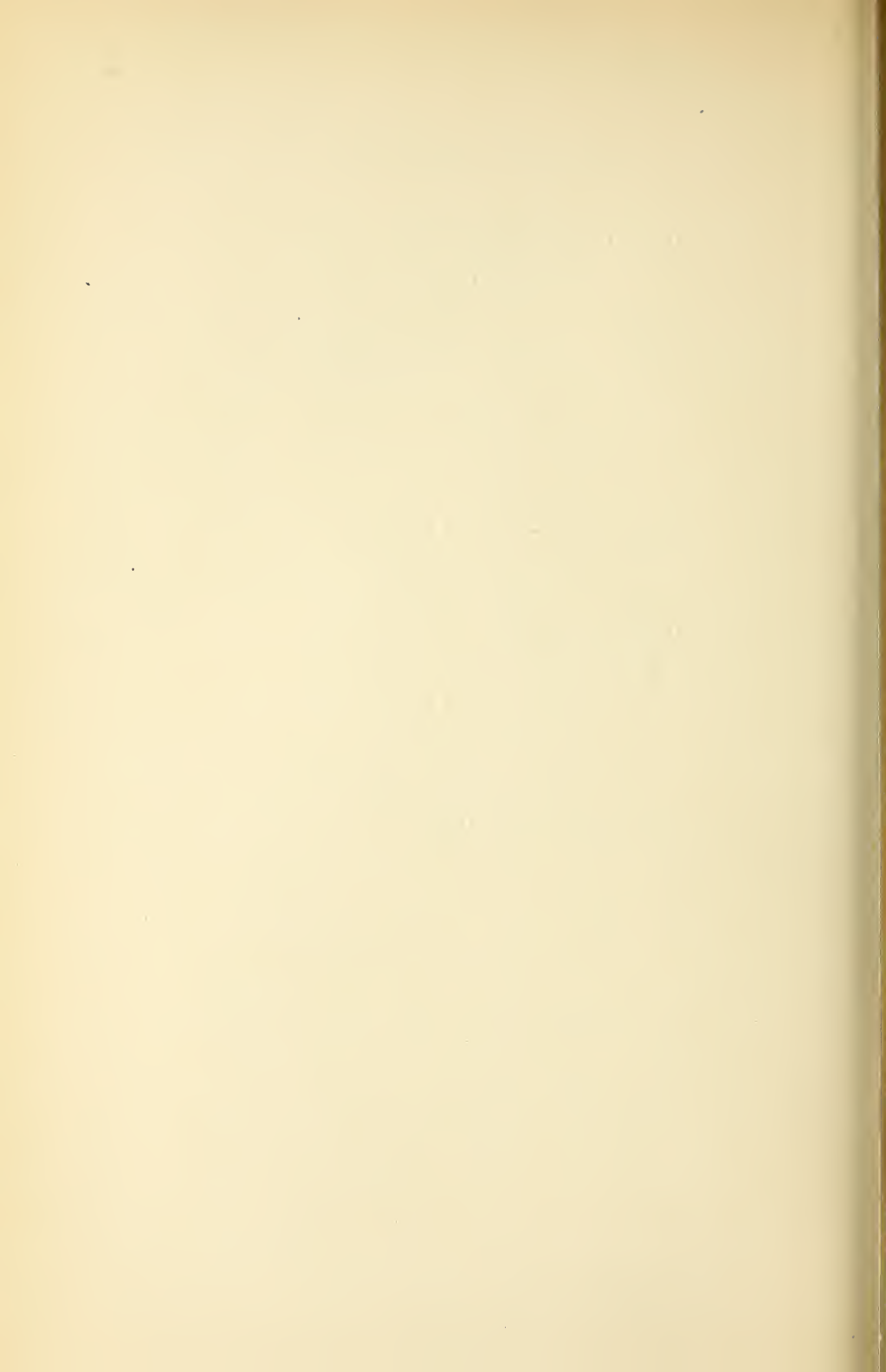
S. D. Andrews.—1890 to 1892.

F. G. Ferry.—1892 to 1895.

C. H. Mattoon.—1895 to 1896.

John P. Sayles.—1896 to 1898.

Edward Tolman.—1898.



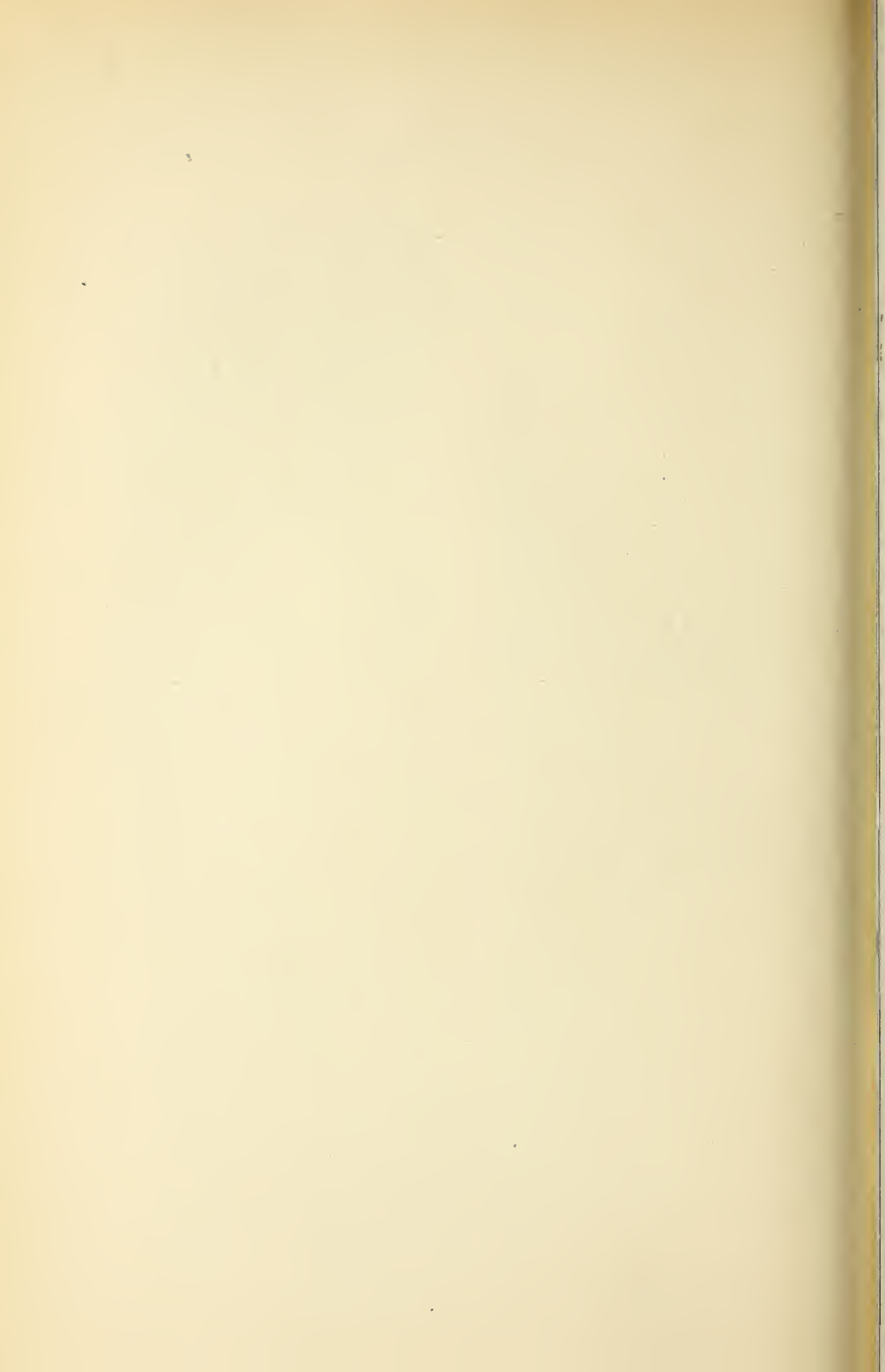
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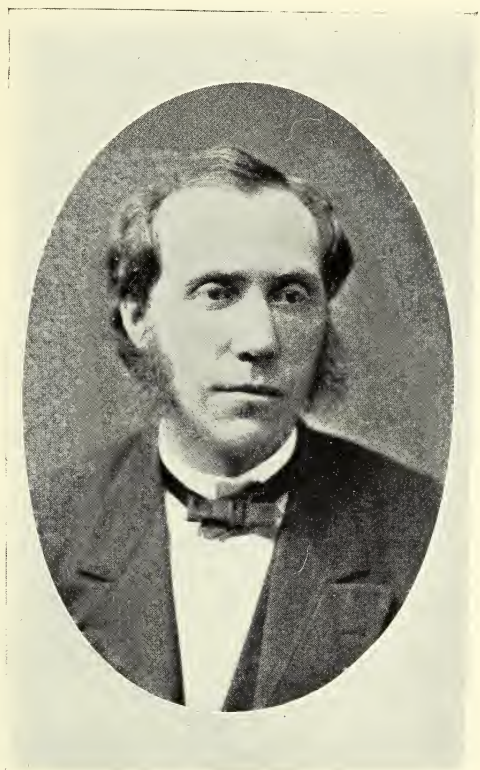
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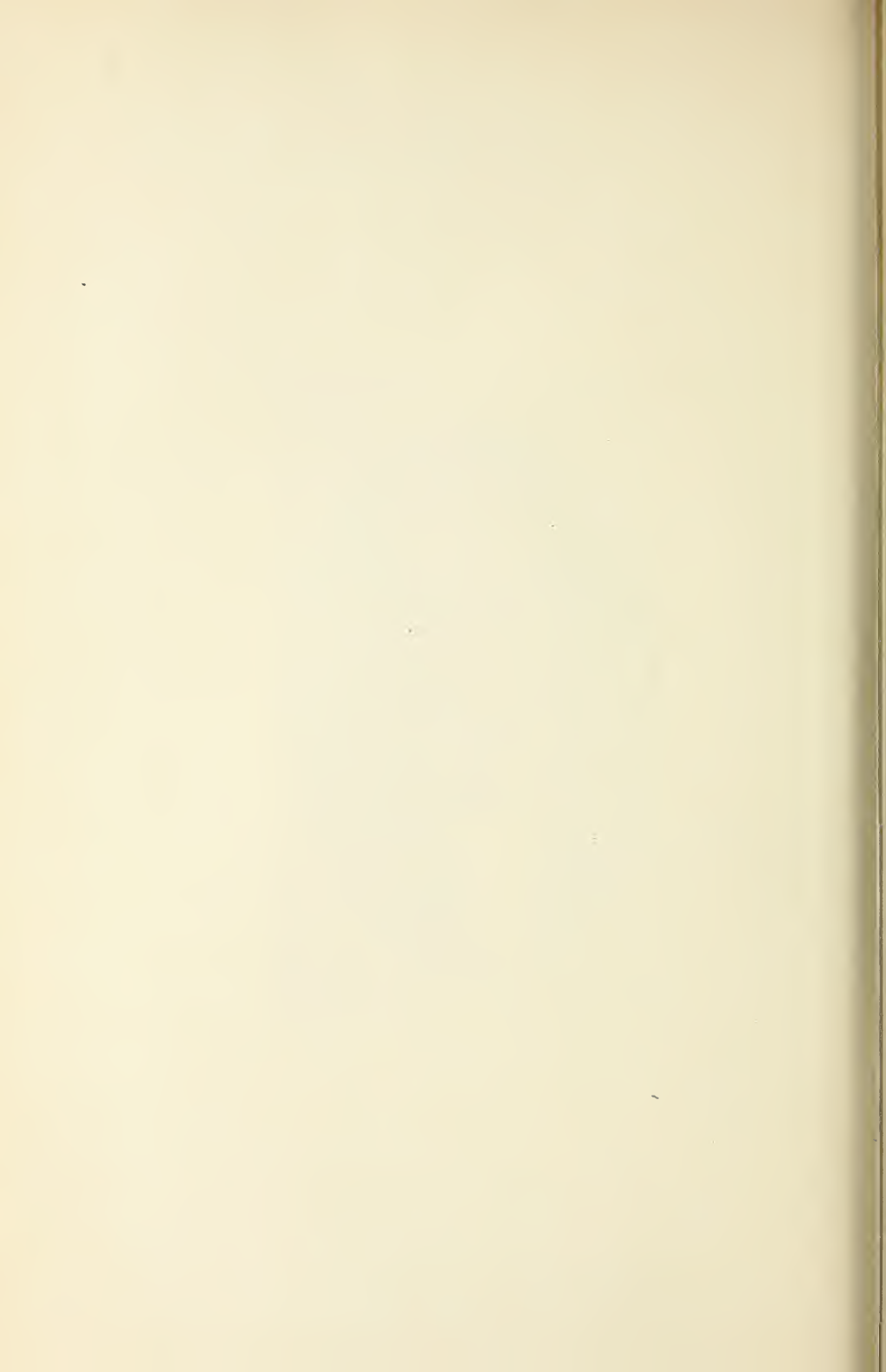
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THE REVEREND THOMAS CROWTHER
1839—1877



APPENDIX.

THOMAS CROWTHER.—The following sketch is taken from the necrological reports of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, prepared by Charles W. Baird, D. D. The information came to hand too late for the body of this book :

Thomas Crowther was born in Bridlington, Yorkshire, England, July 7th, 1840. His father, Rev. Kershaw Crowther, was an ordained preacher of the Methodist Church, who removed to the city of New York when his son was eight years of age. Thomas Crowther attended the public school and entered the College of the city of New York. He was graduated from that institution in 1858. At the age of twenty-one years, he joined the Central Methodist Episcopal church in Seventh Avenue. He was engaged in teaching in this city until 1863. In the spring of that year he went South as Superintendent of Schools. He entered Princeton Theological Seminary in the autumn of the same year. In 1864 he entered the Middle Class of this Seminary. Upon his graduation here, he received licensure from the Presbytery of New York. In September, 1866, he married Miss Hester Turner of this city.

In January, 1867, he began to supply the pulpit of the Southfield Congregational church, in the town of New Marlborough, Massachusetts. He was ordained an evangelist August 7th, 1867, and was installed pastor over that church, January 23d, 1868. In February, 1871, he was dismissed in order to take charge of a new church enterprise at Mill River, a manufacturing village in the same town. He was installed at Mill River, March 15th, 1871. Mr. Crowther's labors in both of these churches were attended with the best results. Religion was greatly revived

among the people, and considerable accessions were made to the Church.

In April, 1872, Mr. Crowther accepted a call to the South Congregational church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, over which he was installed May 22d, 1872. He labored in this charge three years, greatly esteemed by the people, and much blessed in his ministry. In May, 1875, he accepted a call to the Memorial Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, Long Island, where he was installed June 5th, 1875. In April, 1877, Mr. Crowther was dismissed from this charge to accept the call of the First Presbyterian church, of Brooklyn, E. D., where he was installed on the 12th day of April. In the autumn of that year, he was suddenly stricken down with diphtheria, a disease which attacked most of his family. After an illness of four days, he died, October 10th, 1877.

Mr. Crowther was emphatically a man of books. These were his special friends. He preached without notes in a style which is described as pictorial and abrupt, attractive, biblical, and instructive. He was characterized by ardent affection and sympathy. The lowly and the suffering quickly learned to find him their friend.

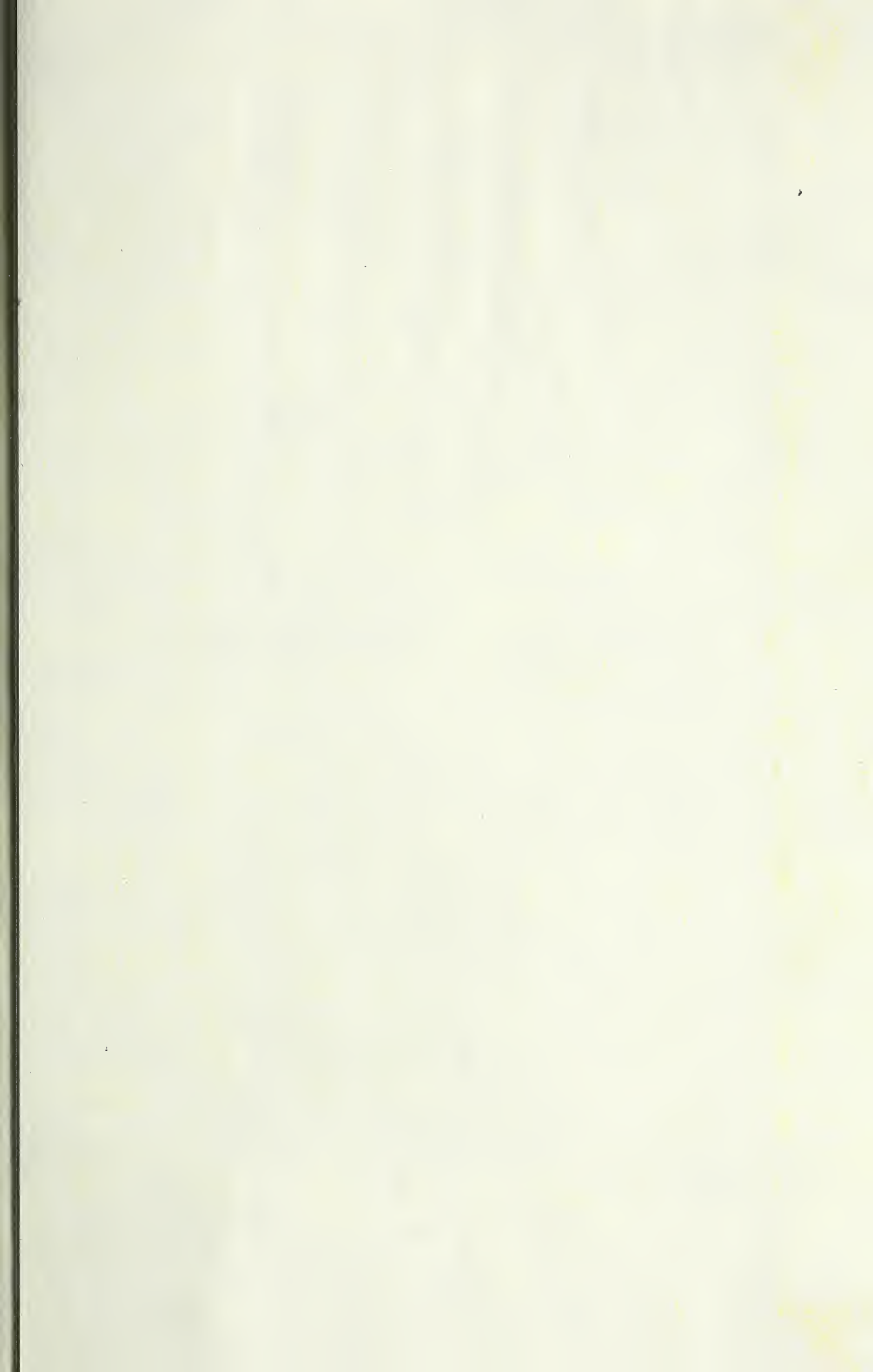
The circumstances of Mr. Crowther's last sickness were extremely distressing. That terrible scourge, diphtheria, attacked several members of the family at once. In the prospect of death, he seemed at first overjoyed, and remained for a time in a sort of ecstasy. Later, he settled down into the greatest calm, and waited his summons in peace. One of his elders remarked at his bedside, "This is terrible—terrible." "It is the will of the Lord," he replied, "that is enough." When the disease had spent itself in that home, all were gone except Mrs. Crowther and one infant child. The father and four of the children were with God.

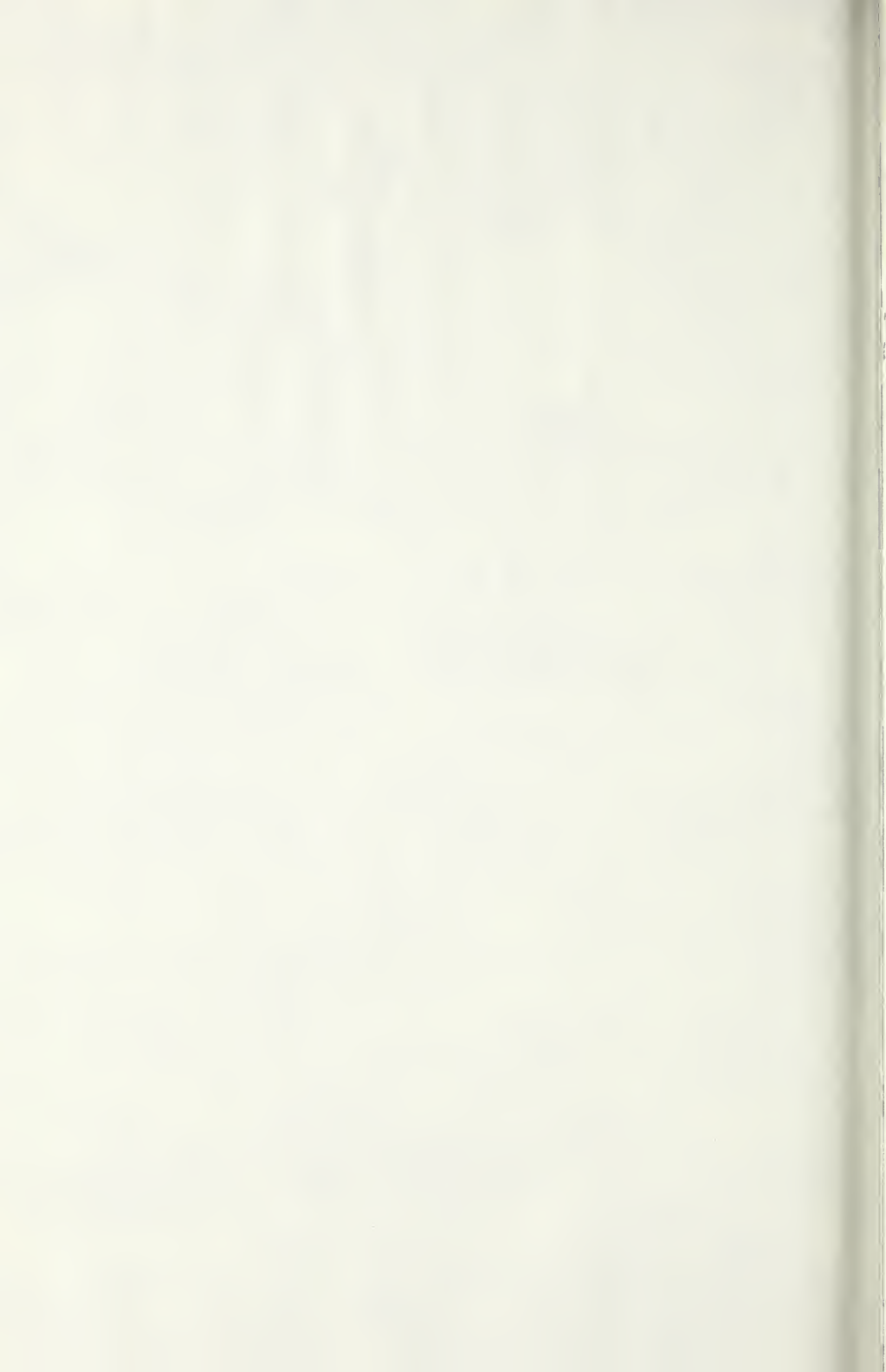
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